# BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

Vol. 3: No. 6

JUNE, 1931

A K ZINKEISEN

In this issue—

MAY EDGINTON

Lady DRUMMOND HAY

ACHMED ABDULLAH

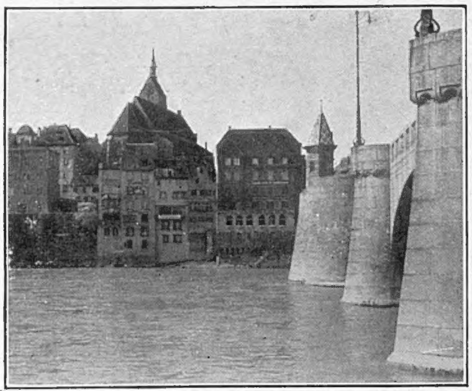
HANNEN SWAFFER

F. MATANIA, R.I.

H. de VERE STACPOOLE

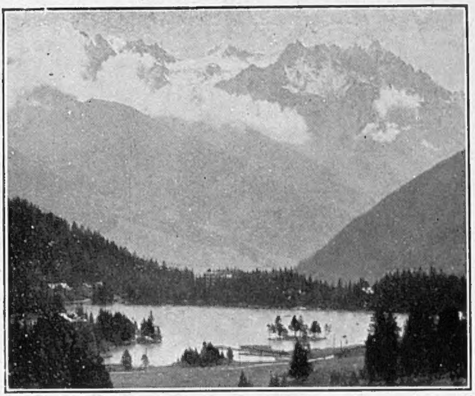
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

1/-



BASLE

ON THE LOETSCHEN VALLEY



CHAMPEX

# SUMMER in SWITZERLAND

*Come and see the World's Playground, the Paradise of Summer Sports in the clear, bracing Alpine air.*

For all information concerning Railway Services, Trips, Tours, Resorts, Hotels, Baths and Sanatoria, Sports and Amusements, apply to **The Swiss National Tourist Office, Zürich or Lausanne ; Swiss Federal Railways, London,** 11B, Regent Street, S.W.1 ; and **All Travel Agencies throughout the World,** as well as to all **Enquiry Offices** of the undermentioned resorts.

## THE VALAIS

The greatest Sports and Travel Region of the Alps. The sunniest part of Switzerland. Spas and Alpine resorts, from 1,500 to 6,500 feet. Recommended Resorts : **Finhaut-Giétroz** (4,060 ft.). **Champéry** (3,450 ft.), Hotel Dent du Midi. **Champex** (4,790 ft.), Fishing, Bathing, Rowing, Tennis. **Taesch,** near Zermatt (4,795 ft.), Hotel Taeschhorn. **Fionnay** (4,910 ft.), Hotel Gd. Combin. **Bel-Alp** (7,010 ft.). **Eggishorn** (7,195 ft.), Hotel Jungfrau. **Fafleralp** (5,840 ft.), Hotel Langgletscher. **Saas-Fee** (5,905 ft.), Hotel Beau-Site, du Glacier, Grand Hotel. **Saas-Grund** (5,124 ft.), Hotel Monte Moro.

**ZERMATT** (5,315 ft.), High-Alpine Summer and Winter Resort at the foot of the Matterhorn, with the world-renowned **GORNERGRAT** (10,289 ft.), a gigantic panorama of more than 60 glaciers. The most beautiful way to reach Zermatt is to travel with the **FURKA-OBERALP RAILWAY. Brigue, Gletsch, Andermatt, Disentis**—a wonderful trip from glacier to glacier with the " Glacier-Express."

**CHAMPÉRY** (3,450 ft.). In the very heart of the Alps. Centre for excursions. Tennis, 10 courts. Numerous Hotels, Boarding-houses and Chalets, Swimming Pool. Electrical Railway from Aigle and from Monthey.

**THE MARTIGNY-CHAMONIX RAILWAY,** one of the most picturesque Mountain Railway lines, leads across the **Trient Gorges** to the **Mont Blanc** (15,771 ft.), the highest summit of the Alps.

**LOÈCHE-LES-BAINS** (4,629 ft.). At the foot of the Gemmi Pass. The most effective combination of Thermal Water, Mountain Air and Summer Cure. Abundant Springs of 51° C., belonging to the Hotel and Spa Company.

**BERNE.** One of the most interesting cities of mediæval times, with mighty bridges, arcaded streets, curious old towers and artistic fountains. Magnificent view of the nearby Alps. Centre for Alpine Flights. Fine Kursaal, Casino. July 24th—September 20th, 1931, I. Swiss Exhibition of Hygiene and Sport.

**THE LOETSCHBERG LINE**
leads through the most beautiful
regions of Switzerland to the
Bernese Oberland,
the Valais, to **Italy** and to the **Riviera. Thun, Spiez, Interlaken, Frutigen, Adelboden, Kandersteg** are Jewels of Natural Beauty. For free guide apply to the Enquiry Office of Loetschberg Railway, at Berne.

**INTERLAKEN,** the Centre of the Jungfrau Region. Kursaal and fashionable Bathing Beach. **Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, Mürren, Scheidegg, Wengen,** Alpine Summer Resorts, connected by an electric Railway Line of 70 km. **Schynige Platte** and **Jungfraujoch,** Europe's Highest Station, are world-renowned Viewpoints.

**ADELBODEN** (4,500 ft.), Bernese Oberland. The Alpine Flower Garden and Mountaineery. Tennis, Sun-Bath, Swimming Pool. 16 Hotels, 1,500 Beds. Through Trains from Calais and Paris.

**MEIRINGEN** (Bernese Oberland). Celebrated Resort and Centre for Excursions. Gorge of the Aar-Reichenbach Waterfalls.

**MONTREUX,** Ideal Situation. All Sports. Bathing Beach. Casino. **Glion, Caux, Rochers de Naye, Les Avants.** Direct communication with Interlaken by the **Montreux-Oberland Railway.** From June 5th Pullman Trains.

**BASLE.** The Metropolis of the Upper Rhine. Famous art treasures (Witz, Holbein, Bocklin). Starting point for all tours in Switzerland. Day Service from and to London. Golf.

**ZÜRICH.** Switzerland's Metropolis on a lovely lake at the foot of the Alps. Direct Trains and Sleeping Cars.

## GRISONS.

The Alpine Land of 150 Valleys of 900 ft. to 6,500 ft. Unsurpassed for its Alpine Scenery and Climate. Offers the greatest choice of Holiday and Health Resorts, Sports Places, Spas, Alpine Lake and Mountain Bathing Beaches. Best Accommodation within any means (Pension Terms from 7/-). Summer Hotel Guide of Grisons obtainable free of charge from Travel Agencies and Official Inquiry Office, Chur (Switzerland).

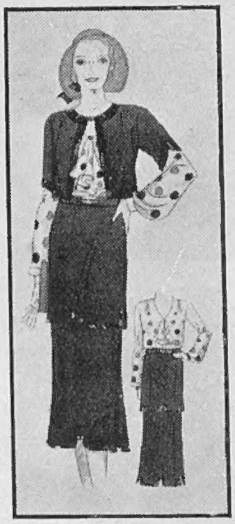
**BRAUNWALD** (4,000-4,600 ft.). Alpine Resort. Centre of the Glarus Mountain Region. No Dust or Motor-car Traffic. Prospectus from the Inquiry Office.

**BRUNNEN.** Favoured Spring, Summer and Autumn Resort, in splendid situation on the upper part of Lake Lucerne. Modern Bathing Beach. Daily Concerts and other Entertainments at the Kursaal. Beautiful Walks in the Woods.

**AXENFELS.** Lake Lucerne. Grand Hotel Palace, 200 Beds, every comfort. Ideal for Golf, Tennis, Bathing. Pension terms from 11/-.

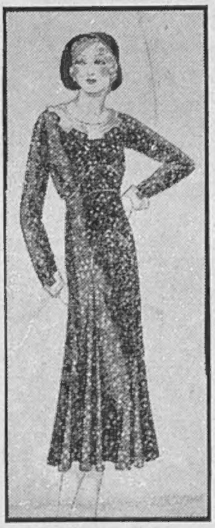
**VILLARS-CHESIÈRES-ARVEYES** (4,120 ft.). **BRETAYE** (5,900 ft.). Golf (9 holes), 14 Tennis Courts. Swimming Pool. Centre of Excursions. Boarding-Houses and First-Class Hotels.

# choose a corot model and pay for it by instalments



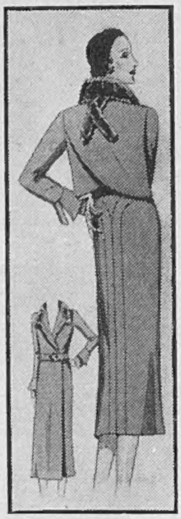
"pepa"

a delightful summer ensemble consists of a frock with skirt in black silk marocain and a bodice in white georgette trimmed with embroidered confetti spots in red and black. the short sleeved bolero jacket in black completes this toilette. **24/-** monthly
cash 8 gns.



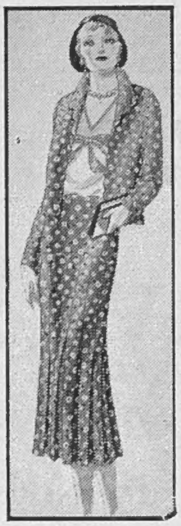
'lady molly"

a delightful afternoon gown in printed crepe-de-chine shows the new high-waisted belt, with the full flowing skirt that gives the slim hip-line. the unusual edged collar and cuffs are in plain crepe-de-chine to tone. in many prints and colourings. **12/-** monthly
cash 4 gns.



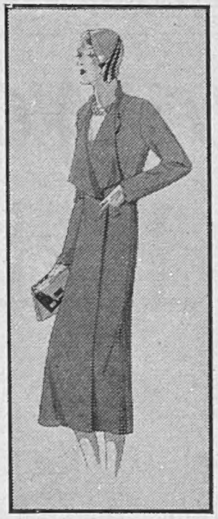
"marquise"

this coat with its double curved cape at the back, is of fine wool romain, with its collar and tab at back in flat fur fabric, all-round belt. in black only. unlined. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.



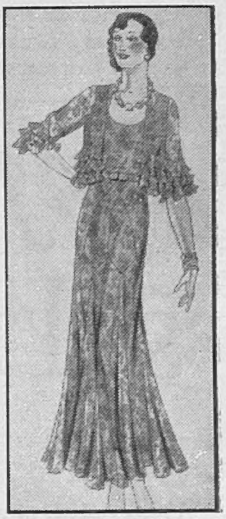
"riviera"

a smart three-piece suit has its short bolero coat and pleated skirt in printed art. crepe with the sleeveless and lace trimmed blouse in plain silk to tone. in many shades. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.



'bogside"

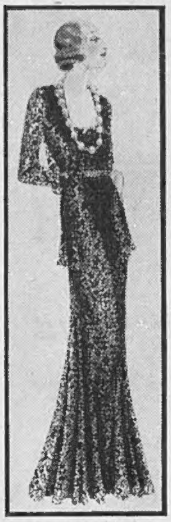
a smart lightweight woollen novelty material, in the newest summer shades, has been used to make this charming coat. it is unlined, and cut with the smart wide revers that are so becoming. **9/-** monthly
cash 3 gns.



"happiness"

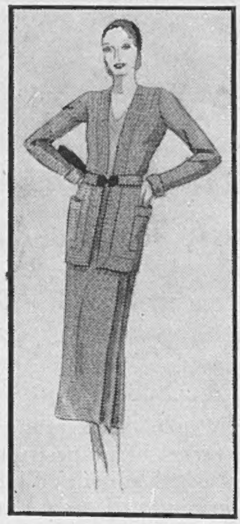
this summer wardrobe will not be complete without one chiffon two-piece that can be worn for either afternoon or evening. this style in filmy printed chiffon has the sleeveless dress worn with the little befrilled coatee, slip of crepe-de-chine. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.

the newest styles for this season are being shown by corot of bond street, and may be purchased on their convenient instalment account plan. here one may choose delightful day and evening gowns, ensembles, costumes, coats, suits, etc., in designs that are smart and becoming and that are most reasonably priced. if it is not possible to call at the new showrooms at **yardley house, 33 old bond street, london, w.1, send the coupon below for illustrations and details.**



"la princesse"

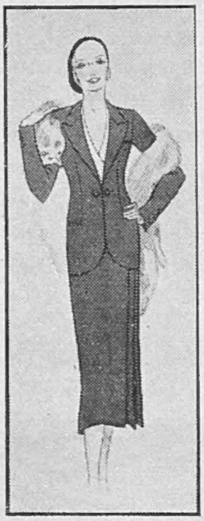
a smart and practical evening gown is made of a heavy quality silk lace and shows the smartness of a matching jacket in the new hip-length. the peplum line of the flounces is also exceedingly good for this season. in black or beige, with slip of crepe-de-chine. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



"clovelly"

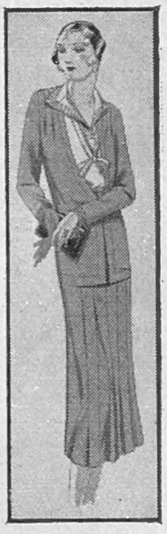
a practical cardigan suit in fine tweeds in brown and beige mixtures has a straight coat with all-round belt trimmed with self bindings and having two patch pockets. the skirt is pleated at left side. unlined. **9/-** monthly
cash 3 gns.

**there is no extra charge for payment by instalments**



"splendide"

a perfectly tailored black costume has become almost a necessity to the smart woman of to-day. this style in fine black face cloth follows the line of the dinner jacket with its link fastening and rounded edges. the slip waistcoat of silk pique and the coat lining of crepe-de-chine are notes of the perfect finish. skirt has two side pleats. **18/-** monthly
cash 6 gns.



'bond street"

a smart little cardigan suit for sports wear is made of a heavy suede georgette with coat and pleated skirt in red and the little sleeveless tuck-in blouse in white. the unusual sailor-tie collar is trimmed with rows of red stitching, also in other colours. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ gns.

**corot**
**(dept. b. 42)**
**33 old bond street, london, w.1**
**regent 0731**

**post this coupon to corot to-day**

corot ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1
**free** please send illustrations of your latest models and full details of your instalment plan.

name ............................................................

address ............................................................

............................................................

i am particularly interested in ............................................................ b.42

### *Grape-fruit, pineapple, banana and grape salad*

INGREDIENTS—*Grape-fruit pulp, cubes of pineapple, grapes and bananas, in equal quantities. Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Prepare fruit, taking great care to remove all skin and pips. Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream and place in glasses or grape-fruit cups. Salad should be served as a sweet and may be decorated with few whole grapes or spray of crystallized leaves.

# E*njoy your* salad days !

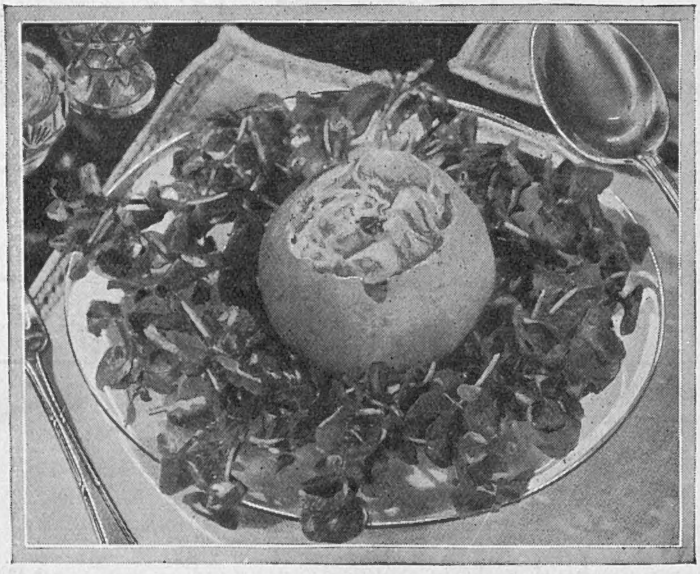
## —and these *modern salads* are as healthful as they are delicious

The old adage about "an apple a day" contained more than a grain of truth. Yet if one apple could do so much good, how much better are the fascinating new "individual" salads one is finding on every up-to-date hostess's table to-day !

How intriguing and delicious they are, with their unexpected contrasts and harmonies of fruits and vegetables—and what a note of "chic" they add to the luncheon or dinner table.

But, like all salads, quite half their success rests with the dressing—and with these new health salads there is one dressing which adds that master-touch of perfection—HEINZ SALAD CREAM. It is the one cream with just the right "tang" for fruit. You can buy it at any grocers at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½d. a bottle.

*Send name and address to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., London, N.W.10, who will send you a Recipe Folder of new salads.*



HEINZ
SALAD
CREAM

### *Grape-fruit, lettuce and walnut salad*

INGREDIENTS—*Grape-fruit, lettuce, shelled walnuts and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Peel grape-fruit like an orange. Remove pips and "quarter," keeping each section as a whole. Arrange pieces of grape-fruit like the petals of a daisy on the washed and dried lettuce. Put a few shelled walnuts in centre to carry out idea of a flower. Serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

### *Apple hors d'oeuvre*

INGREDIENTS—*Red apples, white grapes, salted almonds, watercress, Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Polish apples and skin and seed grapes. Cut a piece off the top of each apple and scoop out as much of the pulp as possible. Remove core and pips, chop apple pulp and mix with salted almonds and grapes, a few of the washed and dried watercress leaves and Heinz Salad Cream. Fill the apples with the mixture. Arrange watercress on each salad plate and place a filled apple on top.

# *BRITANNIA and EVE*

*A Monthly Journal for Men and Women*

JUNE, 1931

Vol. III—No. 6

## Complete Contents of this Issue—June, 1931

Cover Design by Anna Zinkeisen

### FICTION

Desire Beside the Stream : Part I :
by *May Edginton* 14 to 17 and 106
Illustrated by *Forster*

The Red-haired Clown :
by *John Still* 24 to 27 and 94
Illustrated by *S. Tresilian*

The Call of the Ve-ala :
by *Beatrice Grimshaw* 28 to 33 and 127
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond*

Smoke Screen :
by *Lesley Storm* 48 to 51 and 104
Illustrated by *Albert Bailey*

Portrait of An Actor :
by *Achmed Abdullah* 64 to 69 and 140
Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*

### ARTICLES

The Islands :
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 12, 13 and 124

The Blue Pacific :
by *H. de Vere Stacpoole* 18 to 21 and 102

Turning the Tornado Inside Out :
by *H. J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S.* 22, 23 and 122

Tragedies and Comedies of History : No. 6 :
The Man in the Iron Mask :
Described by *Norman Hill* 34 to 37 and 102
Painted by *F. Matania, R.I.*

Twenty-Four Hours : No. 3 : The Jameson Raid :
Described by *Gordon Beckles* 38, 39

Salute to War :
by *Lady Drummond Hay* 70, 71 and 131
Decoration by *Eric Fraser*

PHOTOGRAVURE 17 to 20 ; 41 to 44 ; 53 to 56 ; 77 to 80

### FASHIONS

Fashion Notes from Paris 59

Open-air Outfits 60, 61

Paper Patterns 62, 63

### HOME SECTION

The Traditional Industries of England :
by *Beryl Freeman* 52, 53 and 140
Map specially drawn by *MacDonald Gill*

Week-ends in the Woods : A charming Country Cottage in Sussex :
by *P. A. Barron* 54, 55

A London Flat : Mrs. Reitlinger's Flat (4, Hugo House) in Sloane St. :
Described by *Pamela Murray* 56, 57 and 145
Photographed by *Humphrey and Vera Joel*

Entertaining in the Garden :
by *Gwendolen Oerton* 58

What I Have Bought This Month 72, 73

How to Make An Attractive Scarf, Hat and Waistcoat 74

An Embroidered Breakfast Set :
by *Phyllis Andrews* 75

The Why and How of Food Prejudices in Children :
by *Len Chaloner* 76, 77 and 96

New Ways With Wallpapers :
by *Derek Patmore* 78, 79

Cold Storage Problems 80

By Rule of Thumb 81

Summer Menus :
by *A. H. Adair* 82, 83

Some Breakfast Suggestions :
by *Mrs. Sam Sloan* 84

Economical Menus :
by *John Craigie* 85

Nature's Own Cleaners :
by *Phyllis Andrews* 86

Putting Winter Things Away 87

### GENERAL

Editorial 11

Drama : The German " Revolution " in London :
by *Hannen Swaffer* 40, 41 and 92

Films : Marlene Dietrich :
by *Sydney Tremayne* 44, 45 and 133

Books :
Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* 46, 47

Beauty : Décolletée :
by " *Chrysis* " 88

Health : Sleep 91

Motoring :
Conducted by the *Earl of Cardigan* 98, 101

Women's Golf :
Conducted by *Eleanor E. Helme* 116, 117, 118, 119 and 132

The Children's Salon :
Conducted by " *Levana* " 134, 135, 136, 138

Literary Competition Circle 146

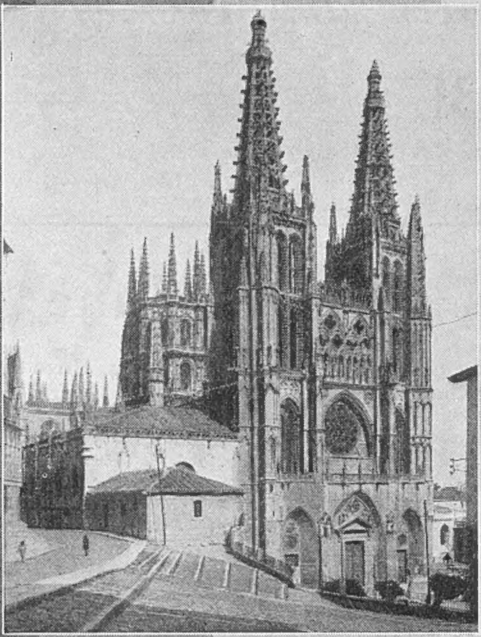
Ranee's Character Delineations from Handwriting 142

Index to Advertisers 156

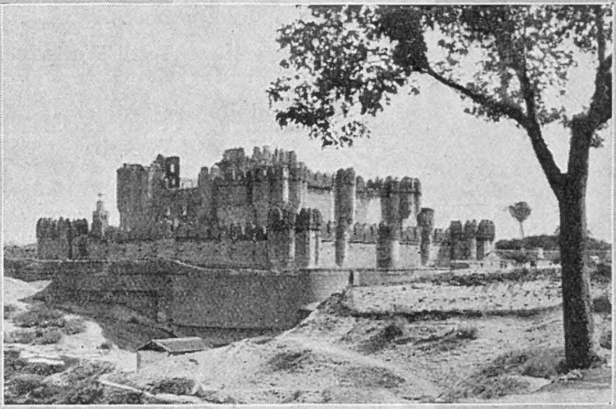
---

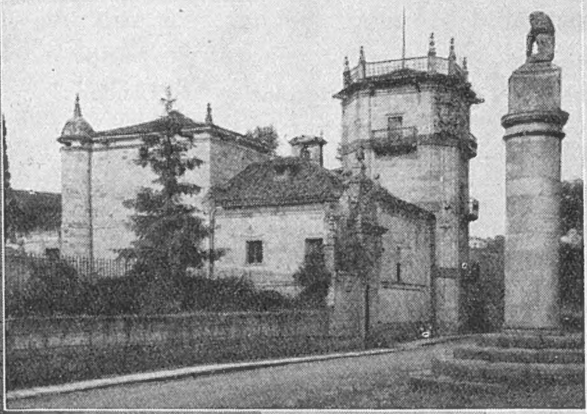
*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 156. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*

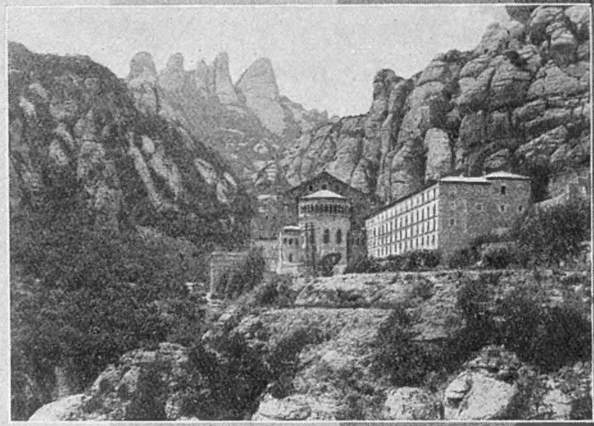
# BEAUTIFUL SPAIN


*Burgos. The Cathedral.*

*Salamanca. Façade of University.*


*Coca Castle.*


*Pámanes (Santander). The Elsedo Palace.*

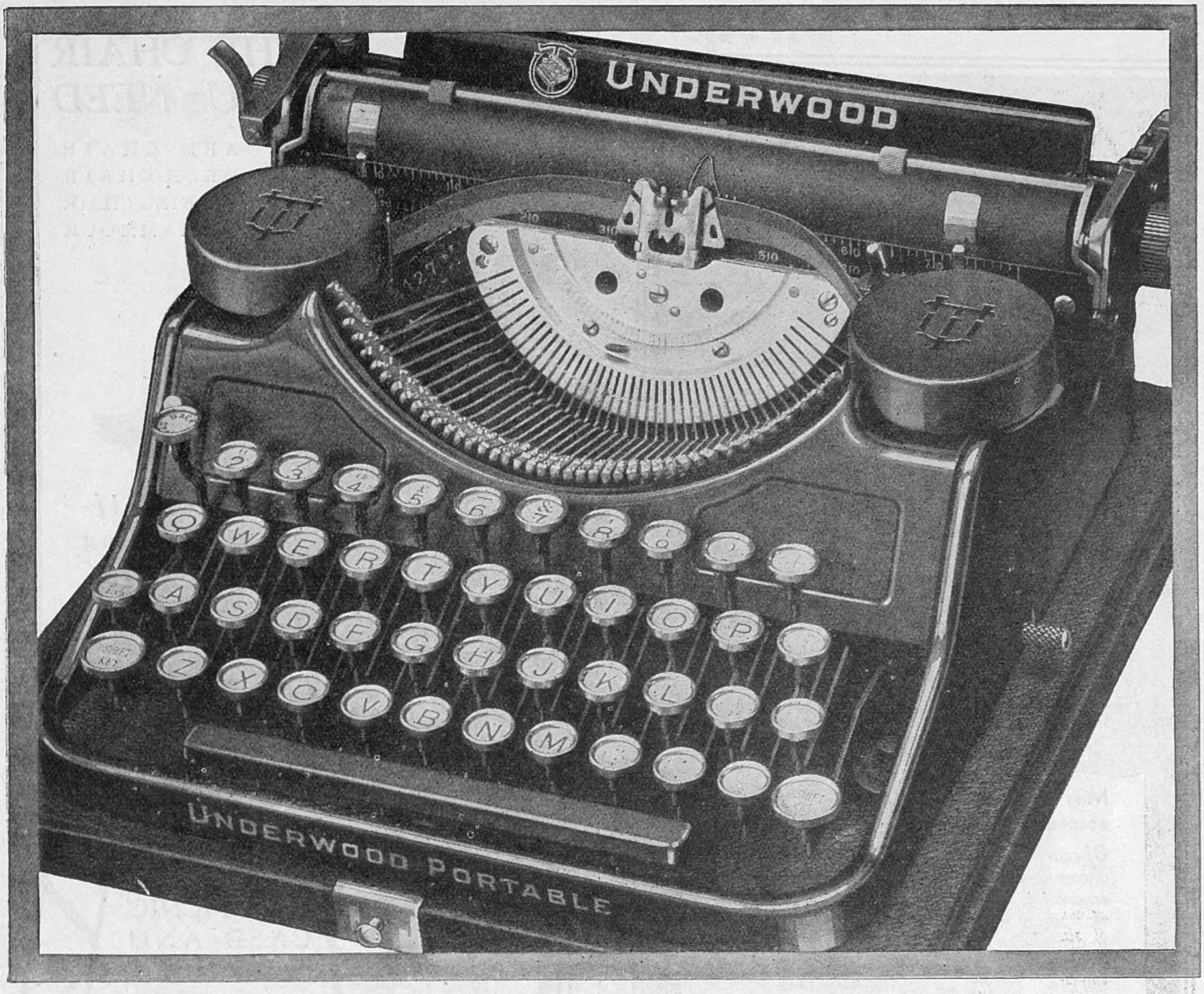

*Barcelona. Monastery of Montserrat.*

## VISIT SPAIN, WHERE SUN IS SHINING AND LIFE IS SMILING.

**The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.**

**On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.**

*For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at* **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 695, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **MUNICH,** 6, *Residenzstrasse;* **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.*



# UNDERWOOD *creates* *the* NEW PORTABLE

The *new* Underwood Portable! Have you seen it? The best portable typewriter we have yet produced! The best the world has produced! An amazing machine, possessing all the qualities that have made the name Underwood universally renowned, that have made the Underwood Portable so popular among business men, professional men and their families . . . . plus *many new features.*

### *Outstanding features of the*
### NEW UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

(1)—A new carriage return so *quiet* that it never interrupts the train of thought. ( )—A *quieter,* easier key action. (3)—New, *quiet* shift-key mechanism. (4)—A new, variable line spacer, easy to reach. (5)—Automatic ribbon reverse. (6)—Improved mechanical construction. . . . . a choice of colour as well as black. In a neat carrying case, of course.

All these additional features to the portable that was already the best in the world. Learn more about this remarkable machine . . . . cut out the coupon below and we will arrange for you to have a free trial in your home or office.

**EASY TERMS** *21/- with order and 14 monthly payments*

**FREE TRIAL** Underwood Elliot Fisher Limited,
Bush House, London, W.C.2

*Please send me further details of the NEW Underwood Portable together with particulars of the Free Trial Offer, and list of addresses of your Branches and Agents.*

*Name* ..............................................................

*Address* ..............................................................

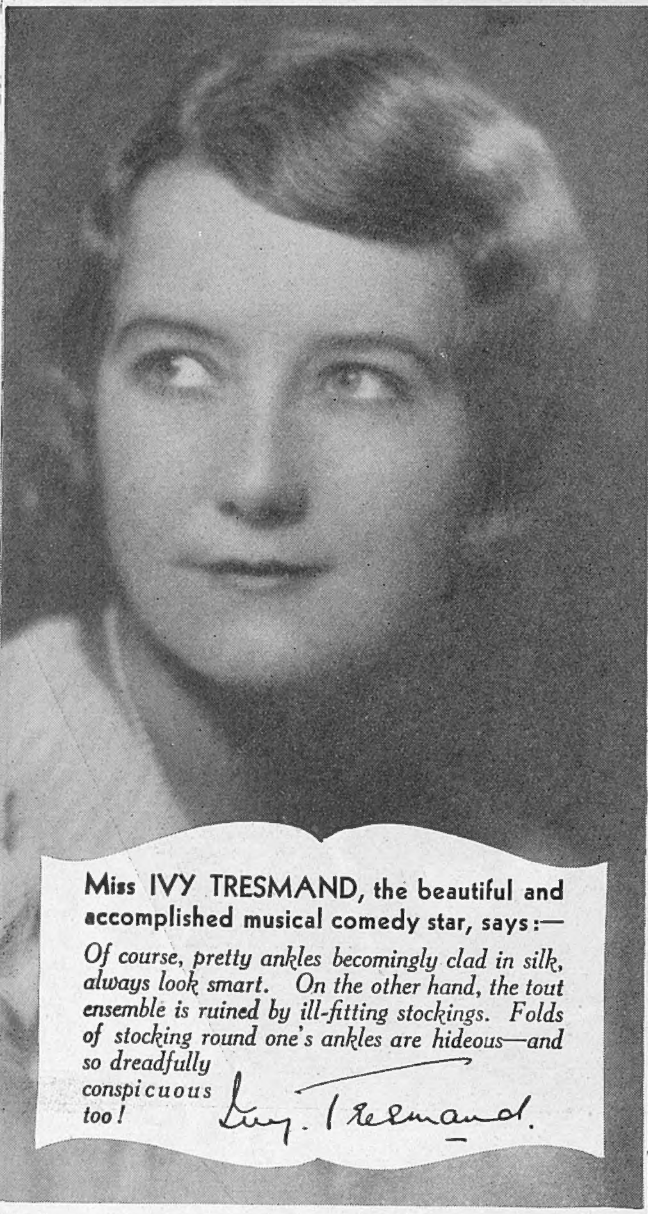
.............................................................. B & E June.

UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2 *(Telephone: Temple Bar 7722)*

*or from dealers and High-class Stationers everywhere.*

*Underwood — Elliott Fisher — Sundstrand — speed the world's business ● Sales and Service everywhere.*

*Belmont*



**Miss IVY TRESMAND, the beautiful and accomplished musical comedy star, says:—**

*Of course, pretty ankles becomingly clad in silk, always look smart. On the other hand, the tout ensemble is ruined by ill-fitting stockings. Folds of stocking round one's ankles are hideous—and so dreadfully conspicuous too!*

Ivy Tresmand

## No Stocking-Wrinkles to mar the Ensemble

Your chosen ensembles deserve stockings that fit perfectly. For wrinkles at the ankle mar the whole effect of your appearance.

So the woman with the faultless dress-sense insists on Jackdaw Silk Hosiery, the brand with the *Tailored-in-Pure-Silk* feature to compel close-fitting perfection—even after wear and washing.

*Obtainable almost everywhere. Should difficulty arise apply for address of nearest dealer to: Jackdaw Hosiery, Leith House, 22 Wood Street, London, E.C.2.*

**Jackdaw**

TAILORED IN PURE SILK STOCKINGS

*With the New Slimming Heel.*

*fully fashioned from* 4/11

MADE in LEICESTER

## THE CHAIR YOU NEED

ARM-CHAIR
DECK CHAIR
ROCKING-CHAIR
OR HAMMOCK

### *The Self-Adjusting* HAMMOCK CHAIR

This ingenious chair adapts itself to every movement of your body—it provides you with a deck chair, a rocking chair, a comfortable arm-chair, or a restful hammock—at will. It is the last word in comfort, enabling you to sit and read, recline or doze without making any adjustment. Strongly made metal frame; folds flat for storage. Chair with canopy, **45/-**; without, **35/-**.

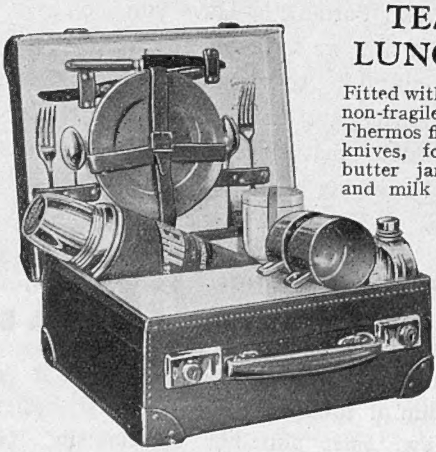
### NEW PICNIC CASE AND TABLE

Very compact. Size: closed, 21 in. × 12 in. × 4 in. When open, with metal legs extended, it forms a washable enamelled table, 3 ft. 6 in. long by 22 in. high. Fully fitted as illustration. Weight 16 lb.
Price **£4 : 4 : 0**

*Our Illustrated Picnic List will be sent free on request.*

### TEA AND LUNCH CASE

Fitted with brightly coloured non-fragile cups and saucers, Thermos flask, stainless steel knives, forks and spoons, butter jar, sandwich box and milk flask. For two persons, in blue fibre case, with strong locks, size, 12½ in. × 10 in. × 5 in. Price (post free) **23/6** With china cups & saucers. **21/-**

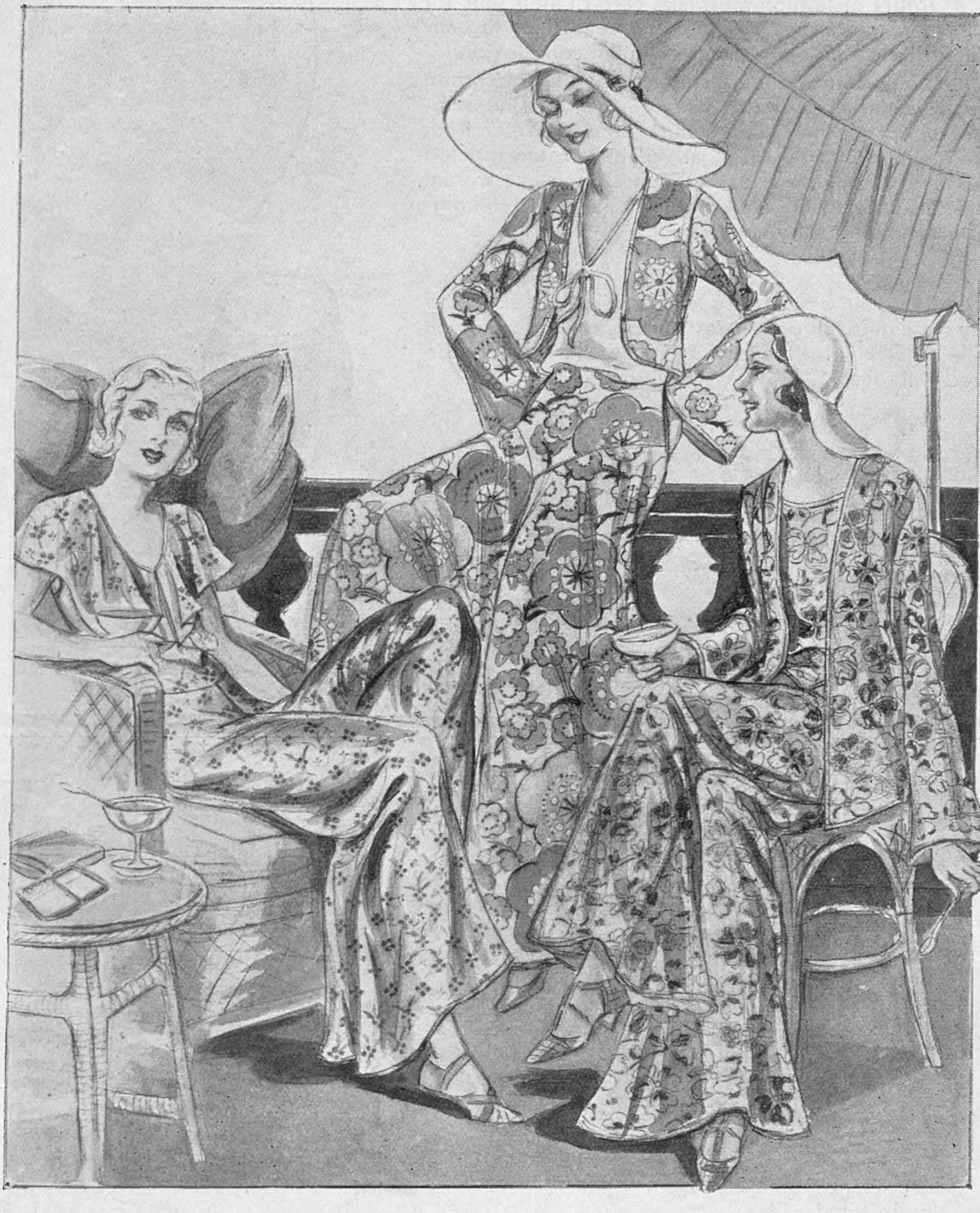


**Hamleys**
Estd 1760
HAMLEY BROS. LTD.

Mail Order Dept. (B.):
**200-202,**
**REGENT ST.,**
**LONDON, W.1.**

**86-87, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1. 512-514, OXFORD ST., W.1**
**23, GEORGE ST., CROYDON.**

# Gay Pyjamas in which to spend— the Summer mornings of your holidays



The sitting figure is wearing Floral crêpe-de-Chine with chic little blouse with a deep frilled collar and wide trousers.

The centre figure in a soft floral canvas, ideal for any wear, having a little bolero with tiny sleeves and a tuck-in blouse of coloured British silk, wide skirt trousers mounted on to a deep yoke. Hat in straw, **21/9**

The other figure is wearing a most useful 3-piece made in a new silk known as "Crêpe Ascotte," with wide skirt trousers and little blouse and coat. Hat to match, or in plain colours, price **16/9**

All these Attractive Pyjamas are in several good colours at the same price, **49/6** complete.

Sent on approval

# MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(DEBENHAMS Ltd.)

**OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1**

# Fashion decrees Natural Loveliness–
# Icilma preserves it

WOMEN of fashion must take care of their skin, for beautiful clothes are only the setting for the all-important loveliness of a beautiful complexion. Icilma Cream is all goodness. The ingredients are chosen without consideration of expense, for their unique skin-invigorating properties. The Natural Spring Water from Algeria contained in every jar gives an unexpected coolness and smoothness to the skin. Only Icilma Cream contains this beautifying Water, which assures the delightful freshness of a healthy complexion.

∽ ∽ ∽

Icilma Cold Cream is necessary for cleansing the skin after the day's activities. It penetrates the pores and brings all impurities quickly to the surface where they may be removed with ease.

Icilma Cream
Icilma Cold Cream

FASHION NOTE
*This Reslaw spring model is in Black Taffeta stitched in Shell Pink silk on under-brim and trimmed with plaited band.*

## Icilma
## VANISHING & COLD CREAMS

*Vanishing Cream, Tubes 6d., Jars 9d., 1/3*
*Cold Cream, Tubes, 6d., Jars, 1/3*

*Made to prevent the growth of superfluous hair*

---

**Bring your children to**

# la baule

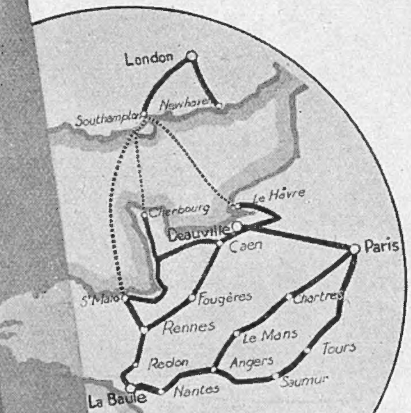
**(Brittany)**

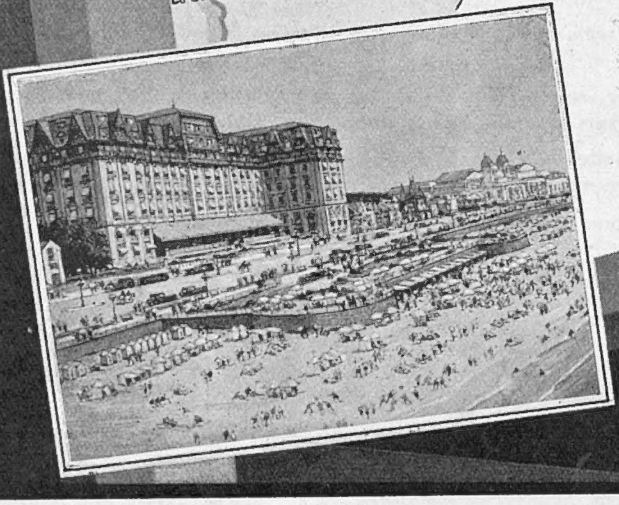
*Easter to October*

Sunny Beach. Wonderful Climate. Delightful in spring and Autumn

Theatrical—Dramatic season at the. **CASINO**
Gala Dinners at the .. .. **AMBASSADEURS**

100 Tennis courts 18-Hole Golf course
Everything is made very easy for the admission of visitors to the Sporting Clubs.





## HERMITAGE HOTEL

300 rooms; all with bath and telephone. — Private Beach (with bar) Overlooking the sea. — Full South. — New flower gardens lead down to the sea

**From LONDON (Waterloo)** SOUTHAMPTON to ST-MALO, ST-MALO to LA BAULE, via RENNES, REDON, LA ROCHE-BERNARD, GUÉRANDE, LA BAULE.

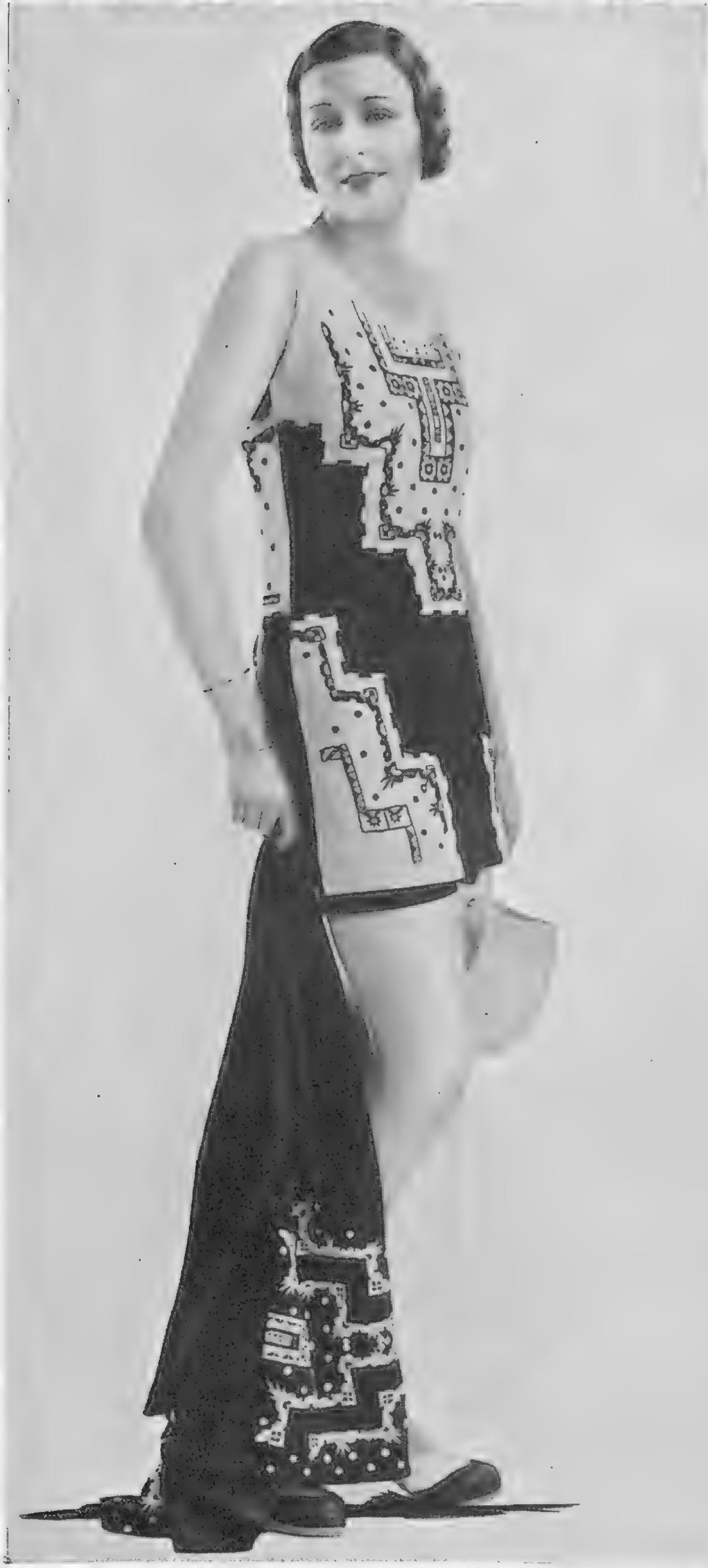
**From ST-MALO to LA BAULE** 70 miles. Excellent automobile road. *On request to the Hotel Directors, de luxe cars can be sent to the landing stage at Saint-Malo*

**PARIS (Quai d'Orsay)** direct to **LA BAULE**. Four express trains a day, including one Pullman and one sleeping car. Very good automobile road through Chartres, Le Mans, Angers, Nantes, La Baule.

**DEAUVILLE** to **LA BAULE**, automobile road, 380 km. by way of Caen, Rennes, Redon, La Roche-Bernard, Guérande, La Baule.

HAVAS

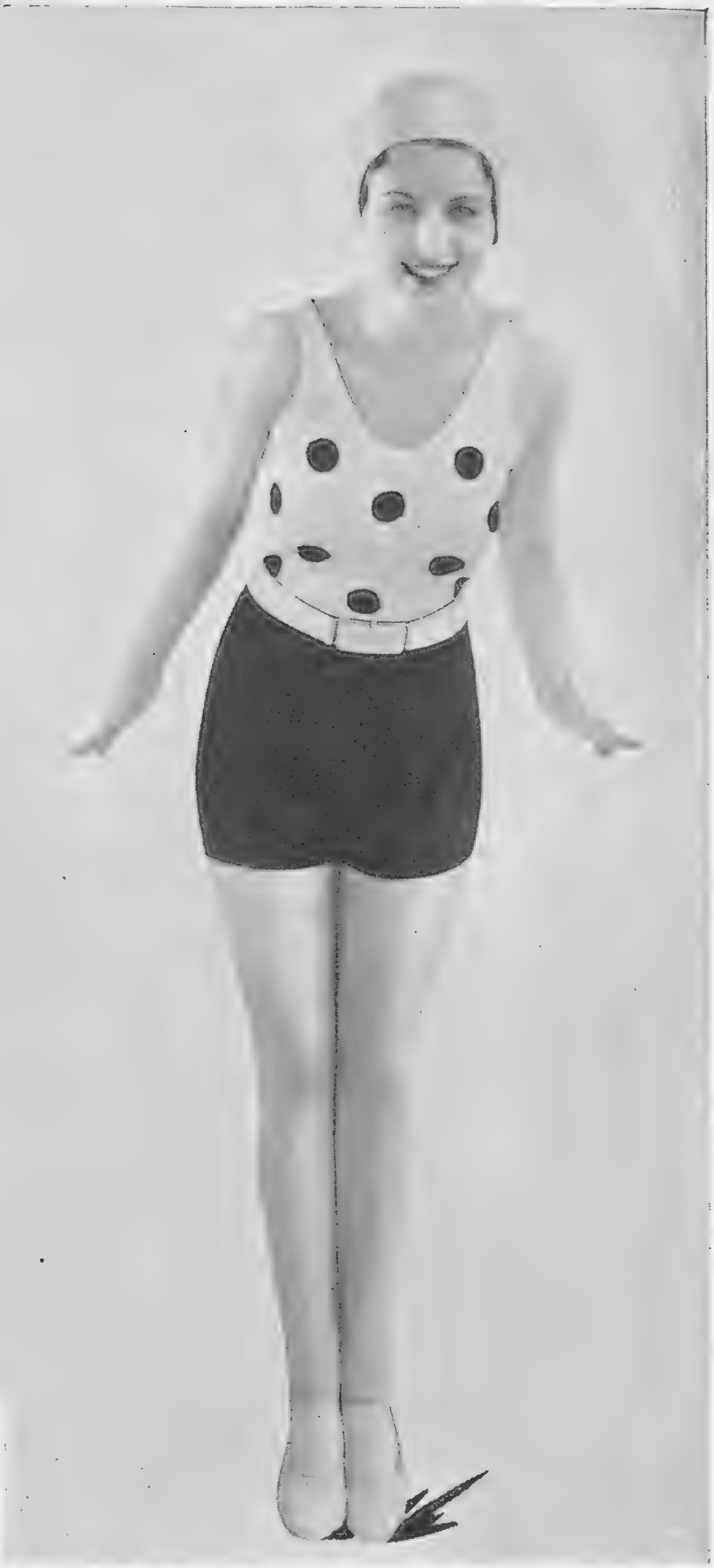
# PRACTICAL BATHING SUITS



| | |
|---|---|
| CANADIAN BEACH SUIT in pure wool stockinette with embroidered design. In black/white, brown/beige, and other colourings | **39/6** |
| COAT with long sleeves to match | **49/6** |
| CANVAS SHOES with cork soles. In black/white, red/yellow, and other shades | **21/9** |

*Sent on Approval.*

| | |
|---|---|
| REGULATION SPOTTED SWIMMING SUIT in pure wool stockinette, in red/black, black/white, and all bright shades | **18/9** |
| DIVING HELMET to match suits | **5/11** |
| WHITE CANVAS BELT | **1/6** |

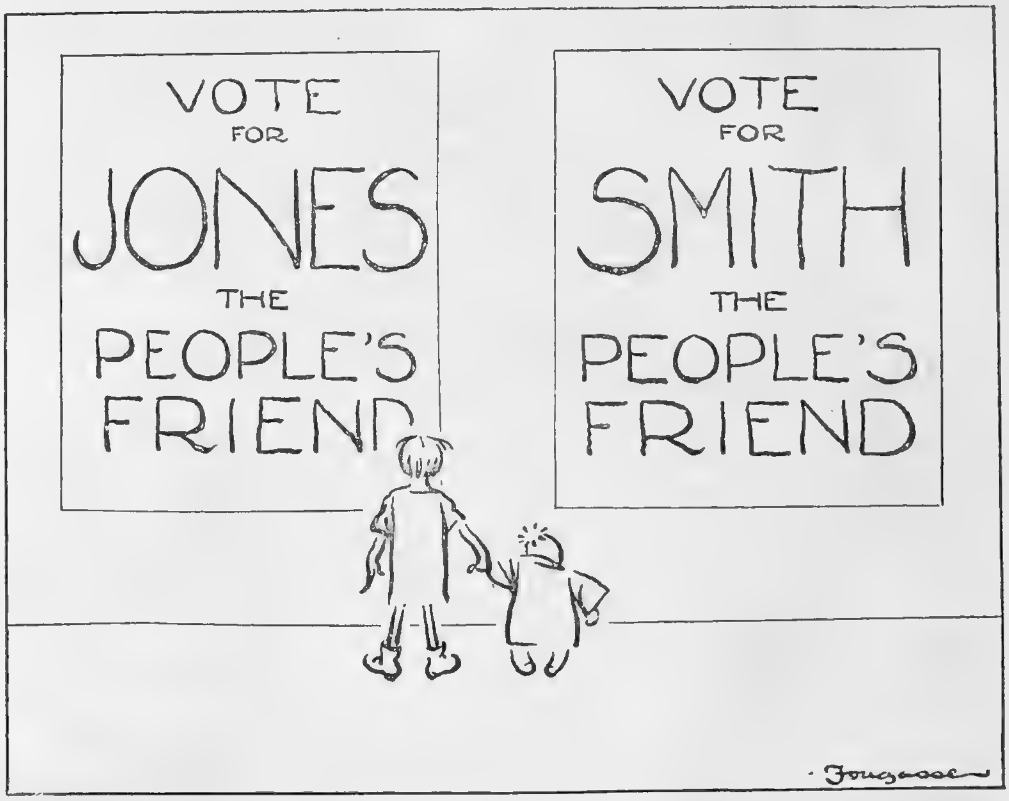


*Catalogue post free.*

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street London W.1

*( DEBENHAMS LIMITED )*

# LONDON—WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM


VOTE FOR JONES THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND
VOTE FOR SMITH THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND
Fougasse

## THE LONDON GUIDE

### OUR LEGISLATIVE SYSTEM.

" Not once or twice in our rough island story has a whole-hearted Lab kissed an out-and-out Tory,'' and that is perhaps the secret of our greatness, or would be if it was. For every pro we have a con, and for every one who rallies to a standard we have one who rallies against it.

Politics—the fierce clash of wits between two implacable foes, both working for the same ends, for the same reason, and in the same way—how the word " politics " stirs the blood (if I may be excused for using such an expression in such a connection).

And here you have a picture of our legislative system, or as much of it as really comes to the notice of the average man or woman. And, of course, the seat of government of these islands (if by government you mean Government) is London — London, where, as we all know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

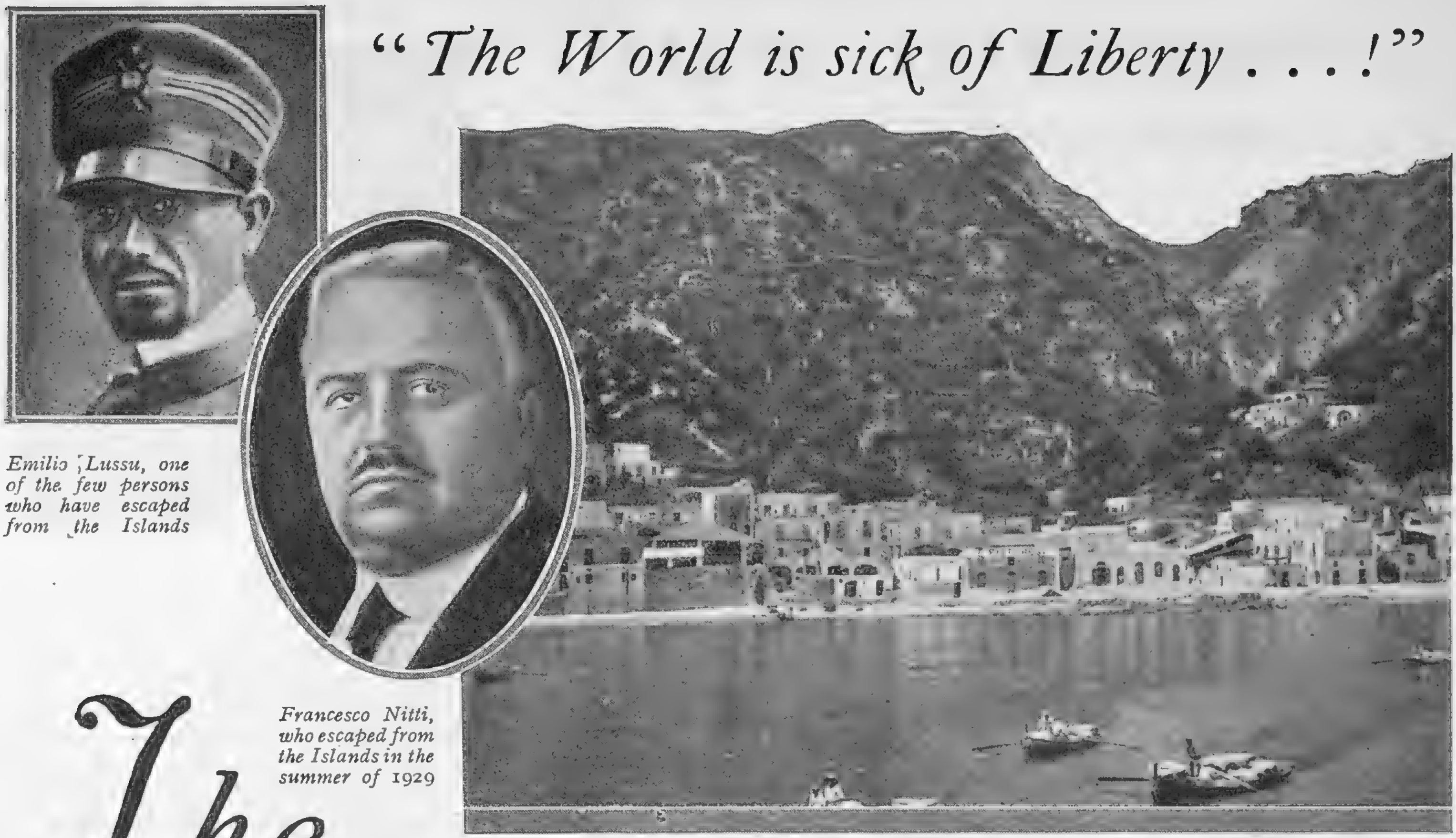
BRITANNIA & EVE
*A Monthly Journal for Men and Women*
Vol. III, No. 6 Editorial June, 1931

# *And yet these* Tremendous Trifles *do not Change . . .*

"CÆSAR doth not change," said Shakespeare. "Season doth not change," could be said to-day with less poetry but more truth. The astonishing conservatism of the London season, of those magic, if expensive, weeks which come to so definite a close at the end of July, is something far beyond the mutability of party politics. Few of us know where our parties are to-day. The gulf fixed between Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Baldwin, between Sir Oswald Mosley and, say, Mr. Duff-Cooper, is so mysterious that there may not even be a gulf at all. But we do know that Ascot and Henley, the Eton and Harrow match, and Wimbledon, Goodwood and Cowes are as constant as the northern star. These tremendous trifles do not change. *Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.* But the season's events are fixed and the great and troubled world rolls on and leaves them. What matters it that it is said that impossibly bounderish and undesirable people manage to creep into the Royal Enclosure? The very complaint is of established antiquity, part of the Toryism of the Turf. Our great-grandfathers bewailed the end of all social matters when the Reform Bill was passed. And now, ninety-seven years later, houses are letting well for Goodwood. Revolutions and world-wars come on their mighty way; but England will always delight in being herded into enclosures for essentially unimportant functions just as surely as a crowd forms outside a church for a fashionable wedding.

Jeremiahs of every political creed continue to make sad references to little victims playing heedless of their doom, to draw dismal parallels. Such references become gleeful when the Russian experiment is coupled with them, and when we hear of gilded popinjays. But the pomp and circumstance of the combination of red and gilt has more than a direct significance. Political office brings them into effective combination. The glories of Versailles vanished because the Marats were outside and remained outside. To-day the Marats dine with their supposed victims, and may even be seen eating lobster mayonnaise out of the same luncheon-basket. Baskets in 1790 had other uses. But the London season might even survive that.

## *"The World is sick of Liberty . . . !"*



*Emilio Lussu, one of the few persons who have escaped from the Islands*

*Francesco Nitti, who escaped from the Islands in the summer of 1929*

# The ISLANDS

THERE is stoical squaring of the shoulders on Mussolini's Islands of the Banned and Damned round Sicily as these rock-dumps for such as will not accept the Fascist régime—or, rather, who openly oppose it—enter upon their fifth year as deportee colonies. Consonant with the Duce's bold reduction of all wages and prices throughout Italy, the pittance of the banished *confinati politici* has been reduced to five liras a day (about one and threepence), and the Special Tribunal for the Defence of the State which tries all political prisoners has been herding fresh condemned on the already over-crowded, workless and poverty-stricken islands following a recent " nationwide clean-up " of alleged enemies of the State.

Complete secrecy has hitherto enfolded conditions of existence on " the Islands," as they are furtively referred to. There have been rumours and " vamped up " stories, but nothing accurate has yet appeared concerning this extraordinary measure taken by an extraordinary man to rid himself of those who persist in standing in his path. That was what sent me in the direction of Sicily: I wanted to get at some form of truth. However, if I was to fly by two of the *Confino* settlements, and sail close to a third, as to *landing*—that was another matter. For three reasons the master of Italy declines to allow observers on, biased or otherwise. Firstly, he has passionately decided that it is nobody's business but Italy's. The *Manchester Guardian* and its kind may wax indignant at this lapse back into a durance one thought had gone for ever from Western Europe when men's minds became freed after 1793—the ex-journalist of the Palazzo Venezia merely smiles (" The world is sick of liberty ! "). Secondly, visitors might arrange codes for subsequent turning to account in the way of escape. Thirdly, such régimes of force as Fascism being always highly sensitive to foreign criticism—not infrequently because of loans—and conditions being pretty dreadful, morally perhaps more than physically, the creator of this banishment—the first in Europe for many centuries, so far as I am aware, with the exception of Siberia—the Duce, while fully intending things to be as they are, also intends that a veil shall be drawn across them. Only one of my craft, the Frenchman Béraud and author of *The Martyr of Fatness*, has ever been allowed further than the lovely little crescent port of Milazzo which pulled me up like many another ; and Béraud really needn't have troubled to leave the quayside for all he was to learn of conditions, first-hand.

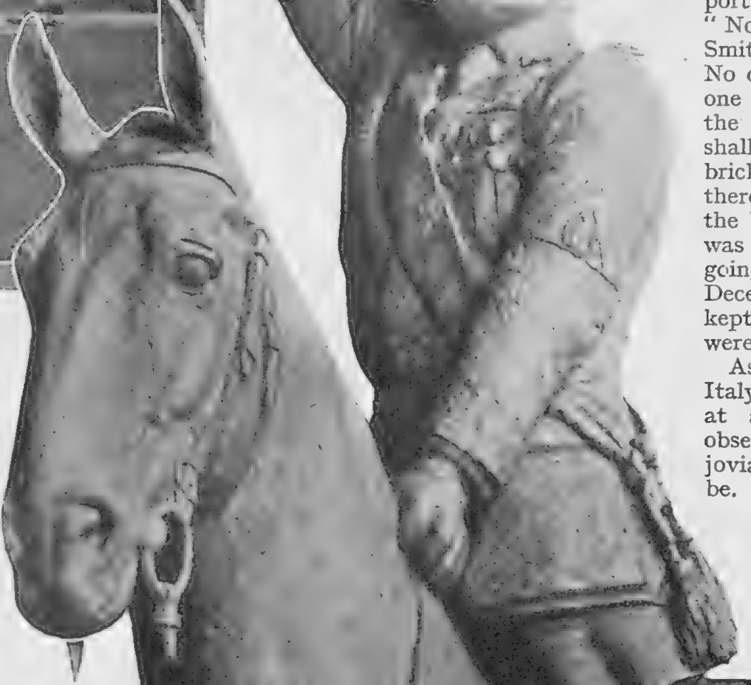
Mussolini himself gave the Parisian permission to visit the " star " island of the seven or eight in use as settlements—Lipari. " Go by all means. See for yourself." Yet what did the fat one see ? The fruit of his venture lies before me. (As also, not many days ago, did this same Lipari—two volcanic humps rising from the sea ten miles out and suggestive of a submerged dromedary of some Wellsian world.) Béraud desired to move among the deported ones, to ask them straight-out questions of their life, to sound their sorrows, spiritual yearnings ; and no official at his elbow to direct or truncate the conversation. He desired to roam Lipari alone and untended, as all good reporters do, to observe and form his own impressions. Alas, these were proffered to him ready-made. Met at sea by the director of the colony and the chief of police, he was beamed upon, lunched and wined, swerved from hutment to hutment—unoccupied but shining with cleanliness—and beamingly permitted to talk with one deportee, a lawyer, who bowed, surveyed the attendant officials, observed that the day announced itself as hot, contemplated the ubiquitous Duce-portrait on the wall, and begged to be excused. Which Béraud himself followed suit in doing a few minutes later, leaving Lipari in a motor-boat still beamingly placed at his disposal for the return journey to the Sicilian mainland. His hosts even came along themselves, bringing wine and cigars for the brief dash.

NOW there is a big " drive " on to boost Sicily, which is in the doldrums touristically rather more than most other places. "*Primavera Siciliana*" it is called ; one gets very cheap tickets, prices are down, and special beholdenness has been commanded. Lipari happens to be in the guide book as interesting not only for its vegetation but to geological students. If they were so mighty keen to attract tourists, why mightn't I be taken for such a harmless one ? It was worth trying, at all events. The thought came to me as I sat idly in the public gardens of Taormina (God's beauty-spot, maybe, yet give me wild grandeur every time). An Arab pedlar passed hung with

# *Mussolini's Rock-dumps for the Anti-Fascisti, the Islands of the Banned round Sicily*

*Lipari, where Mussolini sends his political prisoners*

*Renzo Rossi, the third person known to have escaped from The Islands*



*Mussolini giving the Fascist salute. An equestrian sculpture by the celebrated artist. Griselli*

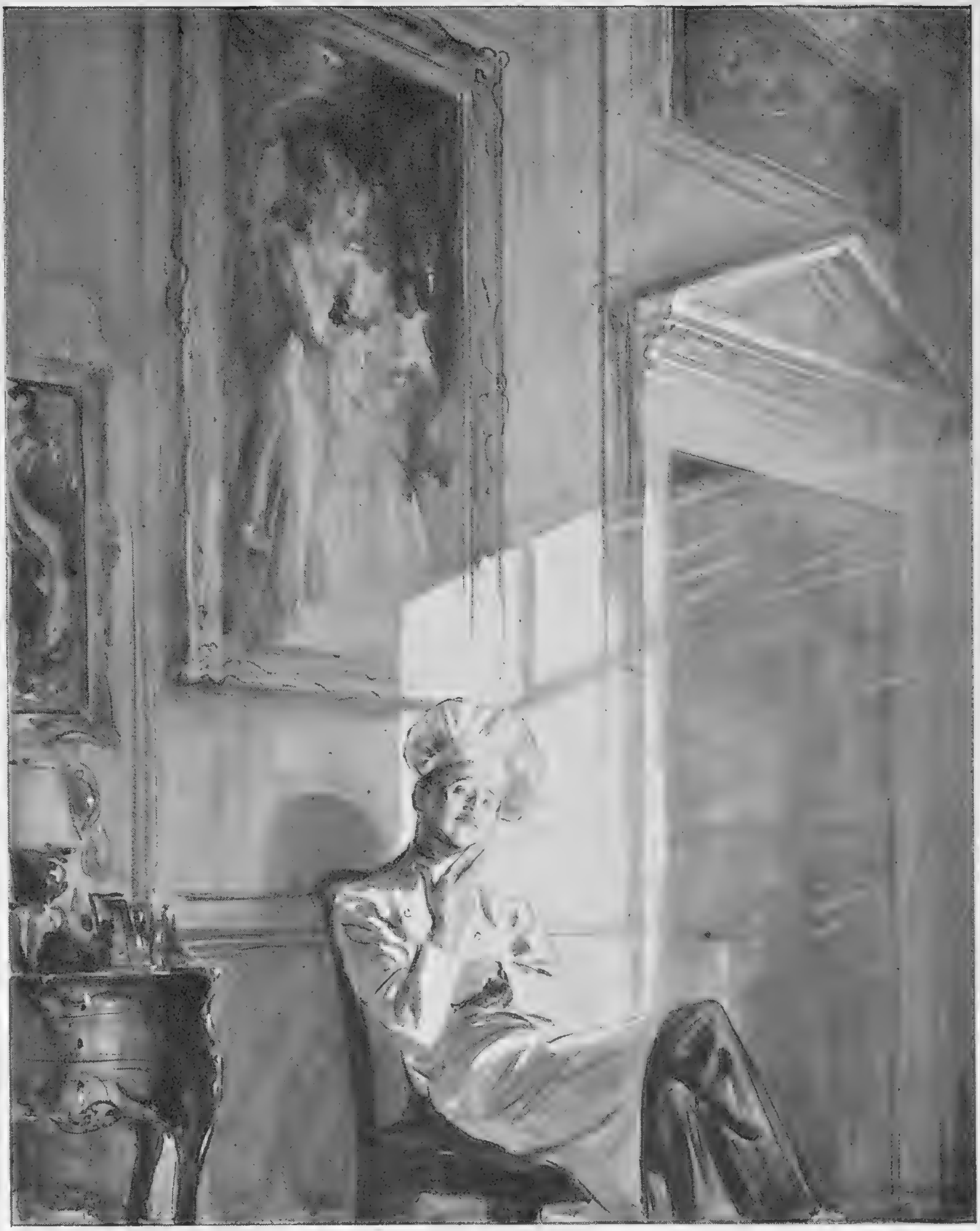
## By Ferdinand Tuohy

*The rocky and inaccessible coast just below the prison buildings at Lampedusa, Italy's grim penal settlement*

fearful binoculars. Should I not look more the part with a pair? Plus my guide book already acquired? I struck a deal—five shillings—for the fearful things, and proceeded to look thoroughly touristy (incidentally, for the first and last time in this life). And presently took the train on to Messina, off which resurrected cemetery-port, 20 miles N.W., lies the Lipari group. "Now then, Smith!" I thought of Smith that night in the one-storied hotel. No one may build anything higher than one story in Messina, precaution against the next time—so that each inhabitant shall receive only a limited square brickage on the head. (Why do they live there at all? Ah! And, in passing, for the benefit of the Under-Thirties, Smith was a very able seaman who went on going ashore and rescuing people one December day of 1908 when all the world kept toppling about him and 176,000 were killed.)

As so many hotel people in current Italy are Fascist informers, I dined out at a little restaurant whose waiter, observed through the window, looked jovial if life would allow him to be. I have an extra sense for detecting the inner atmosphere of restaurants, from without. With the *minestrone* I learnt that things were absolutely stagnant

(*Continued on page* 124)



# Desire *beside*

## *Beginning a Social Satire of Modern Life complete in two Parts*

*Illustrated by Forster*

"IN the morning-room, your ladyship, please," said Teak feebly, and he closed the door upon Lady Widdower.

Lady Widdower sat down.

The Molfords' morning-room on this morning of abomination and atrocity was nice as ever: its chintzes unsullied; its French windows opened to the rose garden; the sun streamed in; and on a side table Teak had as usual set ready the tray of empty flower vases which . . .

But hardly had Lady Widdower succeeded in averting her eyes from the empty flower vases when she heard another car drawing up beside her own outside.

Lady Widdower began to shake her head, and was still shaking it when the door opened.

"Colonel and Mrs. Bushes, my lady," faltered Teak, and tottered out again.

"Ah," said Lady Widdower—the first word that she had uttered since entering this violated house on this morning of abomination and atrocity.

"Aunt?" said the Colonel, greeting her sombrely.

"So you were sent for too!" said Mrs. Bushes, drawing her breath fast.

Lady Widdower nodded, sighed, and bent her eyes again in the direction of the flower vases.

"The whole routine of the house has stopped?" murmured Mrs. Bushes, following the significant look.

"Long ago, when I was a gal," began Lady Widdower, "I can clearly remember——"

"Thank you, Aunt!" said the Colonel, "but the question is—has the whole routine of the house stopped? Is no one carrying on?"

"May I not express an opinion?" said Lady Widdower. "I only wish to express an opinion on what has occurred."

"Teak is obviously carrying on," said Mrs. Bushes.

An effort on Lady Widdower's part to resume the expression of her opinion was cut short by the door again opening, and the one legal Molford—who, save in a case of emergency such as this, should by now have been in his office twenty miles distant—entered.

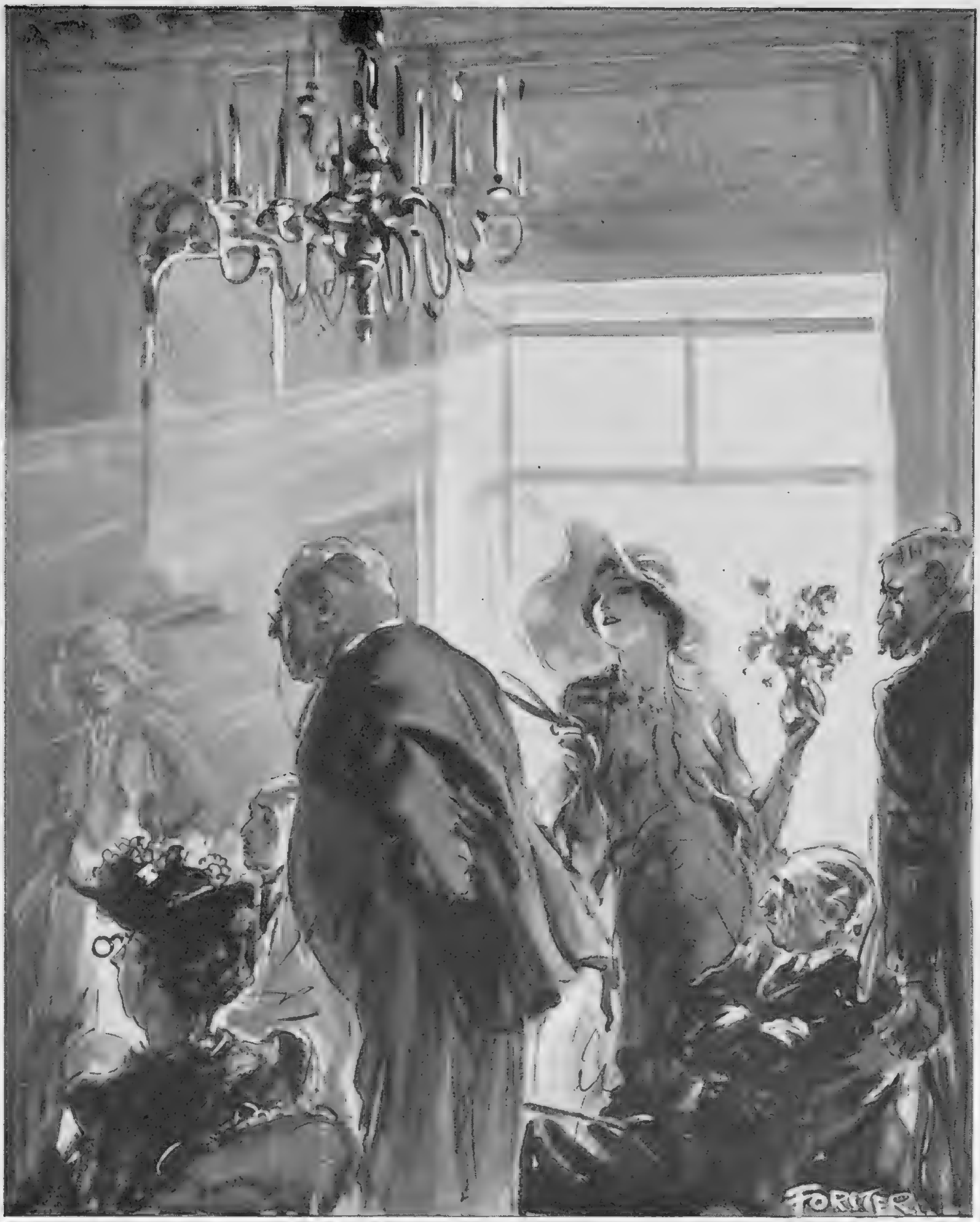
"Good morning," he said graciously. Everyone answered graciously, "Good morning."

He sat down putting a brief-case beside him, and the silence was resumed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bowling, please, your ladyship," said Teak, faintly but appealingly, as if he looked to Lady Widdower, aged as she was, to lead those members of a stricken family who were now gathering together.

Into the sunlit room came the Reverend Mainwaring Bowling, followed suitably by his wife.

It was always Mr. Bowling's custom to laugh when entering a room unless recent death or sin had taken place



*AND all regarded Frank, sitting on the little chair against the ultimate wall, his livery of snow an ironic comment upon his true character. But the man was dreaming*

# *the* Stream: *Part I*

## By May Edginton

flagrantly therein; but this morning found him too distressed.

"Dear Lady Widdower," murmured Mrs. Bowling. "Dear Mrs. Bushes. Oh, Colonel!" And she sat down.

"Dear me! Dear me!" said the Vicar.

"So he sent for you, too?" said Lady Widdower.

"He sent for us, too."

The waiting flower vases also caught Mrs. Bowling's eye, which directed the eye of her husband towards them.

"I suppose the whole house has stopped?" said he, hushed.

"No," said the Colonel, beginning to walk back and forth, back and forth, "Teak is carrying on."

"But this will be his death," said Lady Widdower. "There is a saying in our family that old servants never die, but——"

"Thank you, Aunt!" said the Colonel firmly.

"May I not express my opin——?"

At this moment something happened which they had all been dreading—if anticipating with a very natural pleasure also.

Into the room came the guilty woman.

IN she came through the door by which they had all entered—neat, nice, *soignée* as ever. She looked like a woman who had breakfasted delicately and yet with full satisfaction. She carried in her hand—how often had not Lady Widdower, Mrs. Bowling and Mrs. Bushes seen her thus before?—her flower basket, in which lay her gardening gloves and a pair of scissors. A spasm passed through Lady Widdower, Mrs. Bowling and Mrs. Bushes, but the legal Molford—who had risen, though critically—and the Colonel and the Vicar stood stock still.

In all their minds was the embarrassed question, "How will she greet us?" But Bessie Molford did not greet them at all. She smiled deprecatingly, and passed through to her rose garden.

"Ashamed to speak!" said Lady Widdower triumphantly.

The Colonel, Mr. Bowling and the legal Molford found themselves together at the French window, looking with extreme attention after the guilty woman as she receded from them up the flagged paths.

The Colonel began again his pacing up and down, always pausing for a second at the French windows.

The Vicar, however, remained beside the windows, breathing in the sweet morning air.

The legal Molford once more sat.

"Are we all here?" faltered Lady Widdower.

"Except for Lizzie," answered Mrs. Bowling.

"Lizzie!" cried Mrs. Bushes.

"Most improper!" said the Colonel.

"So we thought," said Mrs. Bowling, "but we understand that he sent for her too."

"And where is he?" faltered Lady Widdower. "Ring and ask."

Mr. Bowling pressed the bell, and, as if almost fainting, Teak entered.

"Teak," said Mr. Bowling in a quiet voice of grief and commiseration, "where is he?"

"He is in the library, sir. I am to call him when all is ready."

"Thank you, Teak," said Lady Widdower, beginning to weep a little.

At this moment there is no doubt but that the old servant received a painful shock; for the guilty woman again entered—through the French windows—with roses in her basket; and, again casting her sweet, deprecating smile towards the assembly, she began, as usual, to do the flowers, in the vases which, as usual—in spite of the overwhelming disaster of the night—the butler had placed ready for her.

However, after a lingering look at her, he gathered strength for his usual faultless exit.

The room remained completely silent and immobile save for the small pleasant movements of Bessie doing the flowers; but soon it was evident that she had not cut enough roses, and taking her basket, she tripped out again. The Colonel resumed his walk, which brought him quickly again to the windows where the Vicar had quickly taken up his former position.

Lady Widdower sat brooding in the largest chair, and there is no doubt but that various thoughts both reminiscent and prospective were running through her aged head.

"What I want to see," said she, "is the young man."

"Man?" cried the Colonel.

"Man?" repeated the Vicar.

"Man," said Mrs. Bowling and Mrs. Bushes together, rather unexpectedly.

"What we women want to see is the man," said Lady Widdower in a ripe voice. "Ring the bell."

Mere habit of Christian obedience caused the Vicar to ring it, and Teak appeared. This time he seemed stronger, for he advanced entirely into the room, to a point where an advantageous view of the rose garden was easily obtained.

"Teak," said Lady Widdower, now speaking in a voice from which most of the fatigued traces of her great age had vanished, "I want the——"

"Aunt!"

"Let me tell Teak I want the——"

"Aunt! . . . Teak, her ladyship feels that we should not shirk the responsibility of immediately seeing this——"

"No, I don't," said Lady Widdower, "I want the——"

"Thank you, Aunt! Teak, let that fellow come in."

The butler turned reluctantly from the view of the rose garden, which, indeed, was enchanting on this fine morning.

"You wish to see the *chef*, sir? I will send him in."

The room became again silent and immobile, the Colonel staying with the Vicar at the windows to get the sweet air.

All eyes turned upon the door as once more it opened to admit Frank, the English *chef* of that devastated house.

DURING the last few weeks all present had enjoyed the dishes sent up by Frank from his kitchen; they—with careless appreciation—had savoured the spiritual aroma of his genius, but never before had they seen him in the flesh, in the snow-white envelope of his calling, with the snow-white cap placed a little to one side of his head.

Frank entered coldly but respectfully, making sufficient obeisance.

"Very nice," said Lady Widdower, "that's what I should have called in my young days very nice, and I still call it very——"

"Thank you, Aunt! May I, as the only male member of the family present—with lay freedom of speech—" said the Colonel, turning for an explanatory split second to Mr. Bowling and the legal Molford—"suggest the epithets for this fellow?"

However, no strong word was needed from Colonel Bushes at the moment, for Lady Widdower—with merely a slight deflection of term—hotheadedly supplied it.

"He's illegitimate!"

"Thank you, Aunt!"

"Or how do you account for a cook having that beau—ti—ful——?"

"Thank you, Aunt."

Lady Widdower subsided for a while, but not without triumph.

Once more silence descended upon the sunlit room, while the Colonel stood with his fists balled, the Vicar gazed steadfastly into the rose garden, the legal Molford sat, and Frank stood respectfully before them all. But the eyes of Mrs. Bowling and Mrs. Bushes noted the insouciance of the man; the intrepidity and the fatal charm. And in both their hearts was a charitable thought, "It is always the woman's fault."

"Let him sit down," said Lady Widdower.

"Certainly not!" said the Colonel.

"He has done more than sit in this family, and——"

"Thank you, Aunt!"

"Let him sit down."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship," said Frank respectfully; so he sat down on a little straight chair against the ultimate wall.

"Vicar," said the Colonel, turning to one who should know how to open all occasions however perilous and precarious.

"Um," said the Vicar. "Um," he said, "Um! Um! We are, I believe, still waiting for Miss Rollop, much as I regret drawing an unmarried lady into so sordid and sophisticated a business."

"But he sent for her," murmured Mrs. Bushes.

"We must all help him all we can," said Mrs. Bowling.

"Exactly, Gertrude," said the Vicar. "And it seems to me that this time of waiting alone in the library must be a trial to him. I suggest that Teak fetches him; and we might even get the subject dealt with by the time Miss Rollop arrives."

"What a hope!" said Lady Widdower.

The Vicar could not quite ignore this aged and important lady's coarse exclamation, but he did his best with it, and rang the bell.

"Teak," said Lady Widdower, "fetch him."

In the midst of another silence, then—during which the Colonel and Mr. Bowling looked quietly into the rose garden, while other eyes were fixed on Frank—he arrived: the outraged husband; blasted, desolated and confounded, Henry Molford. The sympathetic women, taking their eyes from Frank, noted that Henry had shrunk, and was bleached and older. Nevertheless, as he saw Frank sitting on the little chair against the ultimate wall, his fists balled as the fists of Colonel Bushes had done.

"Yes, I should like to see them fight!" said Lady Widdower, pleased.

"Thank you, Aunt!"

The legal Molford restrained Henry without the difficulty that all had anticipated.

"You!" Henry exclaimed bitterly.

"Good morning, sir," Frank answered, rising from his chair, and only resuming it when Henry had been edged into a seat by the Colonel.

"Let's begin," said Lady Widdower.

"Flora," said Colonel Bushes, "sit by Aunt." Mrs. Bushes moved. "Shall Bowling begin, Henry?"

"No," said Henry, moistening his dry lips, "we are not all here. I want all of us who are within reach to be here."

Suddenly the braying of an ass, so hearty that it drowned the accompanying sound of light wheels, was heard without.

"Lizzie!" said Lady Widdower.

Frank rose respectfully from his chair. "Miss Rollop is very hoarse to-day, your ladyship," said he. And respectfully he sat down again.

In another moment their cousin Lizzie—a vivid girl of forty or so, avid for life—was among them, flashing her taunting smile around, and sublimely fervent in her conviction that, were it not for the restraints of civilisation, each male present would indubitably try to seize her and bear her away to some fierce solitude. From morning till night—and even through the dark hours—this woman knew herself to be always in danger.

She met the peril of this morning in her usual intrepid way, with a taunt.

"I am late," she said flashingly, "but I had to drive Charlie in the garden cart instead of taking the car, for things have got so desperate that I really cannot trust myself alone with my new chauffeur. It's always the same! However, I love animals almost as much as I hate men—not quite, of course. And then before I started I was dreaming by the stream. The trout," said she slowly, "were lovely; they were bulging up and down, and not only bulging, but nymphing, the sweets!"

However, though Henry and the Colonel sighed sharply, and the Vicar bit his lip, not a man rose to her gibe, and she soon perceived that storm had passed over this household, and was, indeed, still rending it.

Frank had again risen respectfully, but now, as she seated herself, again respectfully he sat down.

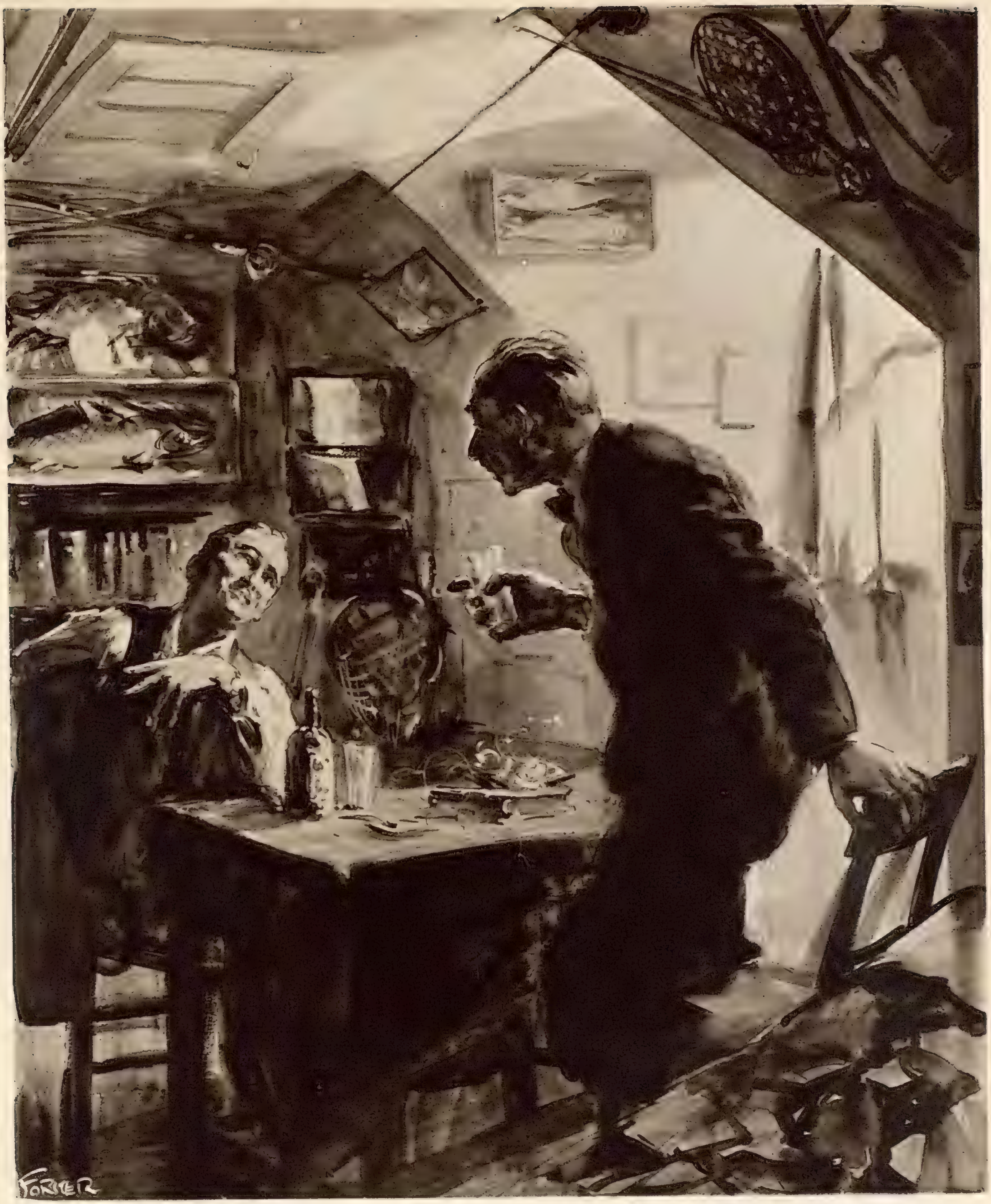
"I don't want to beat about the bush," said Henry feebly. "Now that we are all here, most of us understanding what has happened——"

"But I don't understand!" cried Lizzie wilfully. "Explain it to me."

Even the Vicar being nonplussed, the Colonel turned to his wife to break the news gently to the girl.

"It's Bessie, dear," said Mrs. Bushes. "Bessie and the *chef*."

NOW it had been made gin-clear to even the most fastidious intelligence that Henry's wife, Bessie, was a fallen woman. And not for any long, true, enduring passion had she done this



thing; not for any comprehensible reason at all. All suddenly, last night, she had gone wilful—as a mere piece of wilfulness she had flawed the clear blue sky of her so far impeccable existence. Missed from her room by her maid bringing early tea. . . . But the details were humdrum. The fact remained to stagger everyone, and as an instance of sheer atavistic depravity—so it was felt—it would be hard to beat.

Even the smiles that habitually played about Cousin Lizzie's coquettish mouth were stilled; resentment at the thought of another woman having such a game taking their place.

*"I want to know, Henry, why you speak of the stream as only the second best in England"*

Turning her eyes, avid for life, upon Frank, she enjoyed the same generous thought that had passed through the minds of Gertrude Bowling and Flora Bushes: "It is always the woman's fault."

Colonel Bushes and the Reverend Mainwaring Bowling, however, privately held a different—if also generous—opinion: "This little woman—whose attraction I wish I had realised earlier, as I might have helped her—falls a prey to the first cad and swine who pursues her. For she has never quite been really understood. What the little woman needs is sympathy, and I——"

"What are we all going to do now?" cried Lady Widdower, breaking in upon these typical (*Continued on page* 106.)

# The BLUE

*HOLLYWOOD has its own ideas of South Sea Island beauty. Myrna Loy (left) as the dusky vamp in "Across the Pacific"*

*HERE, sunk and lost forever,*
*Through fathoms clear as air,*
*An old ship shows her corals*
*And the shades her sea fans wear.*
*O, her name is past all telling,*
*Of her port she brings no news;*
*Was she manned from Far Terschelling,*
*Was she lost by La Pérouse?*
*What harbour still awaits her,*
*Who still awaits her crew,*
*The men who found at Ambrym*
*That Bay forever blue?*

"AS we are thinking of going to live in the South Sea Islands, can you tell me, are the amenities of life to be found there, such as wireless, etc.?"

Extract from letter of a young married woman addressed to me, as though I were a Pacific Directory compiler!

What, I wonder, did she include in the etc.? Plumbing, maybe, just as in her view of the "South Sea Islands" she included, most likely—most people do—everything in the ungraspable distances from the Aleutians in the far North to Macquarie in the far South; from Mindanao in the far West to Panama in the far East. Plumbing!

Still, if you want that, you can find it in Papeete, and if you are a wireless fan you can hear Amos and Andy every night in Honolulu; also you can find moving pictures in places away down in the Dangerous Archipelago—also you can find fleas on an elephant, for, as these to the pachyderm, so are the amenity dealers of civilisation to the Great Pacific Ocean.

It is quite true that the larger islands have been spoiled, especially those within easy reach of the American seaboard. Look at Santa Catalina, which lies only sixteen miles or so out from the harbour of Los Angeles.

Look at it from the far distance in its loveliness, as Cabrillo first saw it; its peaks, its cañons, where, of a morning, the silver fog lingers like a trace of snow; its colours, ever changing; its golden crown when the sun rises above the hills of California.

Then come close and listen to the band. Amenities! Why, you will find kings here; the only real kings left in this changeable world. Pork kings, movie kings, railway kings, soap kings, and their Queens and Princesses Royal.

SANTA Catalina is worth dwelling on for a moment, for the Pacific, so full of surprises and astonishments, has, I think, nothing else to show quite like this; for here in the waters around you find congregated all the big game fishes of the Western World: the Tuna on the Tuna grounds; the Black Bass in the kelp forests to west of the island, the Albacore, Bonito, Shark, Yellow Tail, Barracuda, Sun Fish; each in its own district, to say nothing of the lordly Japanese Swordfish come all the way from Japan on the Kiro Shiwo current.

The social life of the sea finds here its highest expression, and here it meets with the highest social life of the land—at least, the highest as expressed in dollars. Here Mr. Tuna meets Mr. Hoggenheimer of Chicago, and Mr. Hoggenheimer—as might be expected—"lands" Mr. Tuna, after "playing" him for hours. Which isn't to say that English Lords and Viscounts, French Marquises and Austrian Barons, do not come to help Mr. H. in this dirty trick—under the name of sport.

Yes, a dirty trick, or what seems so by contrast; for, up with the mainsail

# Pacific

## *Its Profundity and its Cynicism*

*South Sea Island natives in a dug-out canoe*

*The South Sea belle as she really is. A Samoan maid of seventeen summers in beads and the grass skirt worn for native dances*

### By H. *de* Vere Stacpoole

and head south to where the Galápagos Islands lie in the sparkling blue, and the Great Pacific will show you another picture—animals and *their* idea of sport.

Here you may see the young sea-lions at play, one with another, and the pelicans at play with the sea-lions, and they will let you watch them and let you photograph them, and the sea-lions will let you pat them on the head—for they have never learned the fear of man. Why? Because there is no water in the Galápagos Islands, and men don't come there, or very rarely.

There are no sportsmen; only sports-animals whose ideas of play do not connote the infliction of suffering and death.

Yes, the Pacific, and the Pacific alone, can still show you this amazing sight, lifting a corner of its blue veil to expose a wee fragment of the Golden Age, or at least the age before a stone had been used as a weapon or a reed sharpened to form a spear.

Before pearls had price and the profound cynicism of this sea, which is always contrasting the worst of man and the best of Nature, could show you against that pearly backing of trade-clouds those sails making down for the Dangerous Archipelago. The sails of the pearl buyers out from Papeete; schooner after schooner racing for the atolls that have just been opened for the season.

Down there, where the mirrors of the myriad lagoons cast a pale reflection to the sky, the pearl divers have started work, and here, racing like gulls down the wind, come the pearl buyers; Jews, Chinks, Yanks, French, and English, to rob—if possible—the pearl divers of their catch.

You may see just the same thing at Midway Island, where the predatory gulls rob the diving sea-birds of their fish.

But the pearl divers of the Dangerous Archipelago have developed an astuteness that enables them to sometimes meet, and even sometimes get the better of, the pearl buyers.

You may see just the same thing at Midway Island, where the diving birds have developed an astuteness that enables them to live despite the harrying of income-tax collectors like the Burgomaster gulls.

AND so the Great Pacific laughs, and goes on, turning with its thumb, the trade-wind,

*Monty Blue as a South Sea native in the film made by Warner Brothers entitled "Isle of Escape." The girls, to whom he is showing some fish he has apparently just caught, are Hollywood belles*

*The harbour at Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, the largest of the Society Islands and a popular spot for travellers*

another blue page, and with a burst of laughter like sunshine shows us an island beach where men, women, and children walk absolutely stark naked, without even a gee-string to tie them to modesty and with never a missionary to peep at them from behind a bush.

"Stop!" you will cry; "that page was torn out long ago and used for pipe-lights and whisky-bottle wrappers. Long,

*Beside the waters of the blue lagoon. A group of coconut girls on the beach at Tahiti*

Ewing Galloway

long ago, the trader made these people work, so that they might earn enough money to clothe themselves decently."

To which I reply: "Not long ago, for I have spoken to a man who saw it, and the joke, for the Pacific must always have its jest, lay in the fact that it was a Sunday-school picture; for these were the most moral people in the world."

"On the day modesty was born morality died," says the great Pacific Ocean; "that is my experience, and I alone am qualified to speak, for in my blue amber alone is preserved, clouded, perhaps by civilisation, but still to be seen, man naked and unashamed. I know nothing of Adam and Eve. Traders most likely, since you say they introduced clothes."

Well, anyhow, our women, at all events, are trying to meet the idea of the G.P. in this matter. But the bother is that though the birth of modesty may have meant the death of morality, morality doesn't seem to be reviving with the death of modesty. Another grim joke which you will find on the pages representing Honolulu and the bathing beaches of the Californian seaboard—or the Great Barrier Reef.

THE Great Barrier Reef, stretching almost from Torres Straits along the coast of Queensland to Heron Island, is in itself a world. Here you find coral in its strangest formations; lagoons, runways, sapphire depths and emerald shallows; and the colours of the coral! Mauve and white and pink; coral newborn, coral dying and coral dead.

It is a living structure; storms may destroy it here and there, but it grows again, and, perhaps it is a fancy, but it seems to me that this inherent life tinges its desolation with something that eliminates mournfulness.

A barrier reef of dead rock would repulse the mind as well as the sea, but the Great Barrier Reef is one with the sea because born of it, and one with the living mind because living, and being alive it attracts life.

And that may be said of all the reefs of this ocean, from the atoll ring to the protecting reefs that surround the high islands; but the Barrier Reef stands alone in its immensity, in its wonder, in its charm, and its diversity.

It has its flora and its fauna, its islands, its sandy beaches; its sunsets from across Australia, sunsets like the blaze of a world in conflagration, its dawns that come fresh-faced each morning across eight thousand miles of sea.

And its stars! Night on the Barrier Reef must be seen to be believed.

And the Great Barrier Reef of Australia is now threatening to become another "Playground of the world!"

Here to-day, at least at Heron Island, you will find just as over on the American sea-board, and in the full face of the laughing sea, stockbrokers and businessmen pretending to be seals. Flappers like bifurcated mermaids in blue stockinette, and old cigarette tins esteeming themselves tropical shells. Old pieces of newspaper wrapping up the remains of sandwiches, empty beer bottles and steam roundabouts have yet to come. But they will come and after a while they will be gone.

"*The palm tree grows, the coral waxes, but man departs.*"

That is written everywhere across the ocean, as it is written nowhere else, for here Death and Beauty are so linked that one might fancy them twin brothers—as, indeed, perhaps they are. Twins by contrast, each exhibiting and underscoring the significance of the other.

"Thirty years ago," said a man to me, "I was at the island of Ambrym in the West Pacific, and the natives took me round to a bay to the south of the island. They said they had something to show me, and they had. When they stopped paddling and the ripples passed away, they pointed down to an old ship lying (*Continued on page* 102)

*A SCENE from "No Greater Love," a romance of the South Seas, in which Raquel Torres has to choose her mate in the Dance of Love, according to the law of the Islands.* (*By courtesy of the Gaumont Co.*)

Straws *driven* through O*ak* Boards—T*rees* uprooted—Birds *stripped of* every feather —Houses *burst* asunder—Bodies *hurled* hundreds *of feet* through the *air*—Death, Destruction *and* Damage . . . No wonder K*ansas* observers *have* for fifteen years *been* intent on

# Turning *the*

*A KANSAS "Cyclone Cellar." Such outdoor cellars are common in rural districts of Kansas. They are used by farmers in storing fruit, vegetables, and dairy products, and are the best place ever devised for refuge from a tornado*

*THIS tornado travelled 20 miles in north-eastern Kansas, destroyed farm property, chiefly residences and outbuildings, valued at $500,000 and killed two persons*

FORTUNATELY we in this country have had little experience with that extraordinary wind vagary, the tornado. But the opposite is the case with our American cousins, and tornadoes have become a serious perpetual menace in such States as Kansas, Arkansas, Illinois, and Missouri. Indeed, they are so numerous in Kansas that this state decided to try to learn something more definite about tornadoes by studying them over a period of fifteen years, from 1914 to 1928, and they have now published their discoveries.

Now, the tornado is one of the most remarkable and terrifying of wind vagaries. Although their lateral dimensions are very small, tornadoes do more damage than any other storm. They occur almost invariably between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, and have scarcely ever been known to take place in the morning. Within the heart of the storm pressure diminishes very rapidly, owing to the violent wind, though this has never been demonstrated scientifically, because all recording instruments have invariably been destroyed. The most terrifying feature is the funnel-shaped cloud stretching from the heavy storm cloud down to the surface of the earth. Its diameter is so small and its velocity so considerable, that atmospheric pressures are rapidly and violently reduced. Everything coming in contact with the tornado explodes like a bomb. Houses burst asunder. To see what the wind can accomplish one must observe the path of a tornado after it has passed.

To realize the violence of the storm it is only necessary to say that straws have been driven through stout oak boards. It is quite a common thing to meet birds that have been stripped of every feather, and trees uprooted and split into fragments. In the fearful tornado that occurred on May 27, 1896, at St. Louis, the velocity of the air near the ground reached the incredible speed of 558 miles per hour. No wonder, therefore, there are records of human beings, cattle and horses being lifted bodily and carried some hundreds of feet through the air!

WHEN a tornado passes across the sea, the water is caught up for something like ten feet, and produces the phenomenon we know as the waterspout. It should be noted as a strange fact that the whirling funnel we see is not composed of sea water. The water that falls from a waterspout is always fresh water, and is the result of condensation. A whirlwind is really a tornado passing over a desert region where there is no moisture to form the characteristic funnel cloud. The sand from the desert is whirled into the air by what is called rapid convection. You may see the phenomenon in miniature on a dusty country road in the summer.

In the desert the whirlwind destroys everything that it meets in its path.

It was in 1913 that the British Isles had experience of a tornado, and though it was not at all comparable with its more savage American sisters, it enabled the inhabitants of Britain to gauge something of the vagaries of the wind in its more spiteful mood. This tornado was prefaced, on October 27, 1913, by a severe thunderstorm, which swept

*KANSAS, in America, has been called the Home of the Tornado. This Article explains why and how this State devoted fifteen years to observing its natural enemy and contains a remarkable description of the Inside of a Tornado by an Eye-witness at close quarters*

# Tornado *Inside* Out

By

Harold J Shepstone

F.R.G.S.

*WHEN a violent tornado approached in north-eastern Kansas on May 1, 1930, the farmer's family fled to the outdoor cellar shown on the left and escaped without injury. The farm-house was a total loss, being swept from the foundation, which is shown on the right of the picture*

across the west of England and Wales and South Devon to Cheshire. The actual tornado following only developed along its course in South Devon, Glamorganshire, Shropshire, and Cheshire. Its maximum width seems never to have exceeded 300 yards, but in some places its destructive effects were very serious.

But to return to Kansas and their results from observing tornadoes for fifteen years!

First they erected a network of more than 140 weather stations throughout Kansas, so they could keep a record of every important fact concerning each tornado that occurred. In addition, reports of tornadoes were furnished by correspondents of the State Weather Bureau, and newspaper clippings dealing with each unhappy occurrence were carefully filed. Consequently no tornado of any consequence escaped notice.

In all 176 tornadoes were recorded for this fifteen-year period, averaging slightly less than 12 per year. In a number of instances the appearance of a number of funnel-shaped clouds at the same time or at different times in course of the progress of a storm has been considered as a single tornado. Deaths directly due to these tornadoes were 102, and the total property loss was just over £2,000,000. This does not include losses due to violent winds not of tornadic origin, which have been considerable.

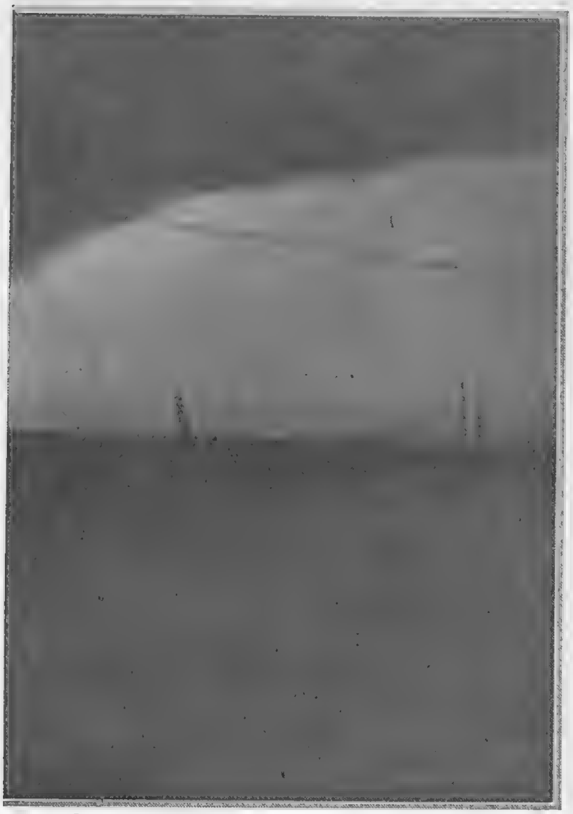
A much greater loss of life would have occurred had it not been for the Cyclone or Tornado Cellars so common to the countryside in Kansas. These cellars are really large earthen dugouts, and inhabitants rush to seek shelter in them when a cyclone or tornado threatens. It is almost suicidal to stay out in the open or in an ordinary house, and these dugouts are the only safe place to stay in until the tornado has passed on its way.

UNDOUBTEDLY Kansas is in what is known as the tornado belt of the country, but it is interesting to note that it lies at the western edge of this belt. Of the 176 storms tabulated 45 per cent. occurred in the eastern third of the state, 34 per cent. in the middle third, and but 21 per cent. in the western third. It was also discovered that comparatively few Kansas tornadoes travel more than 40 miles. Of the 176 recorded only five left paths of 50 miles or more in length. The longest was the violent storm that struck Hutchinson on May 7, 1927, which disappeared 118 miles from its point of origin, though its actual path, owing to meanderings it pursued, was somewhat longer. A large number of the tornadoes listed struck at but one place, then lifted and disappeared.

May and June were found to be the outstanding tornado months in Kansas. During the fifteen-year period observed 65 of the 176 tornadoes occurred in June and 30 in May.

(*Continued on p. 122*)

*THIS tornado was photographed at Plains, Kansas, at about 10 o'clock a.m. of May 10th, 1930, camera facing west. Cloud about 18 miles distant. The funnel was seen to rise and dip several times, the dipping movement occurring with great speed, almost too quick for the eye to follow*

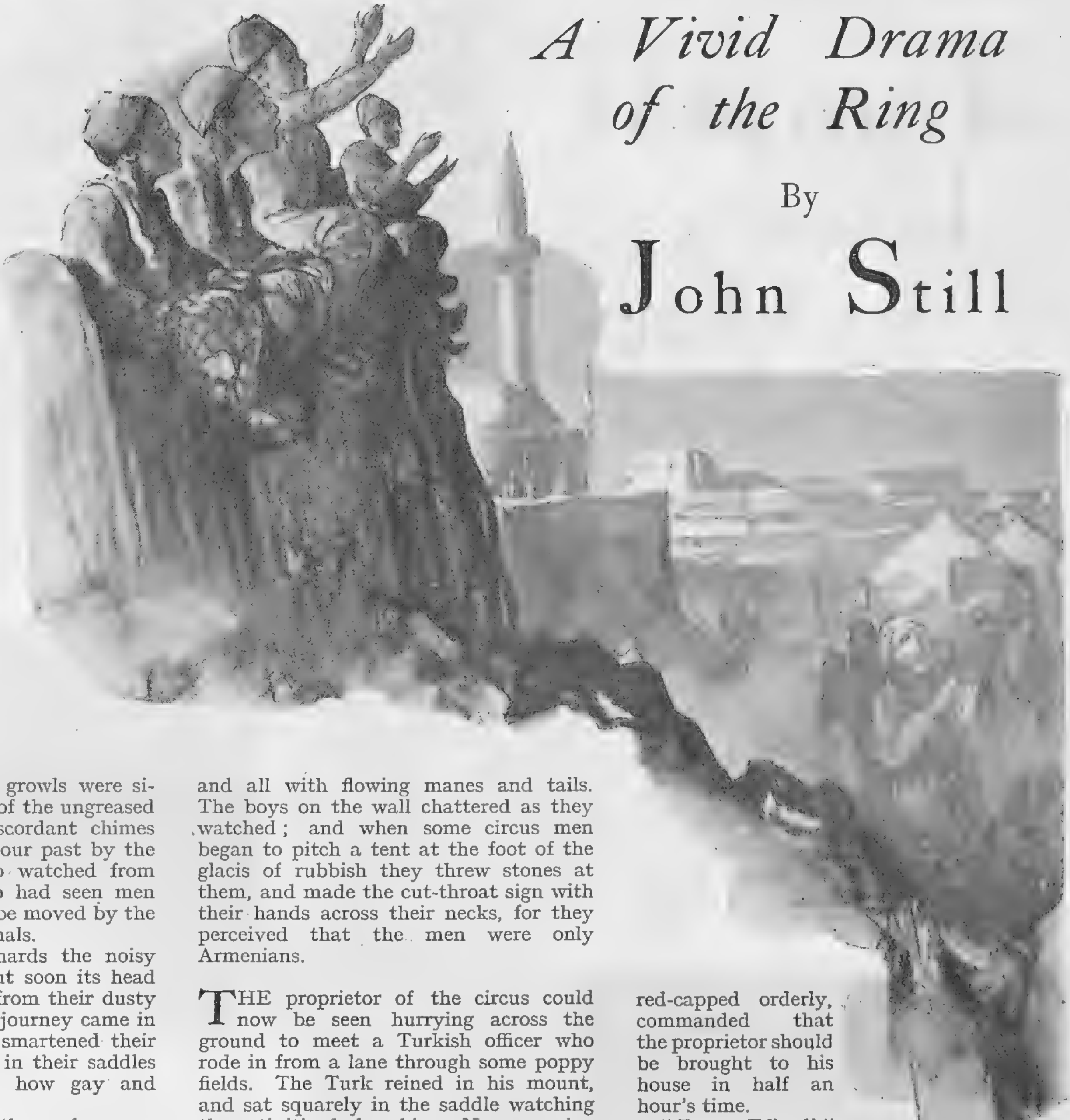


*THE tornado here shown was one of three that passed the town of Greensburg, Kansas, on the afternoon of June 22, 1928*

# The Red Haired Clown

## *A Vivid Drama of the Ring*

### By John Still



WHEN the circus came to Itbis, half the town turned out to watch its long procession pour from the narrow pass between the hills, and wind a snake-like way past vineyards and groves of almond trees to the appointed place below the ancient walls. There were horses, and there were camels, and on flat country carts with solid wooden wheels came iron cages that held strange beasts: two lions, a tiger from Hindustan, a pair of leopards and bears of the country, bought from half-wild tribes of the mountain range whose snow gleamed afar.

They must have suffered, those unwilling travellers, from the blazing heat of their long, slow journey; but if they complained, their growls were silenced by the screaming of the ungreased wooden axles whose discordant chimes had been heard for an hour past by the ragamuffin children who watched from the wall. Children who had seen men hanged were unlikely to be moved by the misfortunes of mere animals.

Into the almond orchards the noisy column disappeared; but soon its head could be seen emerging from their dusty bower as the end of the journey came in sight; and the leaders smartened their pace, and sat straighter in their saddles to show the townsfolk how gay and unwearied they felt.

The place allotted for the performance was a wide sandy flat of many acres, the camping ground of caravans even before the days of the Greeks and Romans whose broken temples had served as quarries for the city walls. Dust devils spun about the camping ground, and the air hummed with flies, which swarmed over heaps of garbage flung from the walls, and bred among bones where camels and horses had fallen down and died at their journey's end.

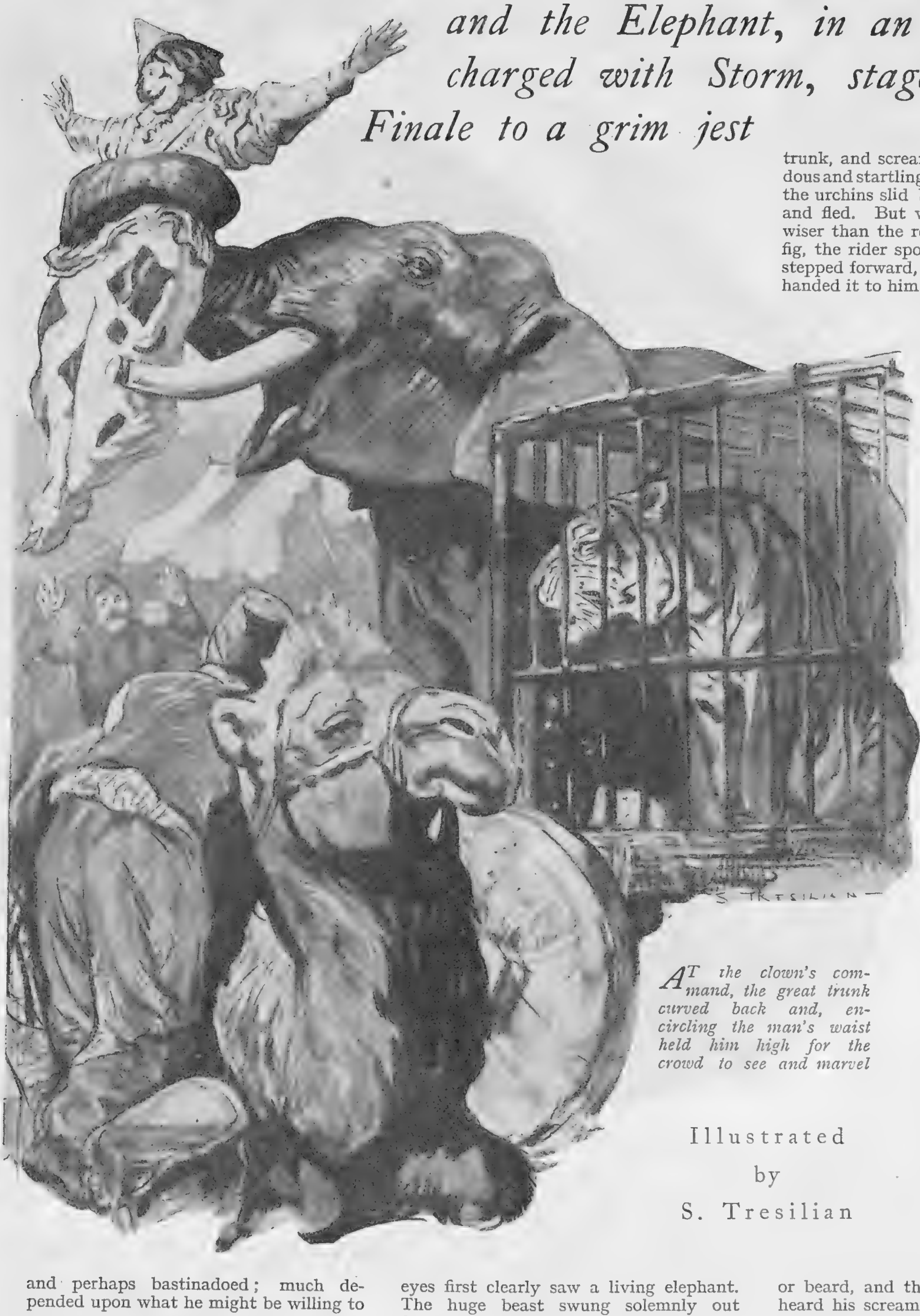
The caravan spread itself over the camping ground. Small tents were unloaded; gear of all kinds was piled upon the earth; and men went off with skins to draw water for the thirsty beasts. Two guides rode into the town to seek lodgings, and an important looking man in a fez who had been despatched ahead to advertise the coming of the show, and to square officials, conferred with the circus owner and his manager. The end of the procession was near now, and horses were being led across the flat, some brown, some white, and some piebald, and all with flowing manes and tails. The boys on the wall chattered as they watched; and when some circus men began to pitch a tent at the foot of the glacis of rubbish they threw stones at them, and made the cut-throat sign with their hands across their necks, for they perceived that the men were only Armenians.

THE proprietor of the circus could now be seen hurrying across the ground to meet a Turkish officer who rode in from a lane through some poppy fields. The Turk reined in his mount, and sat squarely in the saddle watching the activities before him. No answering smile played upon his hard face when the proprietor halted, rather out of breath, and offered a yellow card, which, he explained, was a free pass for the Bey Effendi and his friends. Why should he smile, indeed? He was the Kaimakam, the senior military officer of the garrison, entitled, surely, to enter and observe every sort of entertainment with or without coloured cards. So he paid no attention. Some score of years earlier, at the time known as "Bloody Autumn," the Kaimakam had been of value to a much greater man than himself, and a greater rogue too; and in consequence he had risen rapidly to his present rank. But there he had stopped, for the Armenians had regained some measure of influence in the Capital, the great man had gone into veiled and gilded exile in Iraq, and Maslum had stagnated ever since in this and other backwaters. The circus was an opportunity he could not afford to neglect. He waved the yellow card aside contemptuously, and turning to a red-capped orderly, commanded that the proprietor should be brought to his house in half an hour's time.

"Bey Effendi," pleaded the man, "I will not fail to arrange all things, but will it not serve if I come to-morrow? There is so much to see to before the evening performance, and it looks as though rain were blowing up!"

The Kaimakam smiled grimly, and for a moment the proprietor thought his prayer was about to be granted; but in the next he was undeceived, for the officer turned to the orderly with "Very well, then; tell the town crier to proclaim that there will be no show to-night. The circus Effendi is busy, and it is going to rain." And he rode slowly away. The proprietor gaped, and then ran after the Turk, breathlessly explaining that his manager could see to the preparations, and that he would come to the house at the appointed time. "See that he does," ordered the Kaimakam shortly; and he cantered off to the lockup, where a Greek trader who had infringed the tobacco monopoly was to be questioned,

# *A Story of the "Big-top," in which the Clown and the Elephant, in an atmosphere charged with Storm, stage a terrific Finale to a grim jest*



*At the clown's command, the great trunk curved back and, encircling the man's waist held him high for the crowd to see and marvel*

Illustrated by S. Tresilian

and perhaps bastinadoed; much depended upon what he might be willing to pay.

And now the very tail of the serpentine column wound out from among the almond trees, and the boys gazed at last on the mysterious animal whose praise loud-cried advertisement had vaunted. Far away on the hill-side they had seen a great dark form bringing up the rear of the procession, but before it had come near enough for them to take it in, the creature had disappeared into the orchards, and it was only now that their eyes first clearly saw a living elephant. The huge beast swung solemnly out from the trees, and paced noiselessly around the outskirts of the confused medley of men and lesser animals until it came to the foot of the rubbish heaps below the walls. There it stood, swaying upon massive columnar legs, with a trunk that felt in all directions in turn as it smelled its new surroundings. A boy threw a stone at the swaying body, and forthwith the man who bestrode its neck rang out a shrill command in a strange tongue, and his mighty subject raised its trunk, and screamed with such tremendous and startling violence that several of the urchins slid backwards from the wall and fled. But when another, bolder or wiser than the rest, threw down a dried fig, the rider spoke again, and the beast stepped forward, picked the fruit up, and handed it to him; but being given leave, or so it seemed, took the fig from its master's hand, curled up its trunk, and thrust the morsel into a great mouth with a hanging pointed lip.

THE owner, trainer, or whatever he was, seemed worth studying too. He was dressed in the motley of a clown, his cheeks were white as a whitewashed wall, his mouth bright scarlet, and no expression whatsoever could be seen except the monstrous and constant smile painted upon his face. None could say whether he were old or young, grave or gay, handsome or hideous; but the eyes loomed dark like caves in chalk, and his head was covered with a mop of orange-red hair that hung in tousled locks about his forehead, hiding the tops of his ears. It did not look like a wig, but such fiery hair could scarce consort with those death-dark eyes, and it might be that the man dyed or bleached it with lime in the manner sometimes affected by elderly Mohammedans to disguise the grizzling of their beards. This man wore no moustache or beard, and the Kaimakam, who had heard his screaming tones and caught a glimpse of his face in passing, conjectured that the clown might be one of those mutilated specimens of humanity found not rarely in Turkey.

The elephant's task was done. It was his part to show himself briefly in advertisement of the coming display, and then to disappear until his time arrived to enter the arena. At the clown's command, the great trunk curved back and, encircling the man's waist, held him high for the crowd to see and marvel. At another word, set lightly on his feet, the man made one profound and mocking bow to the children on the wall, turned a somersault, and cartwheeled into a tent, followed by the patient beast.

Preparations for the show were hurried on, and soon the folds of a huge tent sprawled upon the dust, while men ran hither and thither, hauling on ropes, hammering in pegs, or carrying benches. The proprietor must have come to terms with the Kaimakam, for a score of ragged soldiers appeared and took up police duty, holding the crowd of loafers at a distance while the folds of the canvas flapped and swayed. Each rope pulled taut seemed the touch of a creator, and under the eyes of the wall, the tent grew, and swelled, and took shape as a giant mushroom, sprung in an hour from the dust. Within its shelter, hidden from the multitude, men ran up little boxes, nests of chairs for the privileged, each separated from its neighbours by low screens of gaudy bunting.

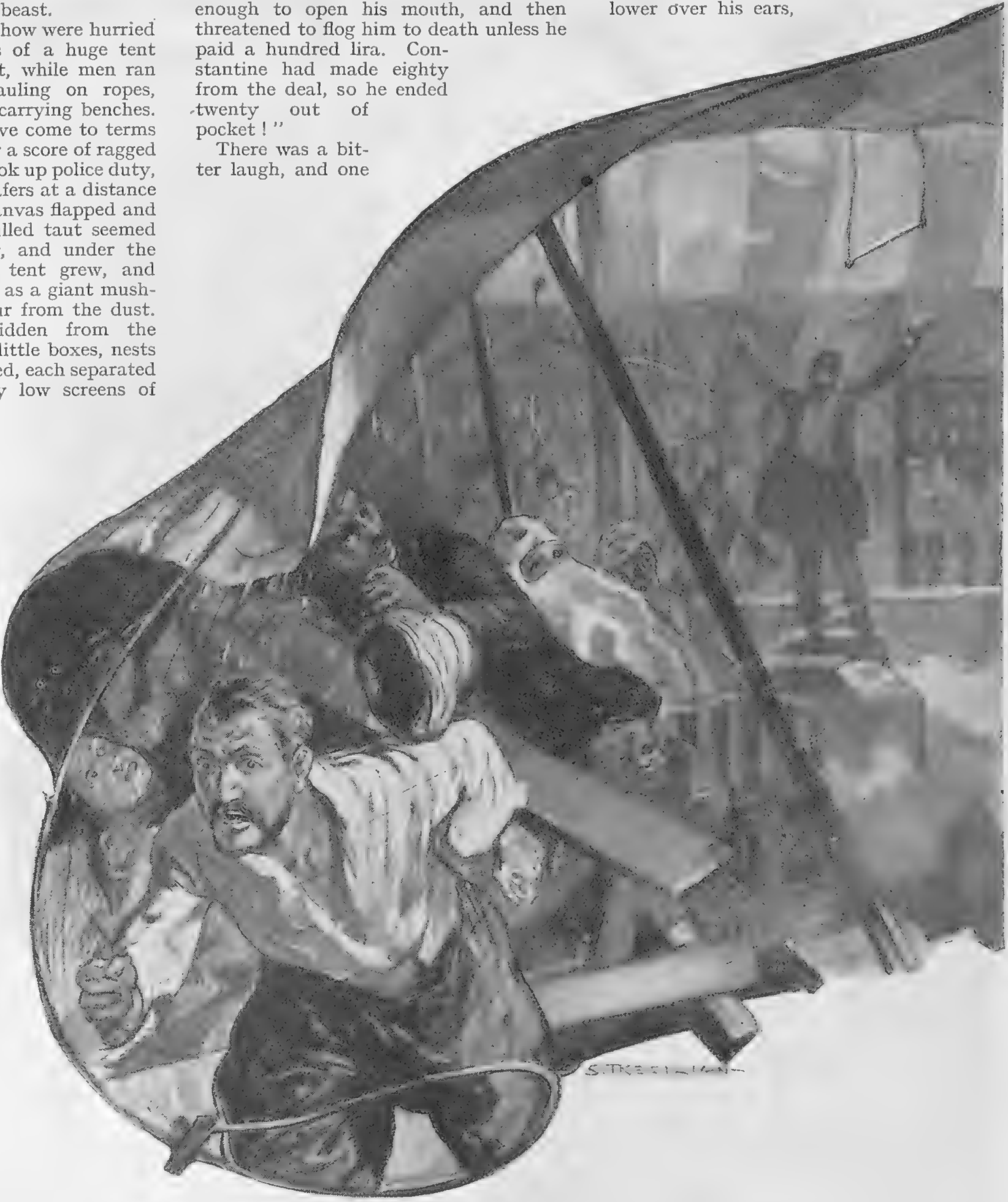
IT grew darker, and flares were lit in the tent till its dome became luminous and beautiful in the half light of evening. Around the camping ground, little fires sprang up where meals were hurriedly cooked; and near the breach in the wall that served for a gateway to the city, a big naphtha lamp flared where three men played loud music upon instruments of brass, while a toy and a monkey performed small tricks, and danced to the blare of the band. If their object were to draw the crowd away from the main preparations, it succeeded, for in half an hour the circus folk had the ground to themselves, and work advanced rapidly.

In the tent by the rubbish heaps, the red-haired clown tended his elephant, washing the dust from his legs, and even polishing the broad horny toenails while the animal swayed from side to side, and mumbled deep within his vast body, and helped himself from time to time to another pumpkin from the pile before him. Nearly everyone had gone to watch the monkey; but just outside the wall of the tent, the clown could hear the voices of two men who conversed in Greek. He paid scant attention, for he cared little for Greeks, but scraps of the talk won through his unheedful ears, and presently he found himself listening to a tale of a certain Constantine who had, it appeared, narrowly escaped danger at the hands of the Turkish authorities.

"He got home an hour ago," said a voice.

"Was he carried?" asked a second.

"No, he could walk, but he had to pay for it."



"He could afford to pay. But how much did the Kaimakam want?"

"All! All! Maslum beat him upon the soles of his feet until they were tender enough to open his mouth, and then threatened to flog him to death unless he paid a hundred lira. Constantine had made eighty from the deal, so he ended twenty out of pocket!"

There was a bitter laugh, and one of the men said slowly: "Maslum, that son of a dog! He has plied this trade for thirty years, and in 'Bloody Autumn' he made a fortune." He spat, and moved slowly away. The other man spat too, and the clown could hear their voices growling as they went.

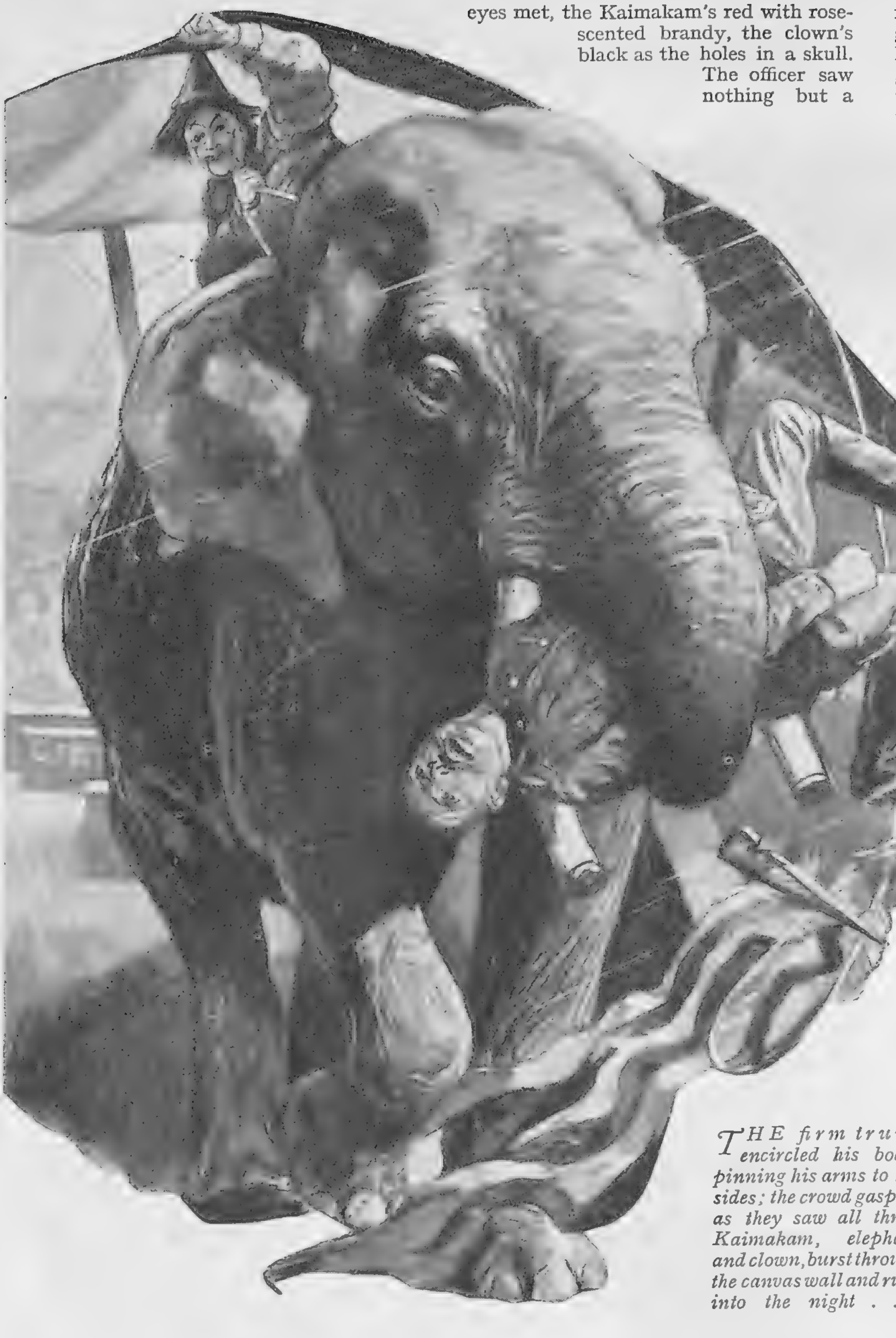
Then the clown spat twice. He too had known a Maslum who was a Kaimakam and he thought this was just what his Maslum would have done. But, after all, there were many Maslums in Turkey, and most of them preyed upon their Christian neighbours. His Maslum had lived far from Itbis. Yet the men had mentioned "Bloody Autumn," and the clown wondered if he had been wise to take a part that brought him so openly into public view. Then he laughed, and spoke to the elephant, and the meek colossus handed him a wooden box from which he took paints and a mirror, still further to broaden the absurd smile on his queer face. He dabbed blots of crimson above his caverned eyes, pulled his mop of orange hair still lower over his ears, and looked in the glass, and laughed again. "My mother herself would not know me," he said to the elephant; and the creature blew through his trunk as though he understood.

WHEN the turnstiles were opened the tent began to fill rapidly. For the most part the audience was Turkish.

Everything was ready, but the show could not start yet, for the proprietor hesitated to begin before the Kaimakam arrived. So the clown was sent in to cut a few capers and keep the crowd amused. All round the ring he rolled in dizzy cartwheels, and then turned a series of somersaults into the middle of the circle.

Promptly the Master of Ceremonies cracked his long whip, and the clown sprang into the air with both hands pressed to his buttocks while the children yelled with delight. "He is in good form," said the Proprietor, appreciatively. "He has got hold of the crowd, and the house fills well; but I wish the Kaimakam would come." And he retired behind a flag to spit, for he felt he had purchased that privilege.

A few more acrobatics, and a broad jest or two, held the crowd in hilarious humour. Some of the veiled ladies in the boxes pulled their hoods a little tighter when the clown's painted smile seemed too directly aimed at them, but the common people at the back cheered him again, and already began to count him an old favourite. At last the band struck up a patriotic tune, and the Kaimakam entered, humbly escorted to his box by the proprietor. As the great man took his seat, the clown cartwheeled across the arena, and remaining poised for a moment upside down, made a mock salute with one of his legs. For that instant their eyes met, the Kaimakam's red with rose-scented brandy, the clown's black as the holes in a skull. The officer saw nothing but a mountebank, but the clown saw the face of Maslum.



*THE firm trunk encircled his body, pinning his arms to his sides; the crowd gasped, as they saw all three, Kaimakam, elephant and clown, burst through the canvas wall and rush into the night . . .*

NOW the performance began in real earnest. Horses cantered round and round the ring with gallant ladies poised on broad saddles. Hoops of paper were duly and skilfully burst, and hoops of flame slid harmlessly over lightly leaping bodies. The wild beasts were wheeled in, and a bold man entered their cages as calmly as a new Daniel. Three tumblers swung from high trapezes, a human chain, locked by clasped legs and arms, which suddenly parted and flung three bodies to earth. A low hiss of expectation ran round the back of the tent, but the trio landed lightly on their feet, and stood in graceful attitudes awaiting their meed of applause.

At times, when the audience held their breath watching for some perilous feat to fail, thunder could be heard grumbling away among the northern hills, and occasionally flashes of lightning glared in through the open flaps, flooding the great tent with clean light that made the flares seem smoky and yellow and foul.

The watchful eye of the proprietor noted all these things, and he stationed men by the ropes lest a sudden downfall of rain might draw the pegs and bring about disaster. He dared not imagine what his fate might be if the tent should collapse and fall upon the Kaimakam; for that great man seemed displeased with the entertainment provided. Sometimes he glared at the clown's jests as though the man's curiously thin voice irked him, and sometimes his mind fled away, and it was palpable that his thoughts were far from comfortable.

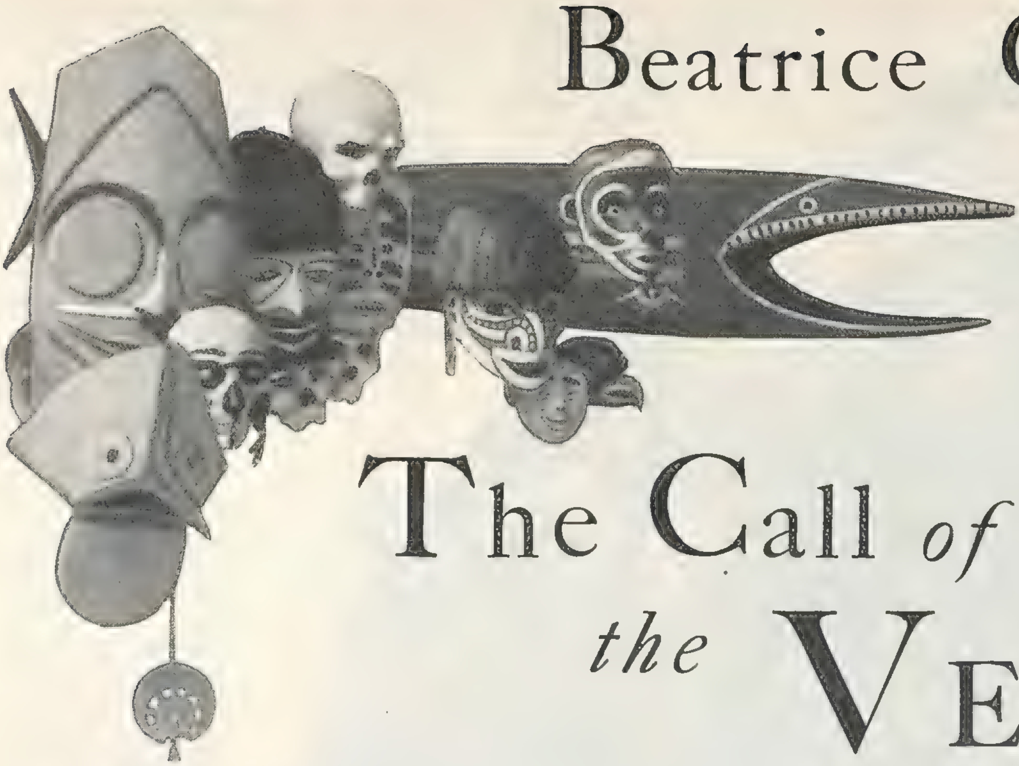
"The clown's losing grip," muttered the proprietor to his manager. "He's not holding the crowd at the back, and as for the Kaimakam, just look at his face!"

And it was true enough. Some virtue had departed from the clown, and instead of irradiating hilarity, he seemed to diffuse suspense. Was it he, mused the experienced man, wise in the psychology of crowds, or was it the approaching storm, some foreboding of whose gloom had depressed the people? Peering through the open flap, he saw for an instant lightning playing upon an onrushing wall of rain, crowned with darting flames as Medusa's head with vipers. He turned and beckoned the clown, urging him to gambol more briskly and still further to broaden his jests. "Play up to the Kaimakam. The man's half-asleep with drink, and you must rouse him!"

"Drowsy with drink," replied the clown, half automatically. And then, with sudden animation, "Very well: I will play to him alone, as though he and I were alone together. Alone. Alone!" And dancing into the ring, he bounced up in front of the box, and fired off a joke so audacious that Maslum's ladies could be seen tittering behind the tightly-held folds of their veils. The Kaimakam scowled, and the long whip cracked as though in reproof; but the clown caught its flying lash, and wresting it from the Master of Ceremonies, pursued him round the ring with sharp cracks, alternating with pointed jests until Maslum himself joined in the applause, and even flung a piece of silver money. But the clown still pursued his flying foe, and the coin lay shining where it had fallen.

A sudden gust shook the tent, filling it with swirling dust, and then the roar of rain upon (*Continued on page 94*)

Beatrice Grimshaw



*writes*
*another Story*
*of White Love*
*and Black Magic*
*in the*
*South Seas*

# The Call *of the* VE-ALA

SOMBRE and steel-coloured, with hills of thunder-blue behind, the great lagoon lay sleeping, a nightmare sleep. Not here the indolent, soft island dream. Not here the flowers, the singing. Beautiful, dark, wicked—these were the Shebas.

Mariana Lagoon, in the Sheba Islands, is known to the Pacific world as the loveliest and wickedest place in the whole South Seas. On the Lagoon, the girl, Libbet Yorke, who had landed from Burns Philp's big steamer some days before, was creating an unheard-of sensation. One or two planters and traders lived there, scattered at long intervals over the forty miles length of it, and among its thousand and odd islands. Tired, ageing female missionaries, helpmeets of pioneer mission workers, were not unknown, and once or twice an elderly woman traveller passed through, greatly daring, on the six-weekly boat. But youth and freshness and loveliness, in the person of a small slight girl with blonde satin hair, smoke-blue eyes, and lips as red as the lip of the scarlet Mariana moneyshell—these the Lagoon had never known. It was proportionately moved. It was also scandalised, in so far as that wild resort of beachcombers and head-hunters was capable of scandalisation. One of the roughest of the beachcombing crowd (in whom the conventions, long inhibited, seemed to spring up at the arrival of Libbet like curious fungi), declared to the Lagoon that it wasn't safe, it wasn't reasonable—why, hang it all, it wasn't *proper*, for a girl to be carrying on in any such way.

"What way?" asked a new arrival and was told, with profane emphasis, that Miss Libbet Yorke, after finding temporary quarters in the house of a married plantation manager, had hired a dinghy with an outboard motor, and gone off across the lagoon—alone—to visit the notorious island of New Virginia.

LIBBET, like all of her generation, was at home with engines. Seated as far forward as possible in the uptilted little boat, she drove it capably, knocking more miles to the hour from the chattering motor than ever its owner had managed to get out of it. Twentieth century, second quarter, she looked in every line. Small of build, she followed the popular greyhound type—was active and fine-limbed. Her pale satin hair was knotted low on her long neck; it followed the general streamline of her appearance, which suggested, not remotely, the flying beauty of planes, cars, breaking waves, and birds in flight; the transitional loveliness of this after-post-war generation, that thinks and lives in terms of speed.

The Shebas are among the warmest places in the world. That day, the violet sky, the platinum-bright sea, kept hurling furious heat-waves one to another, like giants engaging in half-angry sport.

Yet Libbet, nursing her cranky engine across the hot lagoon, was conscious, at times, of something almost like chill. "This is a wicked place," she thought, looking at New Virginia, as it began to rise ahead of her, dark, cloud-belted, gloomily blue. "It has bad thoughts." The amazing personality of the Shebas was stretching out hands to touch her. She could not think of the islands as mere things, as dead. They lived. "Rick used to talk of them—like that," she thought, and opened the throttle.

ON the previous evening, Sims the plantation manager and his wife, at one side of the veranda, were candidly discussing the guest who was camped on the other.

"You could 'a knocked me down with a feather, when I heard where she wants to go," declared Sims. "But one couldn't stop her; she's got a will like iron, for all she looks as soft as a kitten. And not much bigger, neither."

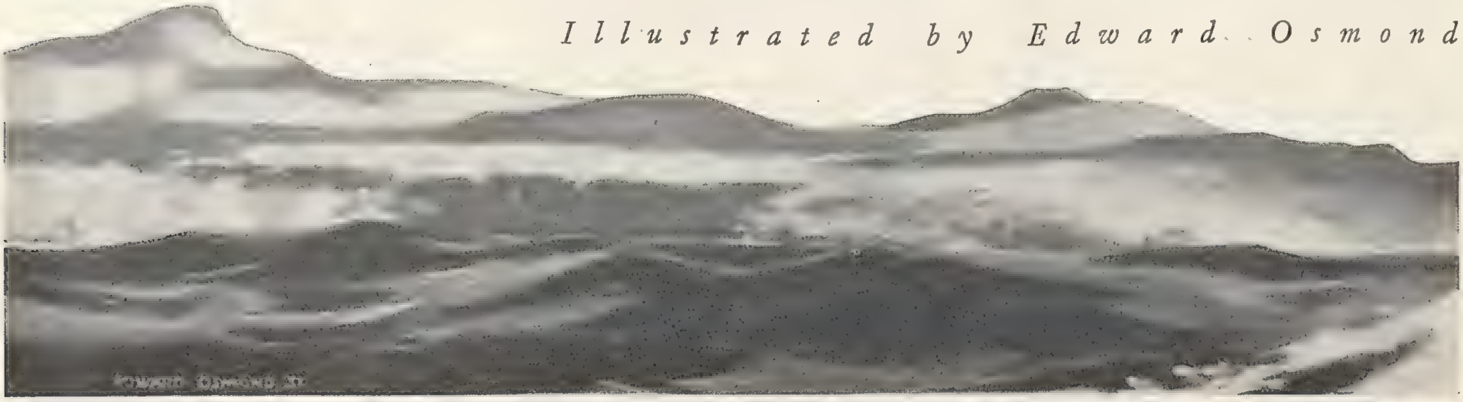
"I hope she'll get back safe," commented Mrs. Sims, rather indifferently. "What do you think, she told me she could shoot the middle out of an ace of hearts at fifty paces; she said she'd been working on it for six munce."

"Whatever for?"

"I dono. Oh, Jim, I looked inside of her trunk when she was out——"

"You shouldn't 've. . . . What was in it?"

*Illustrated by Edward Osmond*



"Clothes—and right at the bottom, Jim, parcelled up, the loveliest wedding dress and veil and going away dress, of mariette, rose-beige with—"

"What on earth—?"

"There was a piece in the paper last June about a wedding in Sydney, when the bridegroom never came, and I think the girl's name was York."

"Well—but in the Shebas—what does she——"

"He might've come up here to run away from her."

"No fear!" The manager's voice rose high. "No man ever run away from that!—when he was within a day of owning it."

"Oh, do you think so? Well, she's not my style."

"She's not any woman's style. Too dashed good-looking."

"She's as cold as an iceberg."

"No fear," monotonously replied Jim. "She just lets on to be."

"You seem to know a lot!"

Jim recognised the symptoms of coming storm, and made haste to take shelter.

"Too right I do; I knew enough to pick you!"

IN her own room, which was merely a boarded-off section of the west veranda, Libbet, during the talk, had been sitting alone upon the bed. There was no chair, no table. A row of screw-hooks did duty for wardrobe. The room was very hot, but Libbet closed the door and curtained the window, before she took a tiny oilskin envelope out of her dress, to look at what it held—a single worn sheet of notepaper. On one side was written: "Libby Love—My last words until to-morrow. Love, and more love. God bless you for ever and ever. Adoringly yours, Rick." On the other—the unused inside of the sheet—was a carelessly-pencilled memorandum: "Orara, New Virginia, Mariana Lagoon, Sheba Islands Protectorate."

A thousand times Libbet had pored over that worn address, heedlessly written down on the back of the sheet by Richard Severance, her bridegroom, on the eve of the day that was to have been the crown of her life, that had proved, instead, its Calvary. Sitting there alone in her island room, she recalled, bitterly, the picture of the next morning—the church—the organ playing—the scent of rich white flowers, too like the odour of funeral wreaths. Winter rains of June flashing and fading on the high chancel window. Libbet's uncle and aunt in the porch with her, restlessly talking, waiting, waiting—for what? "Yes, it's all right, girlie yes, he's only late. . ."

Only!

They had gone home, at last. The thought of it, even now, seared her like hot iron.

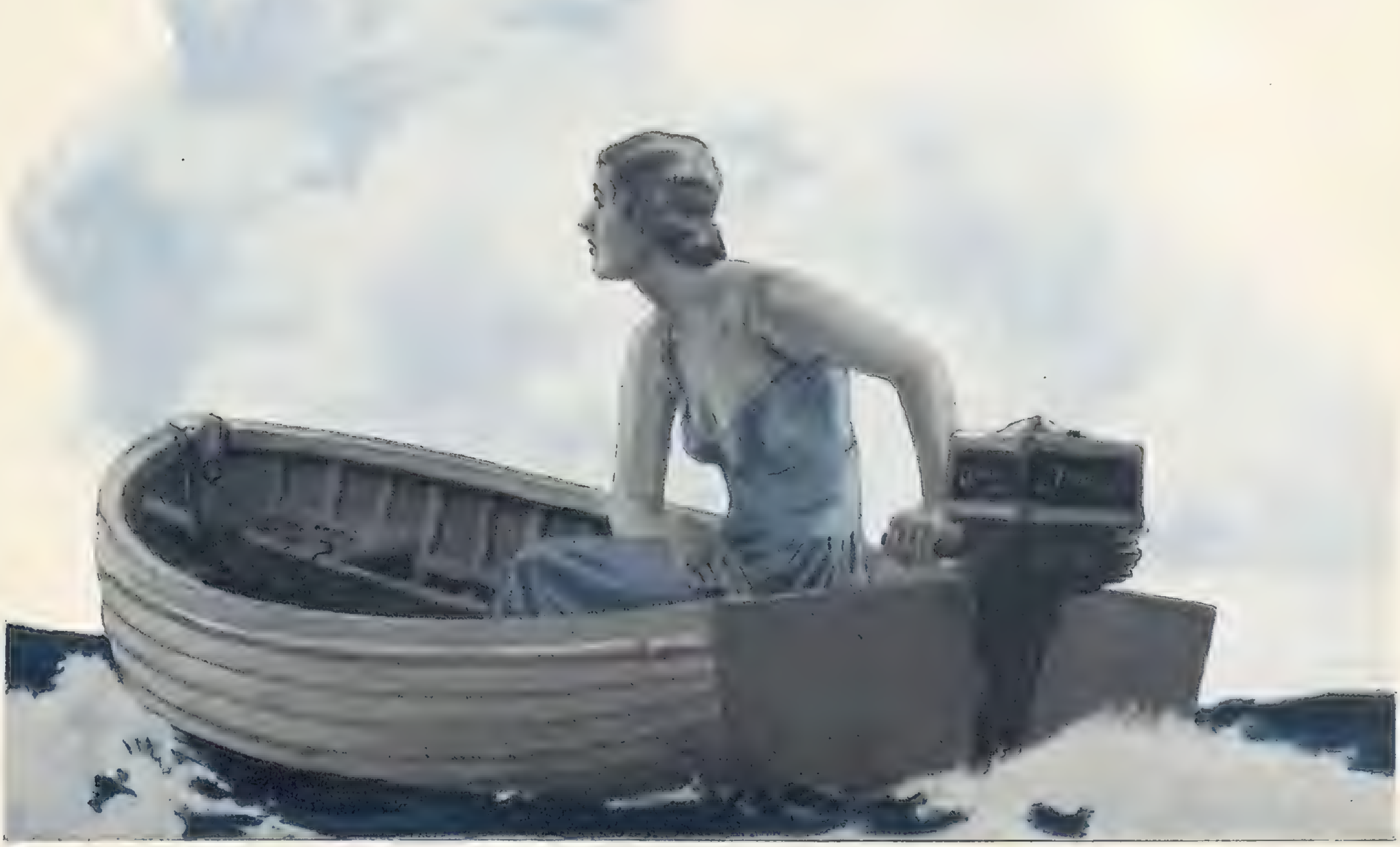
From that hour no one had seen Richard Severance, or heard of him. There was only one clue; an old mate of his, who had explored and travelled with him, dying in St. Vincent's Hospital; sending, with his last breath, a message to Libbet: "Someone in the Shebas might know where Rick went to. Ask on New Virginia—*you must.*"

It was six months before she could manage to get away, her small fortune capitalised, her relations defied.

And now—now, she was steering towards New Virginia, having defied yet a few more people, swept aside, with her quietly determined will, a few more obstacles. And for the first time, she began to ask herself—what was she going to do when she got there, to the landing place called "Orara," that was nothing and led to nowhere?

She had made no direct inquiries about Rick, but she had heard, on the boat and off, certain references to his last journeys through the Shebas; to the time when, seven years ago, he had been exploring, at the greatest risk, various previously unknown islands. All spoke of his work in the past tense. His mysterious disappearance; the lack of subsequent trace of him, during a whole year, had evidently created in the public mind a practical certainty of his death. He might be dead. But she did not think he was dead. Bodies leave traces. She could not believe he had left her at the last minute, on the call of another woman, as her family maintained. Libbet was no fool; she did not suppose that she was the first love in Richard's life; she knew herself, very definitely, the last. No, it wasn't a woman. If she had a rival, that rival was something bigger and more formidable than any woman—Severance's almost insane love for his exploratory and anthropological work. But love of exploration didn't steal a man away from his bride on his wedding eve. Not knowing what to think, she had held opinion in abeyance. She only knew that there might be some solution to the mystery in the Shebas; in New Virginia, above all, and she was

*"THIS is a wicked place," she thought, looking at New Virginia, as it began to rise ahead of her, dark, cloud-belted, gloomily blue. "It has bad thoughts"*



determined to find that solution, if the finding took all her money and half her life. Somebody had told her that there was a Mission on New Virginia. " I'll see if they will take me in," she told Sims, the plantation manager.

" There's times the Mission can't take care of itself, let alone——" began Sims. But his wife nudged him into silence. She was of a jealous nature, and she felt that she, at all events, had had enough of the good-looking visitor.

AND now, near to New Virginia, the Mission became visible.

Handsomely built, the Adventist-Methodist Mission stood on the crest of a hill that overlooked long fiords of sea, lying blue as scylla flowers between dark bands of forest. Behind, the heights of the island rose wave on wave, black, blue and violet, unconquered, almost unknown. In the hopeful stillness of dawn, the dead hush of sundown, a man, it was said, might hear them calling. Some had answered the call, and had never come back to tell what New Virginia, in her hidden places, knew.

The Mission was old, and its personnel was beginning to grow weary of an unsuccessful fight. There were now only three white people in the big house that had once sheltered many—Pastor and Mrs. Peebles, elderly, pale and wrinkled, dully reading beside the kerosene lamp, and Townsend, their assistant.

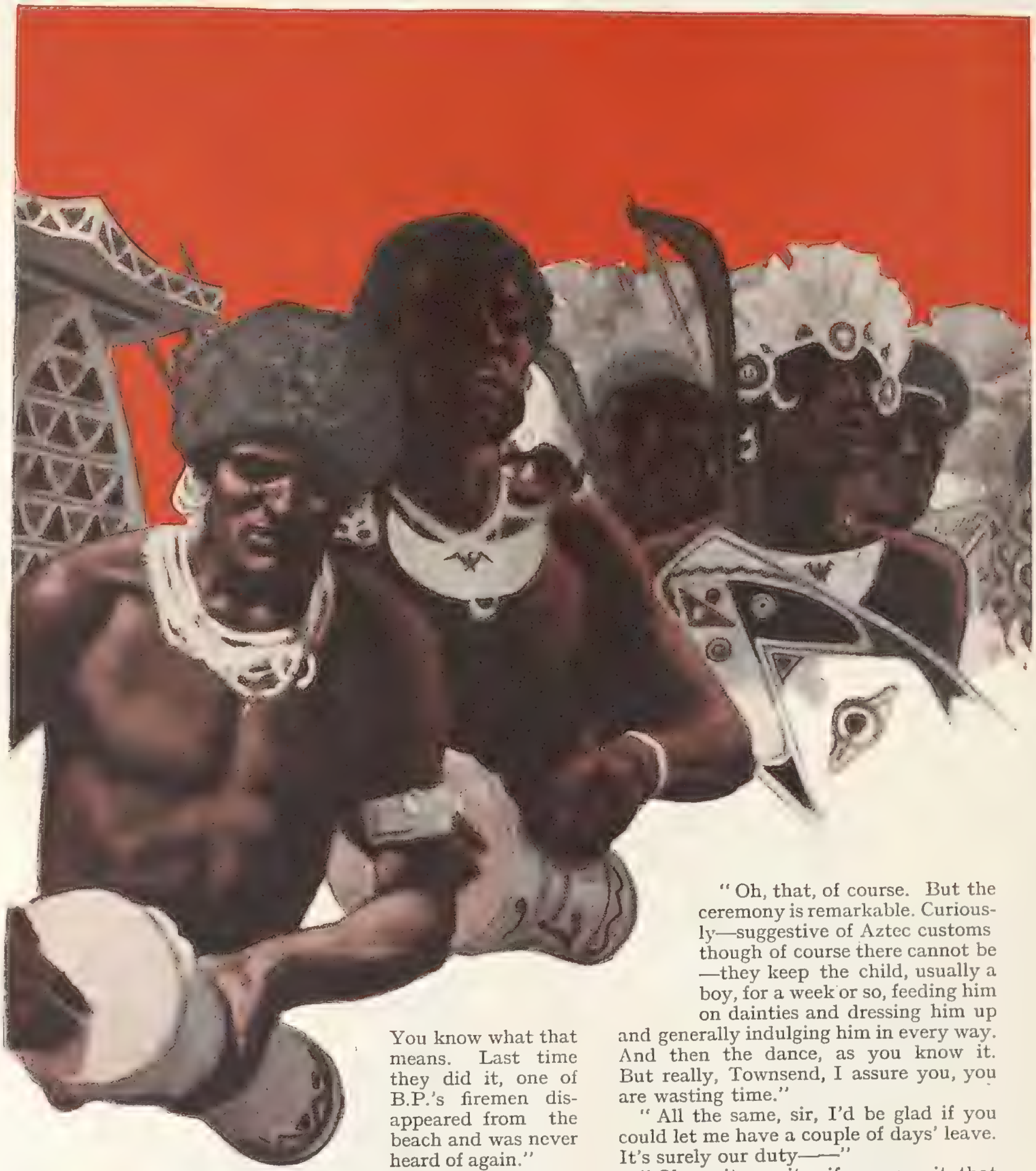
TOWNSEND was young, little over thirty; new to his work, and running over with enthusiasm. Short and powerfully made, with a bull neck and fiery black eyes, with the slightest wave in his rich hair, with red, narrow lips and heavy, smooth brown hands, he looked as if he had attracted all the life in the room; as if the old couple, yielding up their vitality to him, were gradually flickering out like burned candles. His voice, as he spoke, seemed to fill the place.

Peebles shifted uneasily and looked up over his spectacles, as if the energy of Townsend almost distressed him.

" You know, sir, I think we ought to visit the outlying villages rather more; there's a rumour of the ' Ve-ala ' being got up again."

" Indeed, indeed ? But that's a rumour one constantly hears, and usually without foundation — usually without any."

" In this case," Townsend persisted, " I'm almost sure there is. The inland villages have been clearing new dancing grounds, and collecting food for a feast.



You know what that means. Last time they did it, one of B.P.'s firemen disappeared from the beach and was never heard of again."

" That doesn't say——"

" Of course, it doesn't say they were making the Ve-ala. But it means mischief, and in this instance there's more as well. Our native teachers say there has been practising of the Ve-ala dance; they recognised the chorus from a long way off: naturally, they don't meddle with heathen things now, but they remember what they knew before their conversion."

" My dear boy," said the old man, sitting up, with one finger in his book to mark his progress, " you new recruits have the little knowledge that is a dangerous thing. You don't seem to be aware, that the Ve-ala hasn't been held for years simply because the light-skinned tribes on the other islands are dying out, and there isn't a fair child available."

" It's only a fair-skinned child that they use ? "

" Invariably. An interesting fact and ethnologically significant, if one allowed oneself to be distracted from more important things by such heathen folly."

" They always kill the child ? "

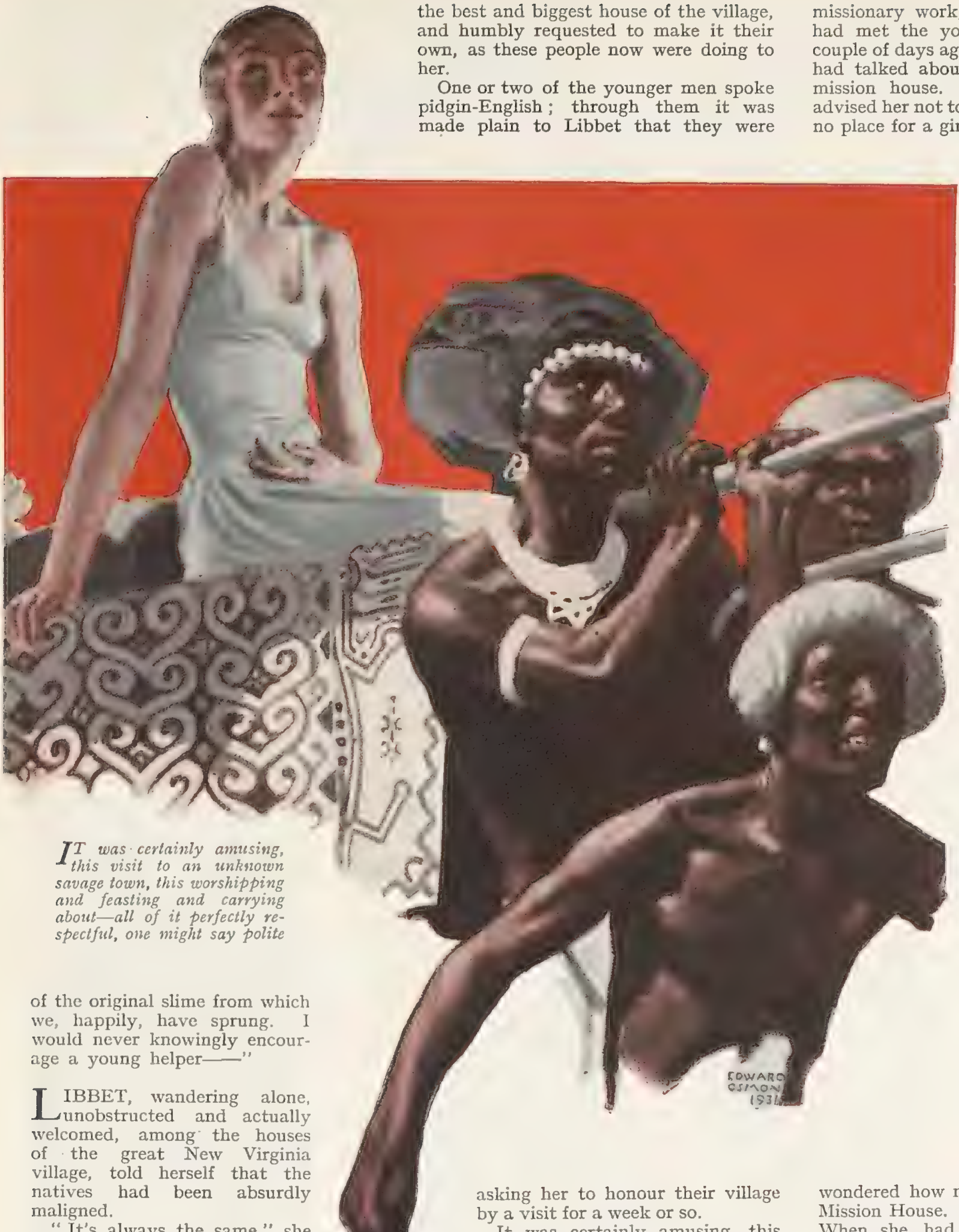
" Oh, that, of course. But the ceremony is remarkable. Curiously—suggestive of Aztec customs though of course there cannot be—they keep the child, usually a boy, for a week or so, feeding him on dainties and dressing him up and generally indulging him in every way. And then the dance, as you know it. But really, Townsend, I assure you, you are wasting time."

" All the same, sir, I'd be glad if you could let me have a couple of days' leave. It's surely our duty——"

" Oh, quite, quite, if you see it that way. I'll ask you not to forget that the coastal villages haven't been gone round lately, and that the schools are simply going back to bush. When you have time from your other investigations——"

" I'll see to it the first possible minute." Townsend was a little impatient. " Good night, sir."

THE door banged behind him. Peebles, turning to the book and the lamp again, told his old wife, somewhat irritably, that he thought all new missionaries were Ve-ala mad. " Interesting, no doubt, but nothing to do with the work," he said. " I hold that a missionary should never allow himself to be entangled in that most godless science, anthropology. It is good for no one; it rots the character and stains the mind with the mud



*It was certainly amusing, this visit to an unknown savage town, this worshipping and feasting and carrying about—all of it perfectly respectful, one might say polite*

of the original slime from which we, happily, have sprung. I would never knowingly encourage a young helper——"

LIBBET, wandering alone, unobstructed and actually welcomed, among the houses of the great New Virginia village, told herself that the natives had been absurdly maligned.

"It's always the same," she thought. "Travellers' tales—they want to make themselves out heroes because they've visited a place where anyone with a little common sense can go. Why, these people are splendid; they helped me up that cliff from Orara, and carried me through the swamp, and brought me drinks of water all the way, as if I'd been their queen. They are making a queen of me now." Libbet, being only human, had not quite escaped the "king-of-the-cannibal-islands" complex that haunts so many travellers. She had heard and read of white people—mostly men, it was true—who had been received as sovereigns by savage island tribes; carried in procession, as she had been carried, offered fruits as they were now offering fruits to her (she could not bear turpentine-flavoured mangoes, but that was beside the mark); shown into the best and biggest house of the village, and humbly requested to make it their own, as these people now were doing to her.

One or two of the younger men spoke pidgin-English; through them it was made plain to Libbet that they were asking her to honour their village by a visit for a week or so.

It was certainly amusing, this visit to an unknown savage town; this worshipping and feasting and carrying about—all of it perfectly respectful; one might say polite—but it carried her no nearer to her great object.

She had questioned the two young warriors who spoke pidgin English—those extraordinary, splendid people with burning eyes, brown, naked limbs like tree-boles, endless chains and lockets of white shell upon their shining skins, and no clothes at all—and had understood them to say that no white man had been on New Virginia for years, save the old white man at the mission, and the young white man who worked with him.

"Thass fellow no good," the young chief had added, and rudely spat upon the ground.

Libbet, gathering that the warrior did not see eye to eye with Townsend about missionary work, laughed a little. She had met the young missionary only a couple of days ago, at the plantation, and had talked about making a call at the mission house. Townsend had curtly advised her not to come. "New Virginia's no place for a girl," he had said. Nevertheless, his eyes sought hers, black fire meeting blue fire; his smooth brown hand held hers in a grip a little stronger than was needful, when he said good-bye. "I'll call again," he told her. She caught herself thinking, after he had left, that he had the finest pair of shoulders, save one, she had ever seen in her life. Here in New Virginia, where he lived and where he had told her not to come, she found herself remembering the grip of that brown hand.

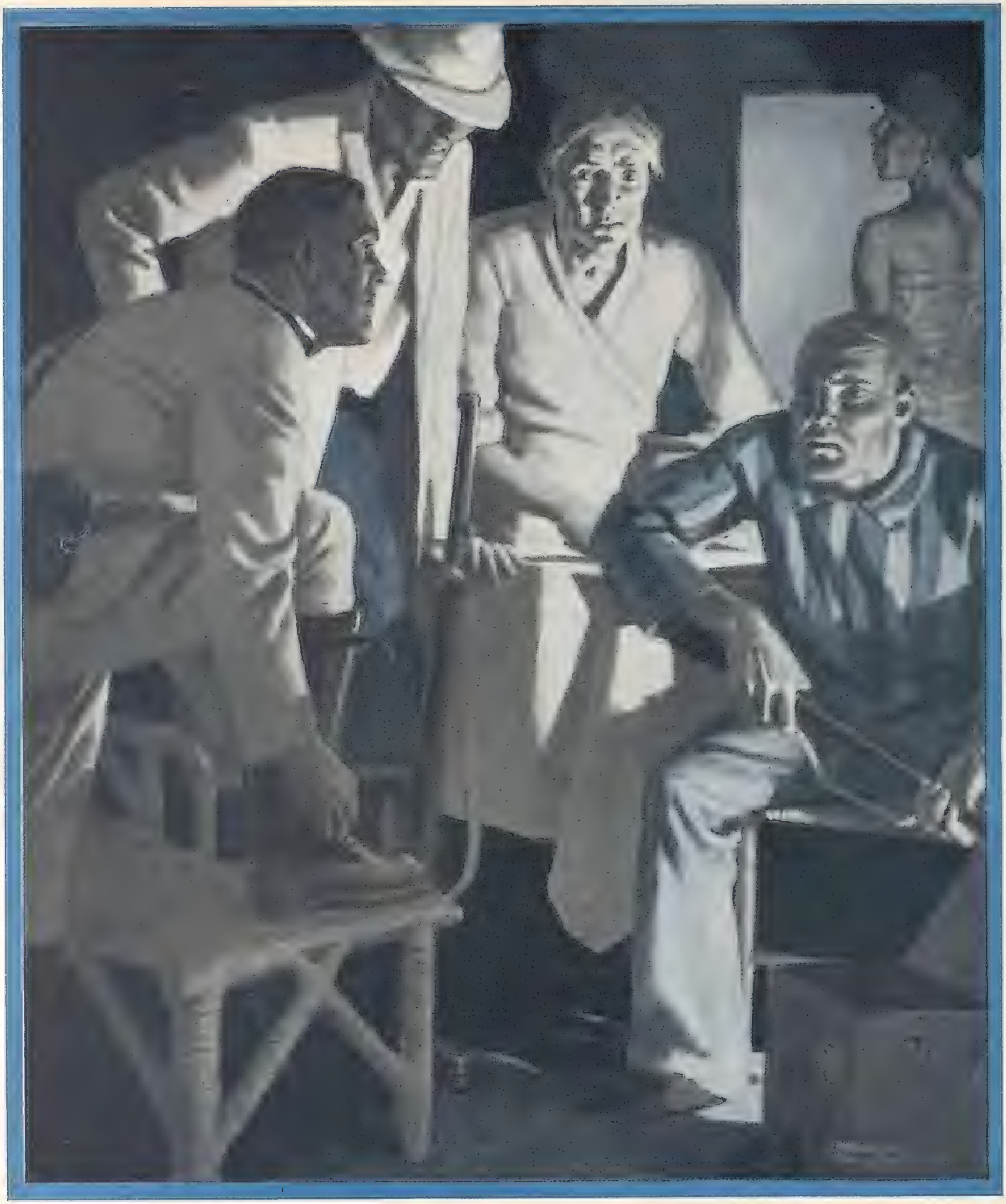
NOW, walking the long street of the mountain village, that was bordered with wonderful houses, all peaked thatch and fine reedwork and pearl-shell inlay, savouring the wine-like mountain air, and letting her spirit delight in the beauty and richness of the place, Libbet said to herself, "These people are civilised, as much as anyone needs to be; missionaries have no business here." She saw, in imagination, the sturdy figure of Townsend ("He is like a matador; one could imagine him all dressed in scarlet and gold, charging a bull") and was sorry for him, in that he was so mistaken. She wondered how many miles it was to the Mission House. Perhaps not very many. When she had finished her visit, she would trek over there and tell them all her experiences. And perhaps—perhaps—they might know something about Rick.

One of the pidgin-English speakers now came forward.

"That fellow house belong you," he said. "Very good house. You come."

"This man," thought Libbet, "has worked on a plantation somewhere or other. When you work on a plantation, of course, you aren't a real savage any more." It was true that the warrior, fine and well muscled, oiled from head to foot with shining coconut oil, wore no scrap of clothing save a handful of leaves and a string of beads, but, after all, the race to which she belonged herself was wearing less and less each year, and didn't one hear of sun-bathing parties where nobody wore anything at all? Clothes meant little.

Libbet followed the young warrior.



*TEN minutes later the house was flashing with lanterns; old Peebles, used to emergencies, was getting out firearms and boxes of ball cartridges*

Behind her came the other men marching rather heavily, talking excitedly. Once or twice a young man let out a curious dog-like sound—" Wuh! Wuh! " The elders seemed to reprove him. It occurred to Libbet at this point that no woman, so far, had appeared. She wished she could remember what Rick had told her about that. She knew it meant something. She rather thought it signified a feast in preparation; women—black women—weren't allowed to take part in feasts; white women, probably, were allowed. Libbet, no sillier than other " explorers " in like case, couldn't resist a feeling of delighted superiority. She was tasting, for the first time, the heady draught that travellers in savage countries know; that the wise one sips in passing, and only the fools drain deep; that draws a man, and keeps a man, when he would go away; that is the true Circe cup, turning, in time, the wisest into brutes.

They went before her into a beautiful house, that drew from Libbet, artistic Libbet, cries of admiration. The weaving of the reeds upon the walls into exquisite patterns—the delicate creamy mats piled high for rest—the thatch above, brown-gold, a colour that caressed the eye—carved human figures of real beauty, wonderful crocodiles with every scale perfect, chiselled out of the supporting posts that ran down the room—inlay of pearl shell sprays decorating door-frames and lintels—all was exquisite, informed with the very spirit of true art. She clapped her hands in delight.

The tall man pointed to a stool, on which was set forth every dainty that the village could provide. Boiled fowl, watermelon, mangoes, baked sweet potatoes, river crayfish roasted in their shells; all piled up on plates of fresh green leaves, with a bamboo water-bottle set alongside. " Kai-kai (food) b'long you," said the interpreter, and stood aside. When they had served her, they went out and left her to eat, pointing, significantly, to the open door.

Libbet decided, as she satisfied her healthy hunger, that she would stay in this village two or three days. It was an adventure, and the people were quite delightful. But she did wish she could see some of the women. What *was* it that Rick used to say about the women of the western islands? She could not remember. Truth was that, when Rick and she were talking, she seldom listened to what he said. She could not. She was too busy listening to himself. But she wished she had not forgotten. Further, these people had persisted in calling her " out of her name," as servants say. She had told them she was " Libbet Yorke," pointing to herself as she spoke. But they only nodded, pointed at her in their turn, and said something that was not her name at all. She wondered what it might be.

SIMS, the manager, was what most people would have called a " rough customer." Kindly, hospitable and honest, he never had enjoyed much education; his English was laced with Woolloomooloo, and his habits did not include the reading of books. Nevertheless, Sims, like a poor watch with one good gem in its works, had his special talent—an amazing gift of tongues. Listening to him when he was engaged in murdering the English language, you would never have suspected that he could converse quite as fluently, and much more correctly, in the dialects of Mariana and half a dozen other places. He could—but he did not, before his " boys." He preferred, in his own phrasing, to " know what them birds were up to, before they got up to it."

Four days after the departure of Libbet Yorke, he caught a significant word on the lips of his boss-boy—a word that made him prick up his ears, while carefully preserving the inattentive expression of his face. They were bagging copra at the time, and the boss-boy, as he worked, was telling his mates about something that was going to happen on the island of New Virginia, to which a number of them belonged. Sims couldn't catch quite all of it, and the boy was cautious. But the word, the one deadly word, recurred again and again, like lightning flashing through a clouded sky, and with it, once, came another that almost broke down Sims's self-control. Before he knew what he was doing, he had let out a string of curses that made every boy in the gang look up and stare. He feigned to have been stung by a scorpion, stamped upon something invisible, and went away into the house. " That was a near thing," he said to himself.

" What do you want with the petrol?" his wife asked curiously.

" To put it in the launch."

" Where are you going with the launch?"

" I am going," said Sims consideringly, " to-morrow morning, to church at the Mission, where y'are always nagging me to go."

" If you really mean it, I'll go and mend the run in my silk stockings."

" By all means." He added, privately, " And what y' don't know, y', won't chatter about.

All the natives on the place knew in an hour that the Missus was going to church next day, Sunday. Nobody was astonished to see the Master overhauling the tiny launch. And nobody heard him, late that night, slip away from the jetty with silent engine and muffled oars; and if anybody did hear a launch, out at sea, open up and run hard for eight or nine miles, why, that was nothing to turn over about.

NEARING Virginia, the engine stopped once more. Slowly, silently as a funeral, the little launch crept into the Mission jetty. Above, in the Mission house, all lights were out, every one asleep. Ten minutes later, the house was flashing with lanterns; old Peebles, used to emergencies, cool and steady, was getting out firearms and boxes of ball cartridges; Mrs. Peebles was swiftly cutting sandwiches, and Townsend had just finished jumping into his bush clothes and lacing up a formidable pair of boots. Boots, in the Shebas, take the place of all the complicated forms of transport in use elsewhere. Boots are your horses, your bicycles, your motor cars, your planes. Often you die in your boots, and sometimes you are buried in them.

Sims also was booted for travel, and he had armed himself before starting. " We've got till daylight," he said as they started. " Y' sure y' know the way?"

" Yes—though, unluckily, I've not been there for months."

" Y'd ought to keep an eye upon them birds; they take watching."

" They'll get it—after this."

Up the first hill they charged, and neither spoke again, until they struck a short, welcome bit of level, a marshy place under immense sago palms that glittered in the light of the electric torches.

" Wha'd they take her for?" gasped Sims, plunging ahead. " Thought it was always a kid's light coloured as they——"

" Yes. Yes. But she's very small. Much the same thing."

" Why do they have to be——?"

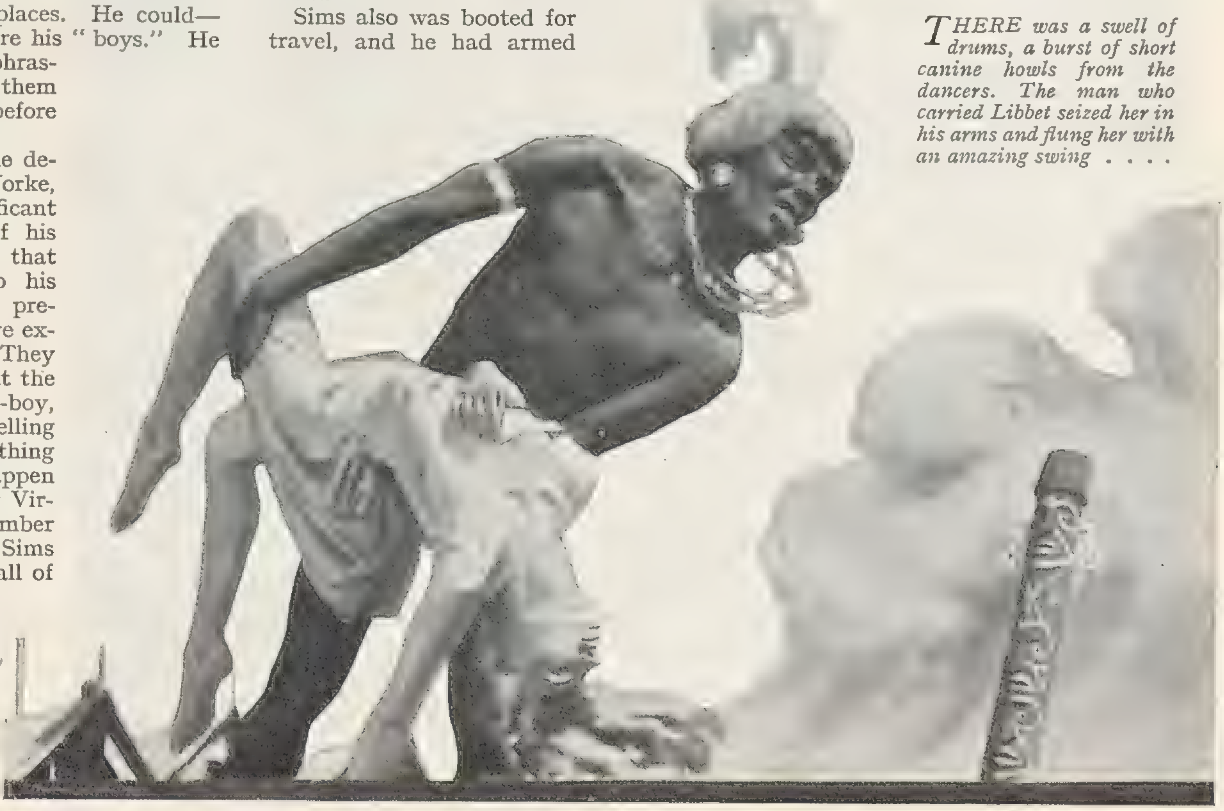
" Keep your breath. If you and I miss this, we might as well put a bullet through our own heads as come back."

" Tha's y'r sort," gasped Sims approvingly. He wanted to say " You've forgot the missionary for once," but Townsend had put on such a cracking speed that the older Sims could only follow him, panting and silent.

He tried to remember what he had heard about the famous Ve-ala festival. What did they do? Why did they need a child or an adult of small size? They killed it—in the end. But what happened first? He wished now that he had taken more interest in " nigger rubbish." He had never supposed it was going to affect him personally. " Cripes," he thought, " it makes me sick, too right it does, to think of that little flapper with the blue eyes. . . . Cripes, what did she mean going to New Virginia all alone? Maybe if the wife hadn't——" But that thought hurt too much.

Night brings no coolness to the burning Sheba Islands. Townsend and Sims were lightly clad, but they sweated like packhorses, straining along the narrow mountain tracks that seemed to run wilfully over and down the highest points of all the hills.

(*Continued on page 127*)



*THERE was a swell of drums, a burst of short canine howls from the dancers. The man who carried Libbet seized her in his arms and flung her with an amazing swing . . . .*

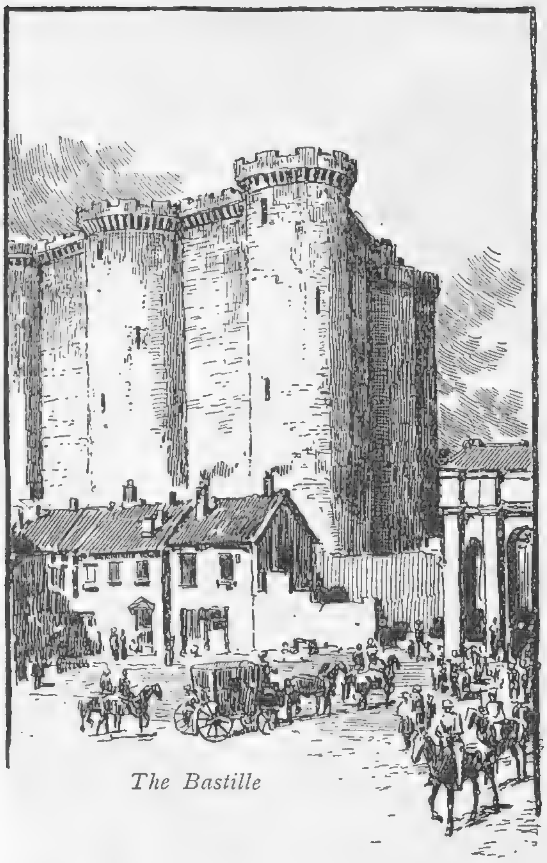
# Tragedies and Comedies of History:

## No. 6: The Story of

# The Man *in* the Iron Mask

*Described by Norman Hill*

*Painted by F. Matania, R.I.*



*The Bastille*

THE Bastille stood for centuries, a symbol of the cruelty of the days that are gone. Its destruction marked an epoch, a change in human thought. Within the grey walls of that grim fortalice lingered the expiring hopes of many hundred unfortunates, base men whose villainy was almost recompensed by foul dungeons, honourable servants whose sole reward was incredible ferocity. They say that in the old Bastille only the rats and mice had instincts of mercy.

In the course of its long career of infamy the walls of the Bastille housed prisoners of every rank and degree. There were men imprisoned for life by mistake, court fools who incurred their royal master's wrath with inopportune jests, gallants who were unlucky to be caught stealing favours from the king's sisters, petty landowners who had no money to pay their taxes, great lords whose wealth made them a danger to the state. Men languished so long in the dark dungeons, they even forgot their names and their gaolers had long since ceased to speculate on the reason for their detention.

In the upper rooms influential prisoners were able to secure the ordinary comforts of life and a willing turnkey was always ready to introduce a bottle of wine to the seigneur who had temporarily incurred the odium of a *lettre de cachet*. But in the comparatively festive cells which were gladdened by daylight, the privileged did not hear the groans of the depths, nor shudder at the hollow rattle of chains and manacles dragged wearily across ill-paved floors. For them the Man in the Iron Mask may have been simply a dismal legend.

THE story of the "Man in the Iron Mask" remains one of the great mysteries of history. From the time of Voltaire, speculation as to the identity of this strange prisoner has occupied the leisure and ingenuity of scholars and casuists. But in their eagerness to exploit theory and turn internal evidence to their own purpose, historians have forgotten the tragedy of the man himself—the unhappy individual who spent the greater part of his life in darkness and silence.

It was in the year 1669 that a young man was practically smuggled into the strong fortress of Pignerol, a small but important military post some twenty miles to the south-east of Turin. He had been arrested at Dunkirk, almost the most northerly city ruled by King Louis XIV and he had been hurried across the continent to this distant outpost of the French dominions. Moreover the governor of the prison had been warned in advance of his coming. The prisoner was to be closely guarded and allowed intercourse with no man except the chief gaoler. If at any time he attempted to speak of his past or reveal a certain secret of state (or bed-chamber) he was to be run through the stomach with a sword.

No privileges were to be allowed him and a miserable sum of a few pence a day was set aside to provide for his paltry needs. In due time the mysterious prisoner reached the castle of Pignerol and was incarcerated in a damp cell in one of the five towers of the château. From that moment until his sudden death in the Bastille thirty-four years later, he was lost to the world of men.

IN the days of Louis XIV when the care of State prisoners required bold and callous spirits, the office of commander of a fortress prison was eagerly sought after. It was a sure means of making a fortune, for prisoners cost little to maintain and no word of their complaints could pass the office of the governor. King Louis furthermore always rewarded good gaolers with lucrative promotions and the lieutenant of musketeers who served as governor of Pignerol welcomed his latest visitor with quite natural satisfaction. He was obviously a prisoner of consequence if not exactly a man of rank. His effective detention could not fail to come to the notice of the King and doubtless the reward of the gaoler would follow in due course.

M. de Saint Mars, lieutenant of musketeers and captain of a Free company, had charge of that part of the Pignerol fortress which formed the state prison. The rest of the castle was commanded by regular military officers but in his own sphere Saint Mars was supreme lord. He had begun life as a soldier of fortune and owed his position largely to the fact that his sister-in-law was the mistress of Louvois, the Minister of War. A relationship of this kind was of far more importance than talent in the gallant days of Louis Quatorze. Saint Mars had every qualification of the contemporary gaoler. He was ugly and ill-shaped. He swore and blasphemed. He knew no mercy and feared no man. His vicious thin face reflected a life of brandy drinking and sadistic cruelty. His mind was more misshapen than his body and one of his prisoners who survived to write a description of this monster remarked, "He can easily hear himself talk, for his mouth reaches his ears, taking up two-thirds of his face." Saint Mars surrounded himself with lieutenants of equally undesirable personal attributes and appearance. One of them was described as having a nose like a crushed medlar while the other had hair the colour of old brass which he boasted had never been combed or washed for years on end.

SAINT MARS stood at the main gate of the castle on the evening of the arrival of the mysterious prisoner. He had been warned by Louvois, the Minister of War, that the newcomer was to receive very signal and drastic treatment, directions which the old musketeer was determined to execute to the letter. He had been told to spend a minimum of money on furnishing the cell of the newcomer, that he alone was to serve the prisoner's meals and hear his complaints. There was to be no unnecessary conversation. His cell was to be so deep that the prisoner could hear no sound. He was not even to be permitted any exercise in daylight. Saint Mars had only received these emphatic instructions a few days previously and at once ordered a special dungeon to be made in the depths of the château.

The workmen had not completed their

task, when the Sieur de Vauroy, the King's lieutenant rode up to the donjon with the State prisoner in his train. The unhappy captive was seated in a crude litter and the top part of his face was obscured by a close fitting mask of black velvet. He appeared young and manly, but it was impossible to estimate either his age or appearance.

He was at once hustled from the litter and prodded by muskets to the dark passages which led to the temporary lodgment where he was to begin his long solitary confinement.

little extra broth which occasionally came his way. His eyes gloated when he was given a little missal for his devotions. In the course of hundreds of weary days never once did he mention the past or hint at the nature of the State secret which had cost him his liberty. His gentle nature and utter resignation moved even the flint-like Saint Mars to pity, and the governor wrote to Louvois suggesting some modest relaxation of the prisoner's hardships. Louvois only very reluctantly agreed to such a show of mercy, and pointed out in some panic that the man in the mask knew things which must never be revealed, perhaps had knowledge of deeds without a name.

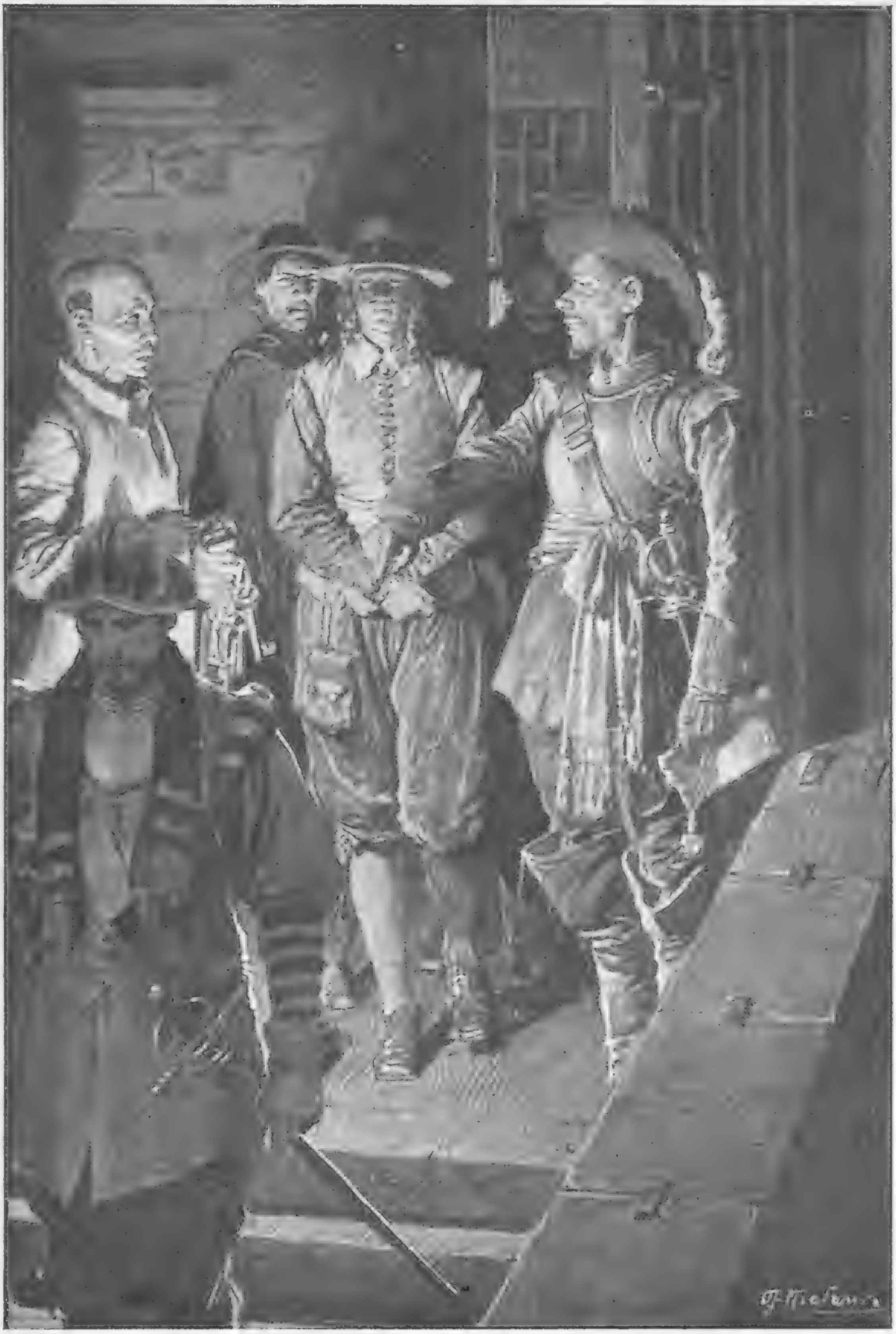
SAINT MARS decided he was ruler in his own prison, and presently appointed Dauger to be valet to his most distinguished prisoner, the great Foucquet, who had been Finance Minister of France under Anne of Austria and Mazarin. Foucquet had in his great days been the richest man in France. He had robbed the Treasury with an

PIGNEROL was a horrible prison. The fortress was detached from the town and the drawbridge was always raised except for a few minutes every day. Within the prison discipline was maintained with every diabolical cruelty the impious mind of Saint Mars could devise. He even jeered at the religious susceptibilities by holding mass in a chapel with an open loggia above the cells of the prisoners, but just so far that they could hear the low dirge of the priest without being able to catch its purport.

The new prisoner with the velvet mask (later romancers have called it an iron mask, although actually it was no such thing. Even the age of Louis XIV had its limits in ideas of torture) was named Eustache Dauger. Saint Mars knew full well this was not the man's real name.

It was customary to give prisoners new names when they went to prison just as an equally callous generation at a later date gave prisoners numbers instead of identities. For all Saint Mars knew Eustache Dauger might be a noble lord or man of quality. He did not trouble to inquire. It was not his business. When rumours spread around that there was a mysterious prisoner in the keep, Saint Mars lent currency to all kinds of exaggerated reports. He even hinted that Dauger was in reality a Marshal of the royal army who had been secreted at the King's wish. Saint Mars knew a good deal about human nature. He knew it is very wise to give gossip mongers something to gossip about. It keeps them from inquiring too deeply into the truth.

The years passed and the secret of the Man in the Iron Mask remained unrevealed. Each day Saint Mars passed a few minutes with his strange and reticent prisoner. Not once did Dauger complain. He was grateful for the



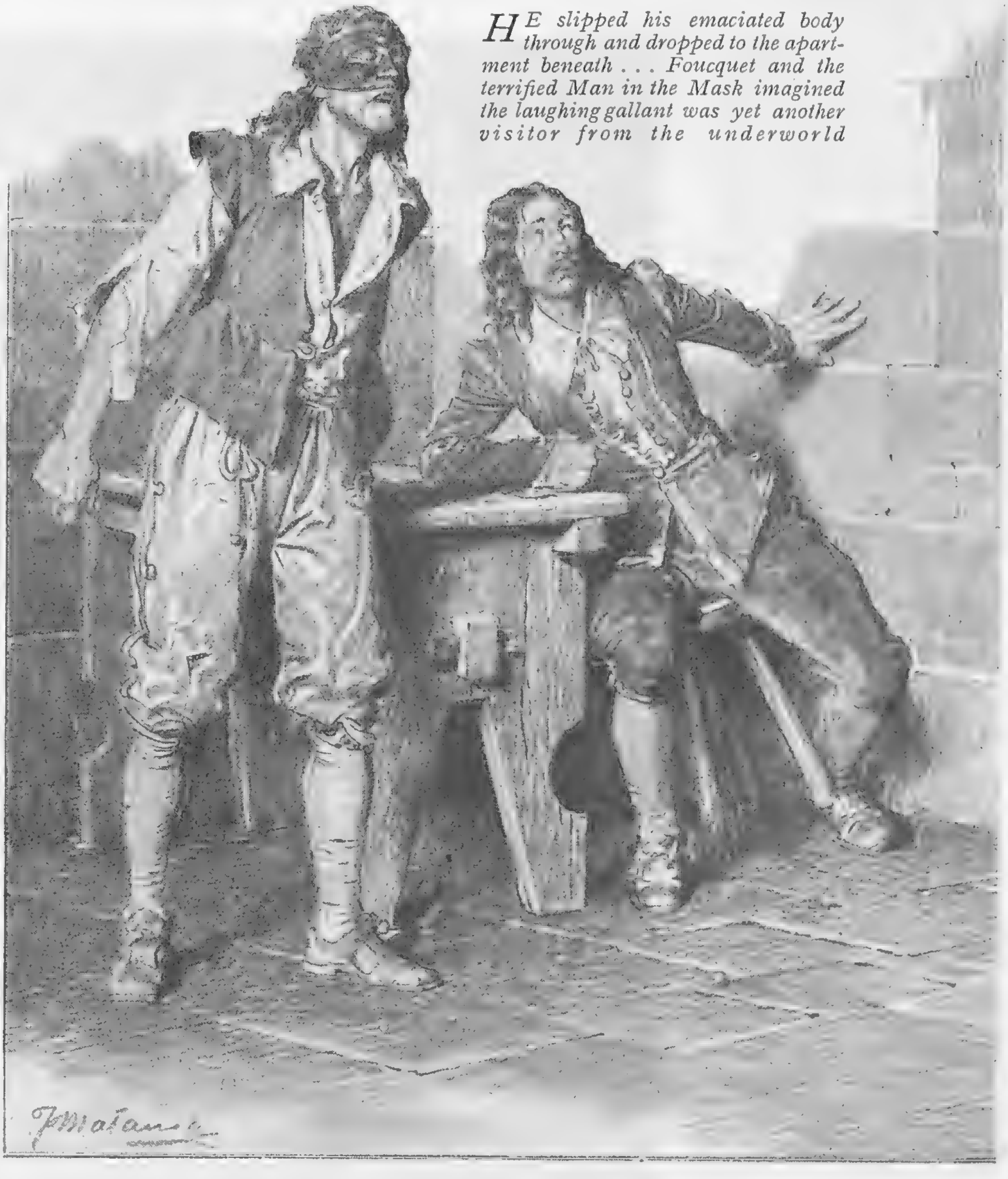
*SAINT MARS stood at the main gate of the Castle on the evening of the arrival of the mysterious prisoner* assurance and method which the Duke of Marlborough might have envied. His establishment had made that of the king seem middleclass and his arrogance had alienated the good will of every proud man in France. The day came when the young King asserted his authority and succeeded in having his headstrong minister arrested on a charge of treason and malversation. The trial lingered on for three years, and in spite of the low ebb of public and fiscal morality, even the King's persistence could not induce the judges to find the minister guilty of all the charges against him. Foucquet was condemned to lifelong banishment, and Louis intervened to change the sentence to perpetual imprisonment. Pignerol, France's most secure State prison, was selected for the fallen Finance Minister's future residence.

Saint Mars had long objected to the system which gave important prisoners the right to have their own valets. These rascals did not come under the same prison discipline and could always be used as intermediaries with the outside world. Such was not the way of Pignerol. On one occasion a valet desired to leave his master's service. He wished to marry and settle down in France as an ordinary citizen. Saint Mars gave him a preliminary six months' solitary confinement so that when he was liberated what secrets or information he possessed were too old to be of any value. Foucquet, as a former Minister of State, was entitled to the services of two or three valets, and as he already had knowledge of every State secret which mattered, Saint Mars rightly thought his knowledge of an extra one—that of the Man in the Mask—would not unduly burden his imagination. He therefore appointed Dauger valet to the former minister, threatening him with death if he ever chatted to his new master about the mysterious past. Dauger, quite accustomed to menaces, said nothing.

We are not told if Dauger entered on his new vocation with gladness. By this time he was probably so crushed in mind and spirit that he had been reduced to the level of an automaton who saw in his new duties an irksome variation from lonely contemplation in his dark cell. He had long since become half-crazed and listless. He took no interest in the elaborate plots and machinations which exercised the mind of Foucquet night and day.

Foucquet had no spirit of resignation. On the contrary, he was weary to death of close confinement. Because he was allowed no ink, he made some from a mixture of soot and wine. His pen was the tail feather of a chicken. He wrote on handkerchiefs and tapes. Saint Mars, however, had hawk's eyes for such delinquencies. Foucquet was given black handkerchiefs, and his trousers and tunic were secured with black tapes.

But even the vigilant Saint Mars was finally outwitted. A second State prisoner, De Lauzun, arrived at the château.



*HE slipped his emaciated body through and dropped to the apartment beneath . . . Foucquet and the terrified Man in the Mask imagined the laughing gallant was yet another visitor from the underworld*

This young man had been a reckless gallant of fortune whose bold address and inordinate swagger had captured the heart of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the first cousin of the King. She was ten years older than the youthful Lauzun but, as she was at pains to explain, women of her rank had no age, only passion and power.

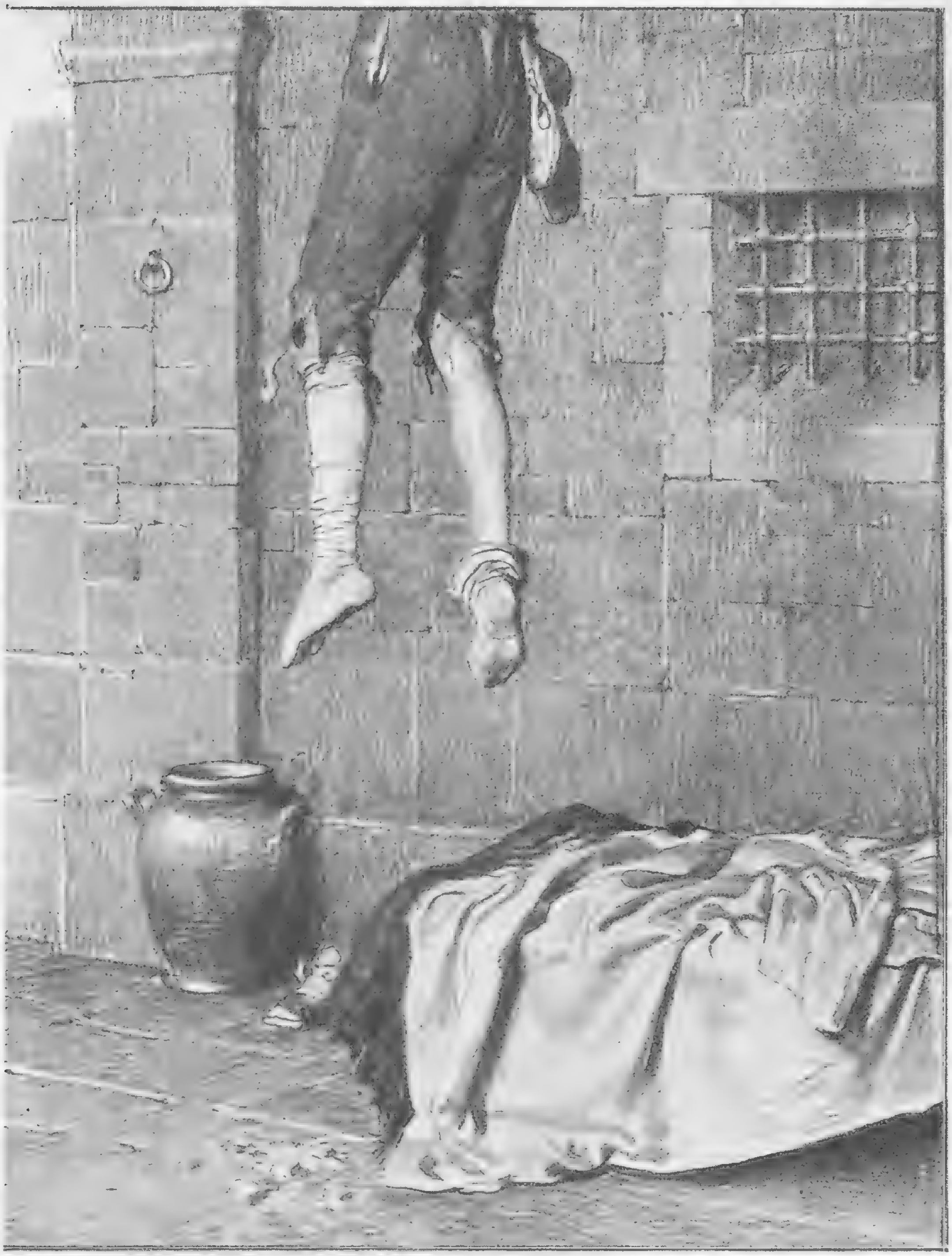
Their marriage was arranged, but Lauzun temporised and the King changed his mind. In a moment of chagrin, the foolish Lauzun gave out that Louis had been unduly influenced by his new mistress, the Marquise de Montespan. It is ever a foolish thing to criticise the mistresses of kings. Lauzun found it out by being dispatched to Pignerol to join Foucquet and the Man in the Mask. But that same enterprise which had brought him such favours from Mademoiselle de Montpensier did not desert him in his new surroundings.

He dug a hole through the floor of his cell with a couple of old nails and a broken knife. When the hole was big enough he slipped his emaciated body through it and dropped to the apartment beneath. He found himself standing opposite the astonished figure of Foucquet and the terrified Man in the Mask, who imagined the laughing gallant was yet another visitor from the underworld.

Foucquet recognised Lauzun as a youngster he had seen about the court and listened to his pratings about his ill-starred engagement to the King's cousin with the conviction of a man who knows that prison life is the foster mother of hallucination. Not for several days—for Lauzun used to call on Foucquet regularly by means of his hole in the roof—did the one-time minister realise that his new comrade was speaking the truth, that he had come within an ace of marrying into the royal family and had been turned from his aim through the evil tongue of a new favourite, Madame de Montespan, a woman who had become famous while he was being forgotten in the fortress of Pignerol.

The Man in the Mask went about his duties as if nothing had happened. He listened while the ex-minister and former court favourite retailed their tit-bits of royal scandal and State chicanery with the same impassive white face which had never been known to smile. He could keep secrets, this man in the mask. He never told Saint Mars that his master received visitors through a hole in the roof. And indeed the prison governor never found out until the death of Foucquet was the occasion for the cleansing of his cell and the discovery of the concealed hole in the ceiling.

POOR Saint Mars was dumbfounded. Lauzun was about to be liberated, for his lover, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, had not ceased to intercede on his behalf. But he may have learned the secret of the Man in the Mask during those long conversations in Foucquet's cell. The King could doubtless find a method of keeping Lauzun's mouth shut. Saint Mars took very effective remedies in regard to Dauger and Foucquet's second valet, an unfortunate individual named La Rivière. The two lackeys were dispatched to the lowest dungeon in the castle.



The outside world was informed that they had died suddenly. The Man in the Mask found himself worse off than before, for the new dungeon, although he had the doubtful satisfaction of the company of a companion, found himself cut off completely from light of day. And it was many a long month before he saw the sun again.

The time came when Lauzun was reprieved and Louvois saw no necessity for keeping such a valued servant as Saint Mars in the distant fortress of Pignerol. He was therefore transferred to the castle of Exiles, an isolated stronghold in the mountains of Dauphine.

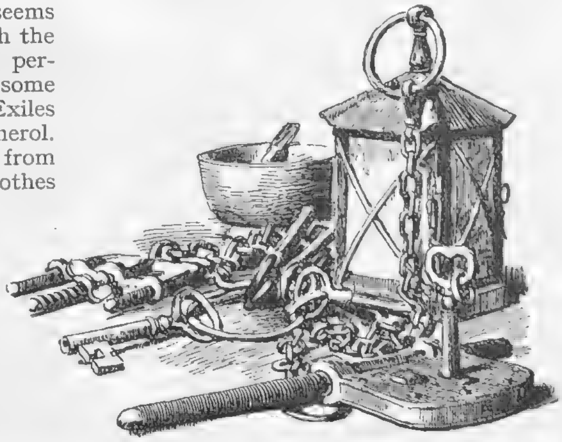
This happened in 1681. Saint Mars seems to have become a little kindlier with the passing of the years, and requests permission to buy his prisoners some clothes, for the winter cold of Exiles was more severe than that of Pignerol. He obtained little satisfaction from Louvois, who wrote very briefly : "Clothes for people of this kind ought to last three or four years at least." At Exiles the nature of the fortress was such that the Man in the Mask could see the surrounding country and hear the voices of men in the valley. But he could not communicate with them. And even Saint Mars had no occasion to complain of his prisoner's conduct. The Man in the Mask, although he hated the snow and winter, imagined he had made his last earthly journey when Saint Mars was appointed governor of Sainte Marguerite, the island prison in the bay of Cannes, the prison which has been visited by every visitor in the French Riviera.

Once again he was obliged to take his important prisoners with him, but he wrote to Louvois that during the journey from Pignerol to Exiles, many prying eyes had been able to see the Man in the Mask riding in his litter, and he did not propose to take the same risk again. Accordingly the prisoner was incarcerated in a rough wooden coach, the doors and windows of which were sealed up with black waxed cloth. He was bundled inside and painfully carried to his new prison. Saint Mars took his midday meal with his charge during the journey, and when they got to Sainte Marguerite was able to introduce him to a brand new cell, especially built for his convenience if not for his comfort.

YOU can see the cell to this day. It does not merit the mellifluous description of Saint Mars, who wrote to Louvois, "The cells are large, fine and light, and for their goodness I do not think you could find stronger or more secure in all Europe, especially as regards the carrying of news either from near or far." Saint Mars had a macabre sense of humour. The cell in which he deposited the Man in the Mask is built over a cliff, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean splash playfully many feet below, and the mistral whistles through the horrible cross bars which guard the windows.

Saint Mars had plenty to occupy his time in Sainte Marguerite. Most of his prisoners were Protestant ministers who had failed to agree with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

These holy men proved more recalcitrant than a hundred Foucquets or Lauzuns. All day they prated their worthiness to the skies, delivering hour-long homilies on their own particular virtues and the iniquities of the King and (*continued on page* 102)



# Twenty-four

## Continuing a New Series, recalling Hour by

## No. 3: The Jameson Raid:

*Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, leader of the Jameson Raid and afterwards Prime Minister of Cape Colony*

### *Introduction*

*In the autumn of 1895 the British residents in the semi-independent Transvaal State in South Africa were seething with revolt against the commercial restrictions deliberately imposed upon them by President Kruger's Boer Government.*

*Two patriotic South Africans felt it their personal duty to rectify a state of affairs which a succession of British Governments had failed even to alleviate. They proposed, in short, to wage a war of their own!*

*One of these men was Mr. Cecil Rhodes, then Prime Minister of Cape Colony; the other was his loyal henchman, Dr. Leander Starr ("Jim") Jameson, who had but recently led some 2,000 of the Chartered Company's troops in a raid against the Matabeles. It was arranged that Dr. Jameson should gather a force of armed volunteers and—at a given moment—should march on the Boer arsenal at Pretoria, while the British residents in Johannesburg should rise in revolt.*

*Christmas Day, 1895, found Dr. Jameson and his "army" of 600 patriots and adventurers encamped on the safe side of the Transvaal border waiting for the long-delayed word that the Johannesburg revolt was ready to begin. Impatient at the lack of the news, and believing that Johannesburg would be stirred into action if they heard that he was on the way, Dr. Jameson gave the order to set out on the 170-mile trek.*

ONE o'clock on the morning of January 1st, 1896. A party of bearded Boer farmers from the Kruegersdorp district has just heard, once again, that low warning murmur to the eastward. It is a thudding murmur, like padded mallets pounding felt; it is the murmur made on the rolling veldt by hundreds of horses' hoofs. An hour ago two Boers have detached themselves from this lonely outpost and galloped back to Kruegersdorp with the news that the long-awaited "army" of invasion is at last on its way.

Suddenly, across the eastern rim of the horizon—a flowing rim, silvered by the full moon—come three horsemen. They are the scouts of the Jameson force. The Boer farmers mount and ride hurriedly away to the left. In their laps lie the rifles which are to fire the first shots in a miniature war which will lead to a real war in which tens of thousands will be killed. These men know the veldt as a pilot knows the shoals; concealed, they will pick off Jameson's men as they ride by . . .

Behind the three scouts streams the "army" of invasion, shivering in its saddles and dead tired. They have been riding since Sunday afternoon, almost continuously it seems to most of them.

Tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, rich men, poor men, beggar men—yes, and probably thieves; of such is the force led by Dr. "Jim." A grey-clad regiment of adventurers moving through the bitter chill of the African night. Their flag is the Union Jack; was there ever a stranger band of warriors following the Cross of St. George since the days of the Crusades ?

THE veldt, which was level when they began their trek, is now hilly. A shot rings out, echoing with a hollow noise across the shallow valleys of sand. The long column comes to a halt. There are cries of command, and much galloping up and down. Meantime, the firing increases; for the Boers have ambushed the invading force.

Kaffir boys are kicking and shoving into position the mules upon which are laden the six Maxim guns of the Jameson force. Within ten minutes the first pop-pop-pop of a Maxim joins the chorus of firing; the sand to the north is peppered into the likeness of a stormy sea; but no one has yet seen a Boer. Only the flashes of their rifles are visible.

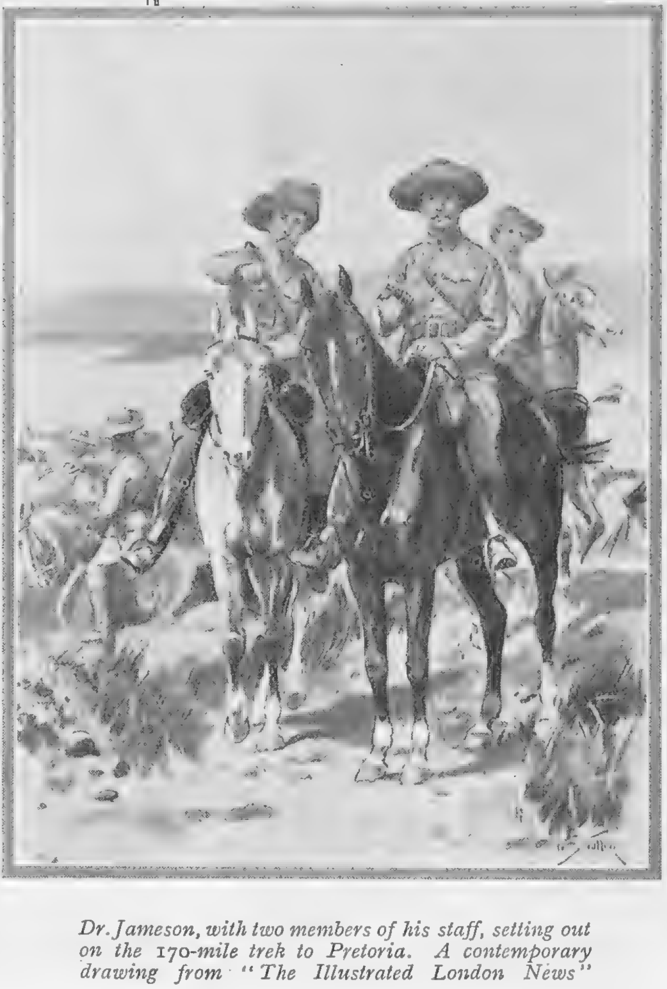
Sir John Willoughby—the chief of staff—has ordered his men to dismount and fire across their horses in the direction of the enemy.

THREE a.m. The Maxims of the Jameson force are still firing, but there seems no answer from the Boers. It is presumed that they have either been killed or forced to retreat. Dr. "Jim" gives the order to mount, the Maxims are packed on to the backs of the mules, and the column moves slowly on again.

Five miles on towards their goal the column again halts, and for two hours it is sunk in sleep. Shortly after the breaking of dawn the force moves off again, the chill of the night giving place to blazing sunshine.

At noon they come to a Boer store, only six miles from Kruegersdorp, and the horses are watered. Dirty and tired and unshaven, the Jameson force is already half-beaten, with their biggest task still ahead of them.

Dr. "Jim" walks down the line talking to his troops. Nearly every other man is a personal friend. Some have held commissions—indeed, still hold them—in Her Majesty's Army. Many of them, wearing the uniform of the Bechuanaland Police, are veterans of many campaigns. And most of them know that Jameson has been



*Dr. Jameson, with two members of his staff, setting out on the 170-mile trek to Pretoria. A contemporary drawing from "The Illustrated London News"*

# Hours: *Days* that have *made* History

## H*our* the most E*ventful* Days *of* the *last* Half-century

### *Described by* Gordon Beckles

sadly ill-advised to plunge into the Transvaal with no assurance that he will ever be met by the Johannesburg force.

ONE p.m. Quite suddenly firing has begun on all sides of Jameson's troopers. Yet not a single Boer can yet be seen!

" This is bad," says Jameson. " We are fighting puffs of smoke."

The Whitworth guns are brought quickly into action, with strict instructions to the gunners that Kruegersdorp itself must not be shelled for fear of injury to non-combatants. But a mine building to the right, from which firing is coming, is reduced in a few minutes. And all through the long hot afternoon the firing goes on . . .

SEVEN-THIRTY p.m. A fine New Year's Day! Just now a thousand mounted men have appeared riding in open order in a 2,000-yard line across the westerly ridge of the veldt.

The blazing sunset and quick-following darkness, just in time to save the Jameson force from complete annihilation. Already it is reduced by half. Men are dying with no one to tend their wounds. And the water has run out. Then comes the rain, and a night of impenetrable darkness.

It rains and rains all night, torrential and tropical rain. Most of Jameson's patriots are lying on the ground with their rifles before them, yet sunk in sleep. As the dawn breaks the march is half continued, the wounded being dragged behind the battered " army " in wagons.

" Johannesburg is not stirring a finger to help us," says Dr. " Jim."

The troopers are still keeping up a desultory fire, but presently, one after the other, the Maxim guns " seize " from overwork and lack of water. The ground, only a few hours ago a morass, is now already parched by the sun.

At noon comes the end. No one seems to know who has given the order, but from somewhere a tattered sheet is produced. It is the apron worn by a black woman in an outhouse. And it is waved as a signal of truce. Firing still goes on, however, and there suddenly comes the sound of big guns firing in the near distance.

" Hurrah for the Johannesburgers," cries one man.

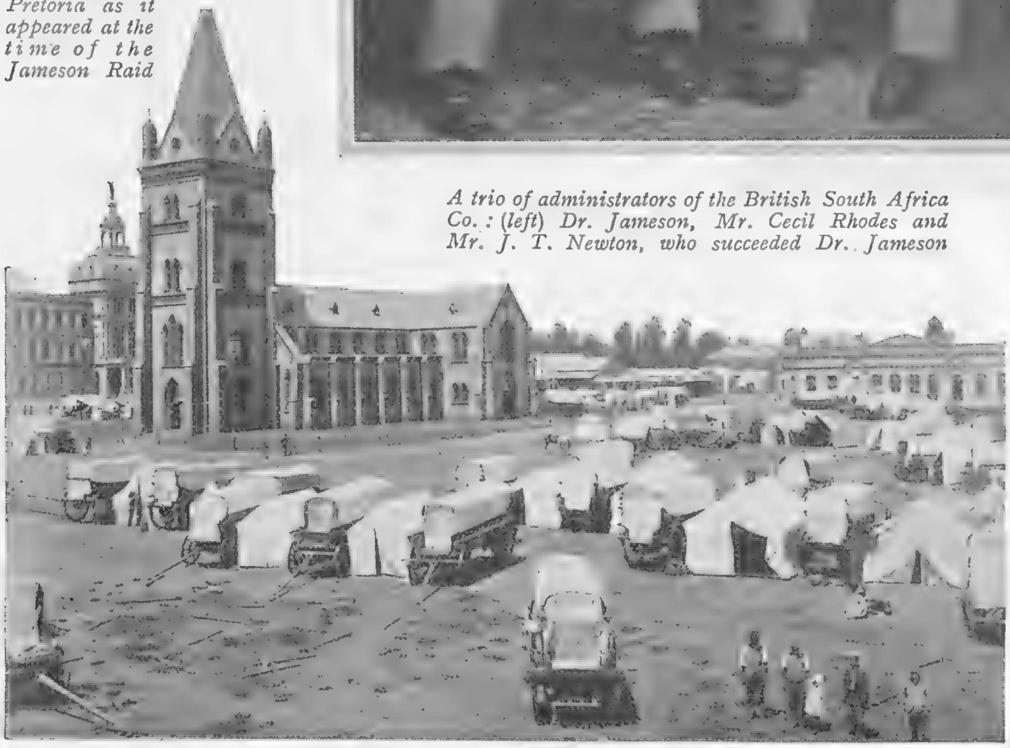
But no; it is not the friendly force that Jameson expected; the guns are the Boer guns from the arsenal at Pretoria.

The white apron is still being waved, and gradually the firing dies away. Sir John Willoughby scribbles out a note and hands it to Lt. Harold Grenfell, of the 1st Life Guards, who gallops away with it to Cronje, the Boer leader. The note says, "*We surrender, provided you guarantee safe conduct out of the country for us and ours.*"

So the surrender begins. Dr. Jameson is led into an ox-wagon, a broken man, to spend the night in the condemned cell of the prison at Pretoria. His " army " is beaten, his great adventure has failed!

*A portrait of President Kruger taken in the year 1895*

*A trio of administrators of the British South Africa Co.: (left) Dr. Jameson, Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. J. T. Newton, who succeeded Dr. Jameson*

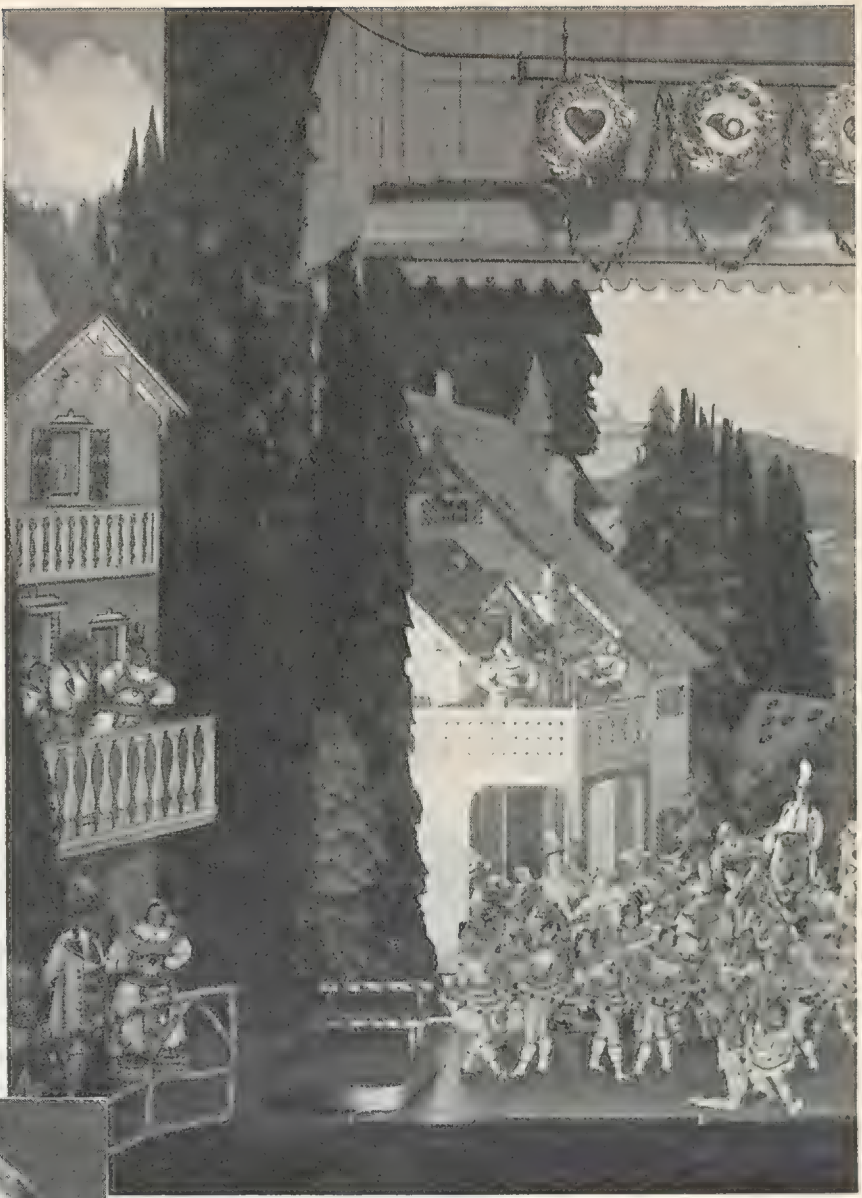


*The Dutch Church and Square at Pretoria as it appeared at the time of the Jameson Raid*

# The *German* "Revolution" in *London*

## Hannen Swaffer

hails *the* Coliseum *production of* "White *Horse* Inn," with *its* R*evolving* stage, *as a* Miracle *of* Speed *and* Spectacle *which* has G*ermanised*, Revolutionised *and* Revitalised *the* Theatre of To-*day*



IT was left to Sir Oswald Stoll to revolutionise the English theatre.

The talkies had struck it a world blow. Variety was dying on its feet, because new talent had not been developed, as it was of old. Trade was bad. Taxes were high. Conditions all around threatened.

Managers, generally, were fearful, in spite of their outward boasts. Something new had to be found to combat the talkies. "The theatre as it was is dead," Sir Oswald Stoll himself told me. "We must find something new." A week later, on the morning after "White Horse Inn," he was his old self again. "We have found it," he said.

George Robey put it best to me, when he said, after coming out of "Trader Horn" he, and Tom Stuart, the old comedian, "Who wants to see the Six Brothers Luck now?" whereas, a day later, when he saw "White Horse Inn," he said, "We're not beaten, after all."

*Sir Oswald Stoll*

*Erik Charell, the brilliant German producer of "White Horse Inn"*

"White Horse Inn" came from Berlin, where Sir Oswald saw it in course of production, going over specially in his tall hat, in which, it is said, he goes to bed. He then determined to scrap his policy, twenty-five years old, of running variety at the Coliseum, and using that theatre for what it was obviously built—big spectacle.

For two years Sir Oswald had watched the Coliseum audiences growing less in a beautiful theatre, where they had had a Derby, dog races, Sarah Bernhardt, the Russian Ballet, and "Sumurun."

They tried Sir Henry Wood's orchestra in vain. Otherwise, new outstanding features were all exhausted.

Stoll had sent all over the continent, all over the world.

Then he took the biggest gamble known in the history of the London theatre. He spent £42,000, £13,000 of it on a new lighting plant, so intricate that it could bring a most realistic thunderstorm on the stage. He engaged 250 people for continuous work in the production. He had nearly a thousand costumes made.

One day, when I saw him at rehearsal, still wearing his tall hat, he seemed the only calm man in the vast auditorium.

The most excited was Erik Charell, the brilliant German who, at the age of thirty-five, was destined, with the production of "White Horse Inn" in London, to change the course of theatrical history.

I saw him once in the Grosses Schauspielhaus, Berlin, a pale, nervous-looking man, standing in what used to be the Circus Schumann, before they refashioned it, gave it a score of boxes, and, cutting off a quarter of the arena, put there, instead, a stage on which Charell did for musical comedy what Reinhardt, his old master, had done for serious drama.

Charell did this in Berlin for several years. All the theatre managers of the world went and saw it, all the people who boast they know. But none of them had the vision that Stoll had, when he saw a

White Horse Inn

*A Tyrolean kaleidoscope of colour and movement: the chorus in front of the White Horse Inn.*

big Grosses Schauspielhaus show for the first time.

Within a few hours of the "White Horse Inn" being seen in London, Erik Charell was inundated with offers from all over the world.

It is always thus.

Eric Wolheim, who has brought from the Continent more art shows than people remember, had tried for eight years to get Charell recognised in countries outside Germany.

When he took Stoll to Berlin to see "White Horse Inn," he was the means by which Charell, acclaimed in Germany, was to have the chance of transforming stage spectacles half across the globe.

WHEN, three years ago, I saw in Berlin my first Charell show, I came back and wrote a great deal about it. But no one listened to that either.

I saw Charell reviving stage shows, such as "The Merry Widow," by cutting out the junk, adding new tunes by the same composer, modernising the costumes and scenery, and making it all new again.

"White Horse Inn" was one of the oldest of German comedies, a trivial story of a visit to Alpine scenery. Its music is reminiscent of all the old German tunes. Its form is the oldest in the world.

Yet this old comedy, and this old music, and this old form have been transformed, by the magic of a modern producer's wand, into something vital and actual and real.

Moving pictures have changed the minds of theatre audiences all over the world. Managers will not face that fact, but it is true. Greater speed is needed on the stage. Audiences are more intelligent. They do not want anything stressed, except the vital point.

"White Horse Inn" moves as quickly as a modern talkie. It combines the colour of a thousand costumes, and the variegation of over a score of scenes, with a rapidity only possible on a revolving stage, which Sir Oswald built over a quarter of a century ago, but which never before has been used to the utmost of its capacity.

When you walk behind the stage during the production you are astounded at the quietness of it all. From the front you get the effects of vast crowds. The action of it nearly hits you in the face.

"What a chaos there must be behind!" you think. "What a row!"

As I stood in the wings one night, it was quieter than it is in any music hall where I have been behind the scenes.

Somewhere behind, or below, or above, over 170 chorus people were changing their costumes—some of them have to make over a dozen changes twice a day; no fewer than thirty-eight dressers were employed to wait upon the vast company, and a thousand props had to be kept in place and brought forward in exactly a second's space.

Yet, on the Coliseum stage, you merely see the members of the company waiting quietly to walk forward before the footlights, while behind them the Alps are as quiet as the real ones on the Continent.

On the revolving stage there are four sets, always in place. The fifth one becomes three others in turn.

Part of the auditorium, too, has become part of the stage.

Indeed, the whole Coliseum is transformed.

I shall never forget the first night of "White Horse Inn," the night of the big gamble. For weeks the rehearsals had been going on. Everyone was worn out with fatigue.

"The Coliseum has bitten off too much this time," people said.

Then, on the first night, we saw the Coliseum looking like it did when the King and Queen went there for a Command Performance. (*Continued on p.* 92.)

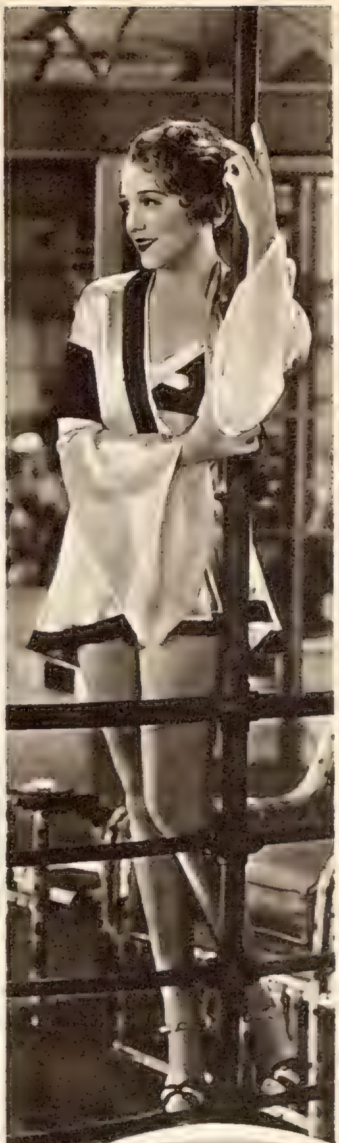
Innsbrucker
Herbstmesse
1930

# "Autumn Crocus"

*The Charming Idyll of a Love that bloomed too late*

FAY COMPTON and Francis Lederer act delightfully in this charming romance of the shy school-teacher who discovered too late that the Tyrolean inkeeper, with whom she had fallen in love, was married. The love scene on the mountain-side, illustrated below, is beautifully played and staged. The romance is enlivened by many touches of character and comedy supplied by the other visitors. Muriel Aked (top picture) is gloriously funny as the spinster from the Vicarage; while the ultra-modern young couple are humorously drawn by Jack Hawkins and Jessica Tandy

*Lunch in the Inn: the fascinating landlord serves soup to the two Schoolmistresses (Martita Hunt and Fay Compton)*



# "Reaching for the Moon"

## "Doug" in new Acrobatics with Bebe Daniels

AN acrobatic love-scene set to music is one of the high-spots in the new United Artists' picture, "Reaching for the Moon," starring Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels. Irving Berlin wrote a special song for it, called "High Up and Low Down." It takes place on board a ship—all over the ship, in fact—and a couple of hundred passengers join in. Douglas Fairbanks and his leading-lady leap over life-boats, down hatchways, through portholes, and cover the ground thoroughly from crow's-nest to steerage

# Marlene Dietrich

HOLLYWOOD has the reputation for knowing how to make stars. But it was not American "plugging" or publicity that made Marlene Dietrich. She had, in fact, already made two pictures in America, and, although she had a reputation in Germany as a stage actress, she had never been heard of in Europe as a film star when, the morning after "The Blue Angel" had been shown, like the heroines of pre-war novels, "she awoke to find herself famous."

It was not to discover a new film actress that the critics went further than they generally do—to Berlin, in fact, to see "The Blue Angel." They went to find out what the famous Emil Jannings, discarded by Hollywood at the advent of the "talkies" because of his poor English, was going to make of his artistic career back in his native land. Jannings made good, but Marlene Dietrich made "tired business men" sit up and take notice.

*Marlene Dietrich and Garry Cooper in "Morocco"*

*Three Aspects of the new German "Screen Vamp"*

*(Top) Marlene Dietrich with her baby daughter. The contract she has with Hollywood stipulates that she is able to pay periodic visits to Berlin to see her husband and daughter. (Inset) A portrait of Marlene Dietrich taken during her recent visit to London*

# A Woman *who has* Brains *as well as* Beauty, *and* who, *if she escapes* "Garbolisation," *will be the* Greatest *and* possibly *the* Richest Actress *in* Talking Films

## By Sydney Tremayne

*Marlene Dietrich as she appears in Josef von Sternberg's drama "Morocco"*

The big surprise came when "The Blue Angel" was shown in England in English and Jannings and Dietrich, both perfectly cast, showed that they had overcome all linguistic difficulties and had the world's ear at their command. Now they are both back in Hollywood and both under contract to Paramount.

Originally it was Murnau who sent for Jannings to go to Hollywood. This time it is Lubitsch who is reputed to have "fixed things up" between Paramount and Jannings.

HOLLYWOOD is peeved because English critics (particularly Rotha in his book *The Film Till Now*) have accused Hollywood of ruining, vulgarising and commercialising European artists, both producers and actors and actresses. But Hollywood need not worry overmuch. They can afford to employ the best intelligences in every branch of the industry because they make "bigger and better" pictures and the public all over the world queues up to see them. But though America can show the world how to make films they may well learn something from the artists they import.

Marlene Dietrich was a thunderclap in "Morocco," but she was a bolt from the blue in "The Blue Angel." In mass production there is always the danger of standardisation. Marlene Dietrich is too good, too much of an individuality to be "made-over" into any preconceived idea of the successful film star. She must not be "Garbolised."

IN America a veritable war of the fans is raging. The film papers are full of correspondence on the subject of Garbo and Dietrich.

"I think Marlene Dietrich has it all over Garbo," writes B. Brown, of New Haven, Conn. "All this about Garbo wearing shirts, sweaters and oxfords and living a life of seclusion is perfectly silly. And if she doesn't want to be in the public eye why does she bother to stay in American movies? I also think her voice is terrible. Marlene is better looking and at least she is frank."

But Mr. Pasamore, of Media, Pa., thinks otherwise. "This is only a warning, but Marlene, the German lady, had better take it seriously. Fame for this actress will be spelled in other letters than G-A-R-B-O. We, the Garbo fans, will accept her on one condition: that she be herself, and, furthermore, that that 'self' be plenty different from Greta Garbo. From where I sit the new woman looks like an actress, sure enough. But she's no genius, she's no goddess, she's no great idol."

The crux of the matter is summed up by Mr. Jackson, Ludlow, Ky., another of *Motion Picture's* correspondents, who, among the things he looks forward to, includes: "The end of the Garbo-Dietrich controversy. *Give Marlene a chance to be herself.*" (The italics are mine.)

In "The Blue Angel" Marlene was herself and there was no discernible likeness to Greta Garbo. Who was it that discovered that she could look like the Swedish girl?

THE moment that she appeared on the screen in "Morocco"—a tragic past writ in her hopeless eyes and movements and her bitter, enigmatic smile—the likeness was startling. How had it been done? Well, first of all, it was evident that Marlene had been "slimming." Her weight is said to be 120 lb.—8 stone 8. It may have been when she went to Hollywood, but there they still demand slinky stars—Grace Moore had to reduce from 165 lb. to 135 (over two stone!) before they would let her sing in "The Swedish Nightingale" and "The New Moon." Since she agreed, that's her funeral, or might well have been, I imagine! It does not suit Marlene to be thinner. The ascetic line from temple to chin which emphasises high cheekbones and suggests static suffering and the concealment which, "like a worm i' the bud, feeds on her damask cheek," may be right and in character for Garbo as a Karenina or an Anna Christie, but with her rounded cheek and suggestion of dimples Marlene has lost something of the youthful *insouciance* and *diablerie* which were part of her attraction in "The Blue Angel." The streak of hardness in Dietrich makes her an ideal exponent of the "charming, alarming blonde women." In the first picture she *was* the fickle, philosophic cabaret artist; in "Morocco" she was acting a part.

In the American picture her make-up and her clothes are definitely imitative. Those arched eyebrows and fabulous eyelashes are Garbo's, not Marlene's. And the clinging, subtly simple black draperies and slow gestures, "pregnant with significance"... Oh dear and oh dear!

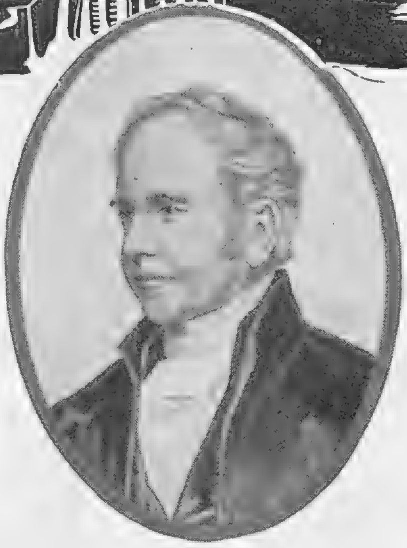
*Two characteristic studies of the famous Marlene*

Only in the cabaret scenes, dressed in male evening clothes, an opera hat perched jauntily on her red gold curls, arrogantly facing a hostile audience, singing them into subjection and admiration with her husky, low-pitched voice, which has the timbre affected by many continental variety artists, and insolently taking a flower and a kiss from a society woman in the audience, do we see something of the Marlene who triumphed in "The Blue Angel." And again when, wearing a tunic which stops short of her suspendered black silk stockings, she auctions apples among the officers and men of the Legion in the Moroccan night haunt.

When she becomes the "great lover" (*Continued on page* 133)

# BOOKS: Travelling Companions: Who was Baedeker?: Who was Bradshaw?

Decorations by Hendy



*George Bradshaw, publisher of "Bradshaw's Railway Time Tables," which first appeared in 1839*

*W. B. Maxwell, whose latest novel, "The Concave Mirror," is meeting with much success*

LIKE everyone else, I have often asked and been asked: "Who exactly was Baedeker?" and "Bradshaw? Why Bradshaw?" and then, no answer coming, the conversation wandered away, never to return. But this week, confronted simultaneously with a new Baedeker and a new Bradshaw, I decided to break the habits of a lifetime, and to procrastinate no longer. I collected books of reference; I telephoned to knowledgeable people, and even rang their door bells. And that is why I now know that Karl Baedeker was a German printer, bookseller and publisher, who issued the first volumes of the famous guides from his establishment in Coblenz, where he died in 1859. Karl's son, Fritz, moved the business to Leipzig in 1872, and in that famous mart of bibliopoles it still flourishes, directed now by Karl's grandson. All the volumes are German work, written originally in German, and translated into French and English. Some are translated into other languages also, but all are obtainable in German, English and French. Behind the volumes there must be an enormous and wonderfully perfect organisation, of course, but of that I cannot speak.

Fingering the new Baedeker—*Riviera and South-Eastern France* (George Allen and Unwin, 15s.)—turning its pages lovingly, I am struck once again by the really stupendous nature of the production. I observe, too, that it is a mistake to think of Baedeker as matter-of-fact and unemotional. Baedeker has time and patience to plumb the deepest recesses of the soul. He sees that ladies, as well as hotel-keepers, change, and he has learned to restrain the wagging of his admonitory forefinger. One can but dimly guess at the hidden effort it costs him to conduct his parties past the harbour slums of Marseilles or the shady *dancings* of Nice without once dropping a warning that these excursions are "unsuitable for ladies." Yet he succeeds; he keeps silent. Sometimes it seems as if his lips part, as if he is about to speak. But they close again; and if he thinks, a little wistfully, that ladies aren't what they used to be, he is far too polite to say so. Only his eyes sometimes betray his thoughts—a sudden, shocked glance, gone as soon as it has come, leaving him once more the perfect courier. Baedeker may observe the changing world. He himself remains changeless in his magnificent purity, his almost frightful austerity. Only the Bible is as free from advertisements. Indeed, there is something Biblical about Baedeker. He has the cold, clear religion of the Recording Angel. Both of them note down in books all that is worth the noting. A few stars are awarded. There are first-class, second-class and no particular class. And, vastest group of all, there are those not worth mentioning. Against the justice of the decisions, the perfect justice, the undeniable justice, there is no appeal, not even any wish to appeal. I enjoy reading Baedeker, and I get, besides enjoyment, a feeling that I am a keener, harder, better man as a result of contact with Justice and Truth. Children should be encouraged to read Baedeker for the simplicity and limpidity of his style, his habit of compression, and the information contained in his historical and geographical précis. I earnestly commend this suggestion to headmasters.

GEORGE BRADSHAW was an Englishman, a Lancashire man, but there are one or two close similarities between his career and Baedeker's. Both men were born in 1801, and died between the ages of fifty and sixty. Both were printers and publishers by profession. "Bradshaw's Railway Time Tables" first appeared, price 6d., in 1839. The earliest English railway was opened in (I think) 1830. If anyone needs persuading that Bradshaw was a man of enterprise, his doubts will surely be dispelled by Bradshaw's next venture, the "Continental Railway Guide," published in 1847. This seems to me a wonderfully early start for the Continental Guide, and the labour of compiling it, in the existing state of railways in Europe, must have been immense. Like many more of the most useful Englishmen of his day, Bradshaw was an active Quaker.

## Sailors

### "SHORT STORIES"

### By Bill Adams

*(Harrap, 2s. 6d.)*

THIS little book is one of a series called "Short Stories of To-day and Yesterday." The volumes in the series present choice specimens of the work of famous writers of short stories—Guy de Maupassant, W. W. Jacobs, Arnold Bennett, George Gissing, and so on. About a dozen and a half of them. Last and latest on the list comes Bill Adams. I had never heard of Bill Adams; and that is why, wondering what on earth he was doing in such company, I opened the book.

A very few pages were necessary to convince me that Bill Adams was not out of place. In fact, he can make rings round some of his more illustrious fellows in the series. He has only one subject—the sea and seamen—and he knows it from beginning to end, he sticks to it, and he produces stories which are, without qualification, magnificent. English literature is full of fine sea stories, but not even Conrad can beat Bill Adams for sheer descriptive power. Adams, Bertram Martin Adams, is an American, aged 52, who has sailed in ships of many nations, especially in English ships and English company. Read these stories. They will, on the one hand, satisfy any critic. On the other hand, they would excite a corpse.

Reviewed by

# Arnold Palmer

I do not know if he has ever had a biographer, but his work remains, a monthly monument to his good sense and industry. My thoughts have been turned in his direction by the issue of a fresh edition of his *Continental Handbook* (Blacklock, 3s. 6d.), a volume which gives brief, convenient information about every town of any importance in Europe and round the Mediterranean coast. Although this highly useful publication appears twice a year, I do not believe I have ever seen it before. Looking down the list of Bradshaw's publications, I find quite a number of which I have never heard, covering canals, rivers, etc. A very remarkable man. People are too prone to forget that cross-country journeys would be even more complicated without him than with him. He does not write as well as Baedeker. Baedeker's style, though not expansive, has the urbanity of a man who was certain of, at least, a decent omelette and cup of coffee. Bradshaw's has the abruptness of a passenger broken to long waits at junctions and the dreary mastication of endless sandwiches and buns.

*(Below) Oliver Madox Hueffer, whose tale of Captain Kidd is reviewed on this page*

*(Left): Sylvia Thompson, whose new novel, "Winter Comedy," is noticed on this page*

IN the course of one week I have read in succession three new novels of contemporary society. The experience is familiar to all reviewers, but it is rare to find three stories at once so similar and so different. The characters from any one of these books might stray comfortably into any one of the others; and yet all three authors are worlds apart. Miss Sylvia Thompson, the author of *Winter Comedy* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) presents a scene which, for all its modern trappings, is definitely a fiction writer's world. Everyone is slightly too aware of everyone else; each moment is slightly overcharged with significance; the screw is given a turn too much, and there are signs of strain—in the screwdriver as well as in the old oak chest. Mr. Frederick Niven, also modern, with a rather deliberate, Scotch modernity, has written a good novel, *The Paisley Shawl* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), whose virtues are independent of the age. He has taken a very simple situation and told, quite beautifully, a very simple story. This is a book. Lastly, there is *The Concave Mirror* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). This is by Mr. W. B. Maxwell, a grave, aloof, unhurried novelist, who by some private magic of his own keeps out of the current while remaining always abreast. Even the discovery that his new tale shared its theme with M. Jacques Chardonne's *Eva* (recently noticed here) has not caused him to alter his rate or line of progress. I like Mr. Maxwell's work, and feel that, for all his reputation, justice, full justice, has never yet been done to his art. *The Concave Mirror* is a tender, moving book. It will mean a great deal to those readers who have married and gnawed their way steadily into the loaf of Experience. Mr. Maxwell, it seems to me, writes for a large, rather inarticulate public whose existence is completely ignored by the younger novelists, except on quarter day, when Mr. Maxwell's public forwards allowances to its brilliant sons and daughters.

## *Captain Kidd*

"BY WHOSE AUTHORITY." By Oliver Madox Hueffer. (*Benn, 7s. 6d.*)

MR. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER'S new story begins in the year 1696, and the scene moves between New York, Africa, India and Boston, Mass. It has a hero and a heroine. Much else might be added by way of description, but the only satisfactory way of labelling the novel is to call it a tale of Captain Kidd. Slight doubt does exist whether this most famous of renegades and pirates was really a pirate at all, although he was hanged as such. Mr. Hueffer sets out to whitewash him. Whatever historians may think of the attempt, readers of fiction will consider the novelist justified by his novel.

Very few English historical novels move with the grace, swiftness and authority of this one. Mr. Hueffer can tell a story, and he can handle eighteenth century English with ease and freedom. When one looks back in search of another writer who combined these qualifications, the glance seems to hurry off to a figure towering in the distance—R.L.S. Mr. Hueffer's prose may be merely excellent where Stevenson's was superb; as a novelist, Mr. Hueffer stands the comparison. This does not mean that *By Whose Authority?* will one day stand beside *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*. The chances are always against survival, and the judgment of posterity may be rotten. But the book is worth reading now. Now it seems quite first rate.

## *A Little Blood*

"MURDER OF A LADY." By Anthony Wynne. (*Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.*)

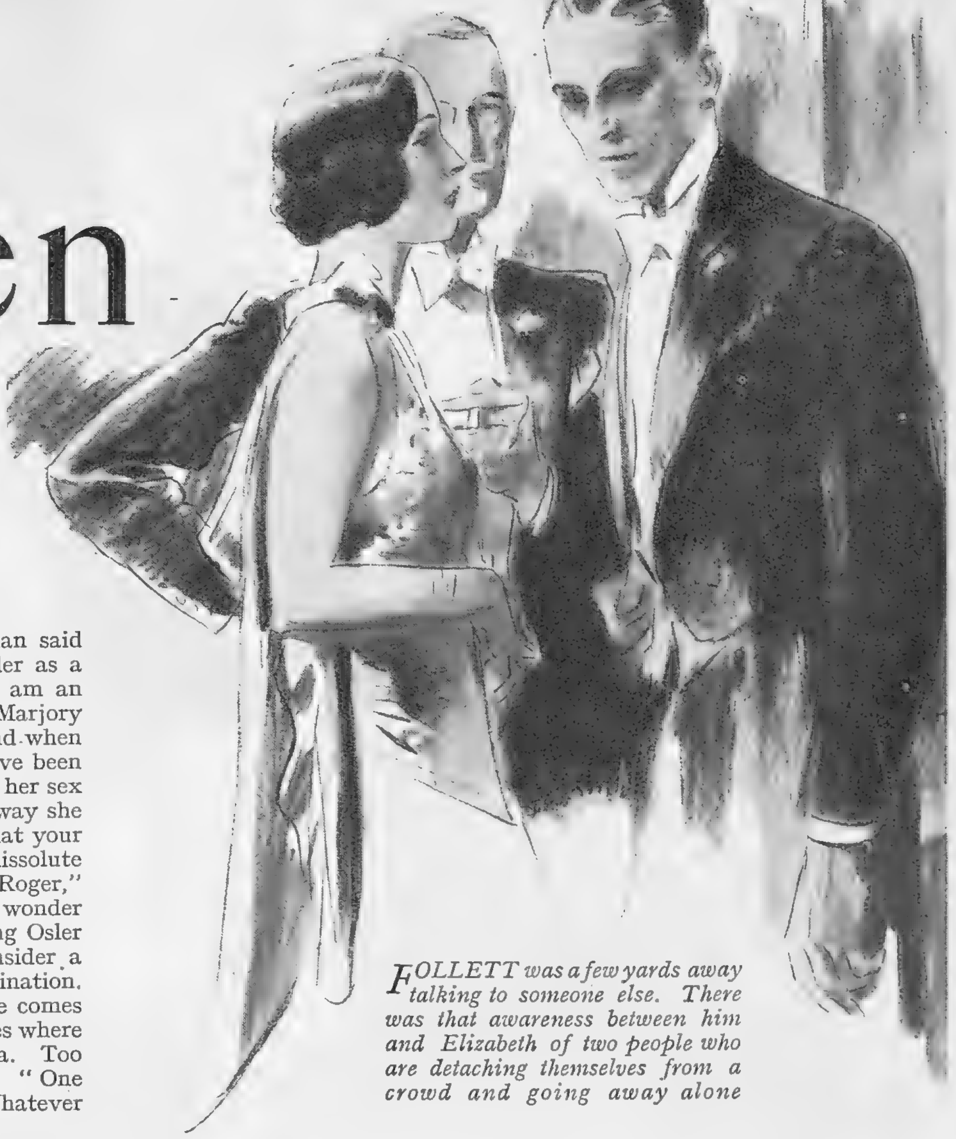
"INSPECTOR DICKINS RETIRES." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (*Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.*)

IN its understatement, Mr. Wynne's title is typical of his book. As far as I could count, there are three murders and a suicide, not to mention three attempted suicides, in his story. There are also some mysterious deaths in the past. And yet his manner is so quiet and reasonable that the events he describes do not seem preposterous. His common sense never deserts him till the very last page, and even then it would be incorrect to say that it deserts him. Rather, he hurls the poor thing away with such violence that I doubt whether it will ever return, even if it lives. For 286 out of its 288 pages, *Murder of a Lady* is an exceptionally good specimen of its class, far above the average. But the *dénouement* is, without reservation, the weakest and least credible I have ever gaped at. Taken in its context, coming at the end of such a competent piece of work, it is almost absurd enough to be included among the minor freaks of Literature.

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's publishers assure us (three times) that he is the Prince of Story-tellers. Who, one wonders, is the King? We are not told. But whoever he is, I hope that he lives for some little while longer. The Prince is really not yet quite fitted for the throne. Not in these days of constitutional monarchies, when a Sovereign has to be thorough and conscientious. *Inspector Dickins Retires* must, I think, have appeared originally in serial form. In any case, there are discrepancies which the Prince, or the courtier who does his proof reading for him, should have detected. The story is full of movement and even excitement, but it is, alas, also full of improbabilities. No writer who was not absolutely confident of the laziness of his public could dare to be so careless of Chance. In this, at least, there is a princeliness about our Prince.

# Smoke Screen

## *A Modern Drama of Divorce—with a sting in the tale thereof*



*FOLLETT was a few yards away talking to someone else. There was that awareness between him and Elizabeth of two people who are detaching themselves from a crowd and going away alone*

"TOO, too Edwardian," a young woman said to me when I described Marjory Osler as a "charming divorcée," but then I am an Edwardian, and to me that is what Marjory is—just that. When I am with her I like her, and when I leave her I think of all the things she might have been and isn't. I object to her flashy ideas about life, her sex obsession, the way she gives her men away, the way she hands you a cocktail slopping over the edge so that your faultless and stainless shirt-front takes on a dissolute look . . . "It isn't as if it were your soul, Roger," she says with a silly little laugh which makes you wonder for a moment if it really was infidelity that young Osler divorced her for. Maybe a judge wouldn't consider a laugh enough. Only a French judge has any imagination.

Anyway, this story is not about Marjory. She comes in at the beginning with one of her wretched parties where wives are asked without husbands and vice versa. Too blatant, I always tell her, but she won't see it. "One must live out one's theories, Roger," she says. Whatever that means.

Elizabeth Sage was one of the young women asked to the party and Antony was the husband who stayed at home.

"Marjory Osler is having a party on Friday," Elizabeth said to Antony. "She wants me to stay the night."

Antony knew that tone of voice. It said: "If you will have me live in the wilds twenty-five miles from Piccadilly you can't really expect me not to break out occasionally."

Nevertheless he said: "Why stay the night? The car can wait."

"I loathe that journey after a party."

Antony shrugged. "As you like. Only, Marjory has such slack ideas about beds."

"Don't be absurd."

"If you're going out I shall go over to Tommy Munro's. Brighten up my bridge a bit."

"It's Nannie's evening off," Elizabeth said inconsequently. "She'll have to have Thursday instead. I don't like the idea of John being alone even if he is asleep."

"The servants will be in."

"They're too far away. They wouldn't hear him if he woke up."

"You know he never wakes up."

"You will find something to argue about, won't you?" Elizabeth said impatiently. "Especially if it concerns John."

"Well, you pamper him so."

"Loving isn't pampering."

"It's darned near it."

"And so on, and so on," said Elizabeth wearily.

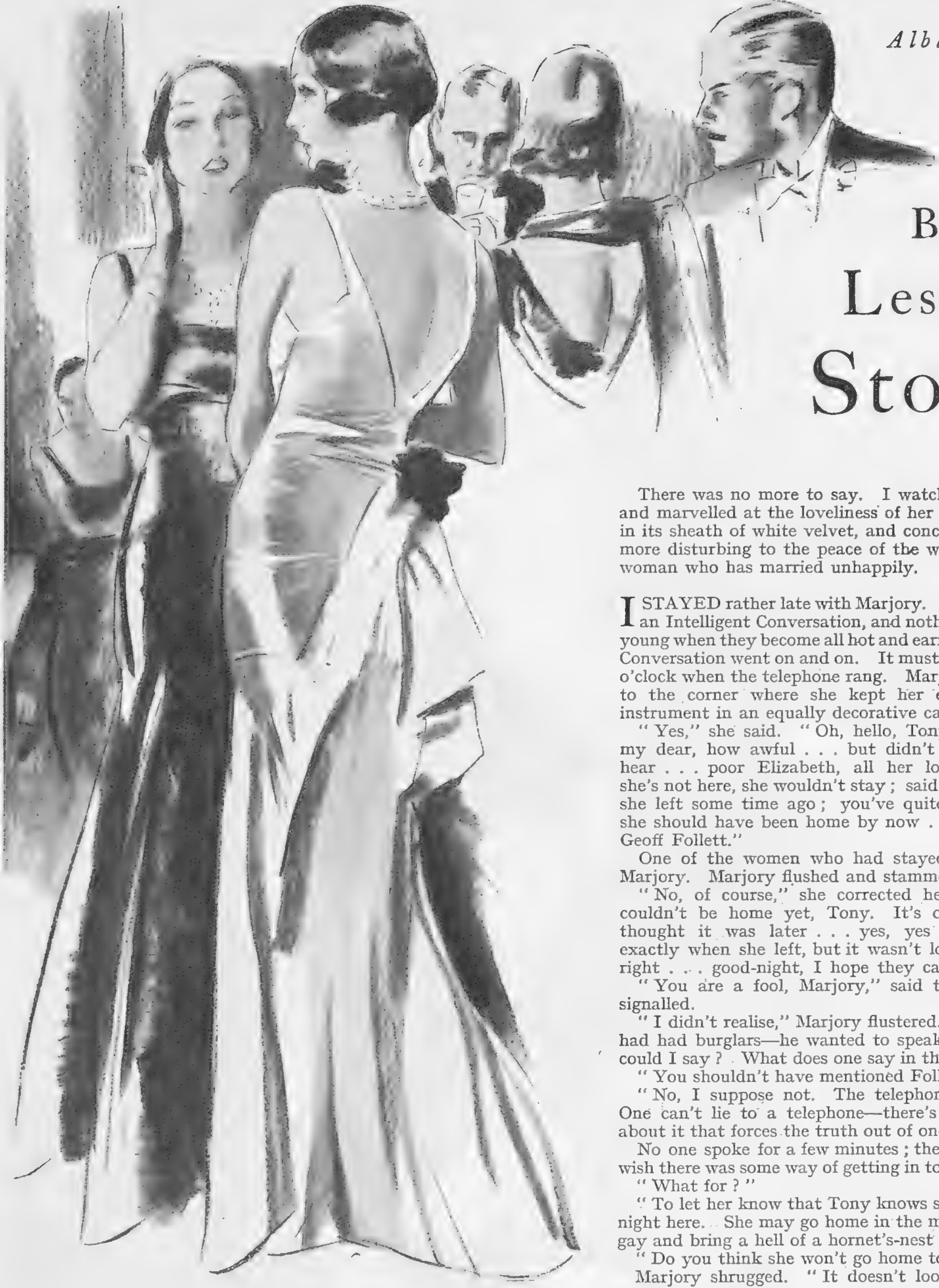
Elizabeth told me something of this conversation when I met her at the party.

"You know, Roger," she said, "Antony positively nags. He goes on and on, all in the same tone until I could scream. Sometimes I can bring myself to wish that John had never been born. He is the only reason why I endure Tony. I should have been away long ago if I didn't adore that babe."

Later when I saw her dancing consistently with Geoffrey Follett I was worried. I first met Elizabeth when she was six, and I find her at twenty-six only slightly less attractive. Her brown eyes were wide with wonder then; they are still wide, but not with wonder. Her auburn hair is as bright, her cheeks as pink, her body as slender—the whole effect of beauty is as dazzling, but I still have a Barrie-esque tenderness for the Elizabeth of six. And Follett makes me uneasy. He is too good-looking, with that lithe, supple body of his; like a beautiful animal, and just as inscrutable; and he knows far too much about women. He has the sense to hide it, too.

AS the evening went on Marjory's parties always had a disconcerting habit of disintegrating and resolving themselves into lots of two. That was Marjory's idea of a party. A staunch defender of the faith, she was—"male and female created He them"—and somehow no one could forget it when she was about.

Elizabeth and Follett disappeared shortly after midnight. I caught a glimpse of them sitting in a niche designed for privacy, talking, talking, with an intentness which completely shut them away from the rest of us. An hour later they were still there. Elizabeth's face was a little paler, as if she had been made to look upon and recognise the futility of her life and as if she had found it rather terrifying. I knew what Follett, with his genius for realities, would do. He would find out—knowing already, as everyone knew—that Elizabeth was not happy with Antony but that her love for the four-year-old John closed, for her, every possible way of escape. Follett would argue about the rights and duties of the individual, about the need for each to look upon himself or herself as an isolated ego upon whom neither child nor husband had the right to intrude. He would decorate his arguments with the hard bright glitter of his kind, showing life as a sort of Christmas tree laden with good things for those who had confidence enough to reach out for them. He would be very definite and manly about what Elizabeth's life ought to be . . . It annoyed me to see them sitting there. It annoyed me so much that I would



*Illustrated by Albert Bailey*

By
Lesley
Storm

have butted in, but there was only room for two on their settee. The party was not altogether a success. People began to go about half-past two and Elizabeth was amongst the first.

" I'm not staying the night after all, Roger," she said to me, " I'm restless and I want to go home."

Follett was a few yards away talking to someone else. There was that awareness between him and Elizabeth of two people who are detaching themselves from a crowd and going away alone. I felt it and I said to her in a stupid sort of way : " Let me run you back, Elizabeth."

" Geoffrey's taking me," she said. " He goes more or less in the same direction. " He's living in the country now. Surrey—about ten miles from us."

There was no more to say. I watched her go with him, and marvelled at the loveliness of her slender nervous body in its sheath of white velvet, and concluded that nothing is more disturbing to the peace of the world than a beautiful woman who has married unhappily.

I STAYED rather late with Marjory. A young man started an Intelligent Conversation, and nothing will stop the very young when they become all hot and earnest. The Intelligent Conversation went on and on. It must have been about four o'clock when the telephone rang. Marjory crossed the room to the corner where she kept her extremely decorative instrument in an equally decorative case.

" Yes," she said. " Oh, hello, Tony . . . Burglars . . . my dear, how awful . . . but didn't any of the servants hear . . . poor Elizabeth, all her lovely things . . . no, she's not here, she wouldn't stay ; said she was going home ; she left some time ago ; you've quite alarmed me, Tony, she should have been home by now . . . yes, she left with Geoff Follett."

One of the women who had stayed signalled wildly to Marjory. Marjory flushed and stammered a little.

" No, of course," she corrected herself rapidly. " She couldn't be home yet, Tony. It's only four o'clock. I thought it was later . . . yes, yes . . . I couldn't say exactly when she left, but it wasn't long ago . . . yes, all right . . . good-night, I hope they catch the brutes."

" You are a fool, Marjory," said the woman who had signalled.

" I didn't realise," Marjory flustered. " He told me they had had burglars—he wanted to speak to Elizabeth—what could I say ? What does one say in these circumstances ? "

" You shouldn't have mentioned Follett."

" No, I suppose not. The telephone is so bewildering. One can't lie to a telephone—there's something hypnotic about it that forces the truth out of one."

No one spoke for a few minutes ; then Marjory said : " I wish there was some way of getting in touch with Elizabeth."

" What for ? "

" To let her know that Tony knows she isn't spending the night here. She may go home in the morning all blithe and gay and bring a hell of a hornet's-nest about her ears."

" Do you think she won't go home to-night ? "

Marjory shrugged. " It doesn't look very like it. She left here ages ago."

" Awful mess for her."

I thought of the boy. If Antony considered that he had grounds for divorce he would go straight ahead. Elizabeth would lose her boy.

" Is Follett on the telephone ? " I asked.

" Only at his flat in town. Not at his country place."

" He wouldn't be at his flat, I suppose ? "

" No. He's having it re-decorated. I know, because Cecil Palfrey is doing it."

One can only interfere with the affairs of others up to a certain point. It seemed to me then that that point had been reached. I might have motored out to Follett's place. I might have said : " Look here, Elizabeth, Antony knows that you are not spending the night at Marjory's. Get home while there's still time." I might even have taken her home. Tony could have attached no suspicions to me. But I couldn't do it. I'd have died rather than go to Follett's house and ask for Elizabeth. There is, as I have said, a limit.

"Perhaps we're all wrong," Marjory said. "They may have been delayed on the road." And presently she added: "Elizabeth's bedroom has been absolutely ransacked, Tony says. All her jewellery gone, and her sable coat. They seem to have spent hours looting the place completely."

"Where was Tony?"

"Out, playing bridge."

"Awful bad luck on Elizabeth, what with one thing and another."

"Meanwhile," Marjory said, "where is Elizabeth?"

"Wherever she is," someone said, "I shouldn't think Follett is very far away."

"Well, good luck to them. She has a rotten time with that ass of a husband of hers, anyway."

They talked on, in the flippant, confident way they have, about marriage and divorce and re-marriage. Towards five o'clock I left them. I walked along Knightsbridge in the grey morning darkness, feeling, for perhaps the first time in my life, thankful to be old. The restless shuffle of lives, the demand for happiness without any attempt at supply, and beneath it all the undercurrent of an almost barbaric unscrupulousness, depressed me in those early hours beyond words. It produced in me a sort of mental coma, a deadness of thought and emotion which allied itself more happily to age than to youth. I went home to bed and dreamed strange, hovering, fantastic things about Elizabeth.

DURING the next few days I spent my time between the golf course and my club.

I felt, though I could not exactly have said why, what the Americans call "sore." Sore and pre-occupied and inclined to wonder what good it did a man to hit a ball round a course once every morning and once every afternoon. Also, I told Flood, my man, that if anyone rang me up to say that I had gone away for a week. Marjory telephoned and so did Elizabeth, but I went on with my golf. Then one morning, after the week was up, Flood met me in the hall as I came in for lunch to tell me in his own inimitable manner that a lady was waiting.

"She said you were expecting her, sir."

Nobody but Elizabeth took such liberties with me, so I said:—

"Oh, yes, quite. I had almost forgotten."

She was curled up in an armchair turning over the pages of the *Tatler* when I entered. She wore a slim black suit, beautifully cut, with a soft, adorable blouse of creamy satin and a great silver fox slung over one shoulder. She wore her clothes with an air, with that soupçon of jauntiness and just that mere breath of a swagger which one notices in the women of New York and Vienna. But her face was pale, and there were bluish shadows beneath her eyes.

"I got past Cerberus by the skin of my teeth," she said. "I had to tell him you were expecting me."

"So I was."

"To-day?"

"One day," I said.

"I suppose you know all about it. Marjory's all most of us need as a publicity agent."

"I haven't seen Marjory since her party. I've been away, you know."

"Yes, I telephoned once. I thought it was only Cerberus's little way of being funny."

"True," I admitted. "I wasn't away."

Elizabeth stared at me and said nothing.

Presently she lit a cigarette and murmured in a would-be casual, drawling voice: "Life's hard on us girls."

"Yes," I said, equally casually.

"Tony is positively hollering for a divorce. What I don't know about a man's pride" (she mimicked him) "and a man's good name and a man's honour isn't worth knowing."

"Since when?" I asked.

"Since the night of Marjory's party. You know that Geoffrey Follett took me home?"

I nodded.

"Well, he didn't."

There was a wild, defiant glitter in her eyes that belied all this play-acting.

"What happened?" I asked.

She twisted herself deeper into the chair, crushed the stump of one cigarette and lit another. This was most unlike Elizabeth. Her nerves were obviously on edge, and the cost of turning a calm, unconcerned face to the world was telling heavily upon her. She did not deceive me with her drawl or with her theatrical detachment or with her raised eyebrows and slightly pouting lips.

"Geoffrey's car developed a knock," she said indifferently, examining her finger-nails. "We were much nearer his house than ours. The only sensible thing to do was to go there. Geoffrey said a big-end had gone. Ever heard of a big-end?"

I hadn't.

"They're terribly important."

"Yes?"

"It's not a very exciting story, I'm afraid. It sounds rather cut and dried. Tony, of course, doesn't believe a word of it."

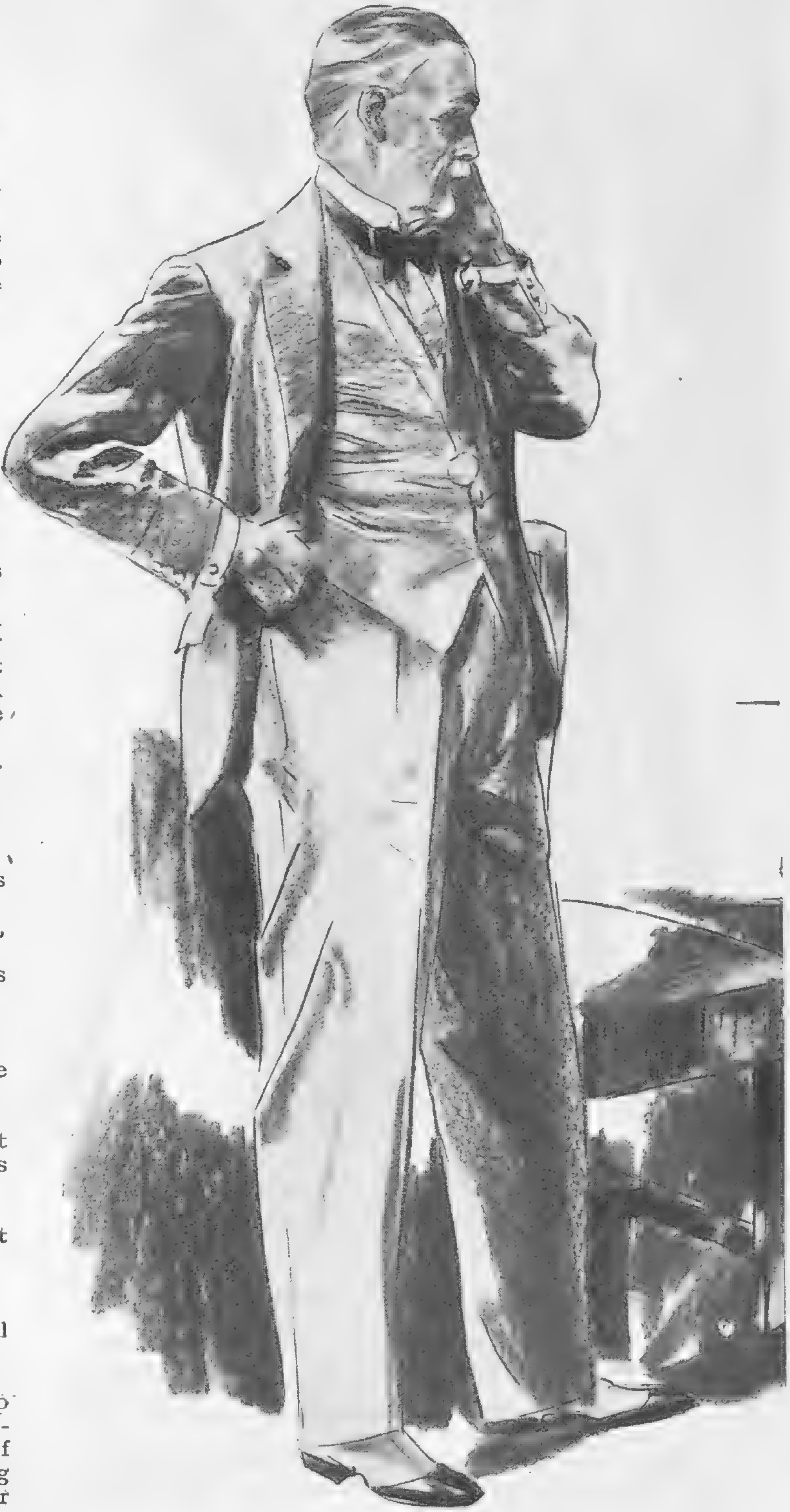
"When did you reach home?"

"Not until lunch-time. I didn't hurry because I thought Tony would think I was with Marjory."

"Yes."

"Wasn't it a ghastly piece of luck having burglars on that night? Why that night more than any other? Who would ever have dreamed that Tony would telephone to Marjory's?"

*"Would you have told him—that you hadn't spent the night with Marjory, I mean—if he hadn't happened to find out?"*



*She looked at me. " You know Tony. Do you think it likely that I should have told him ?"*

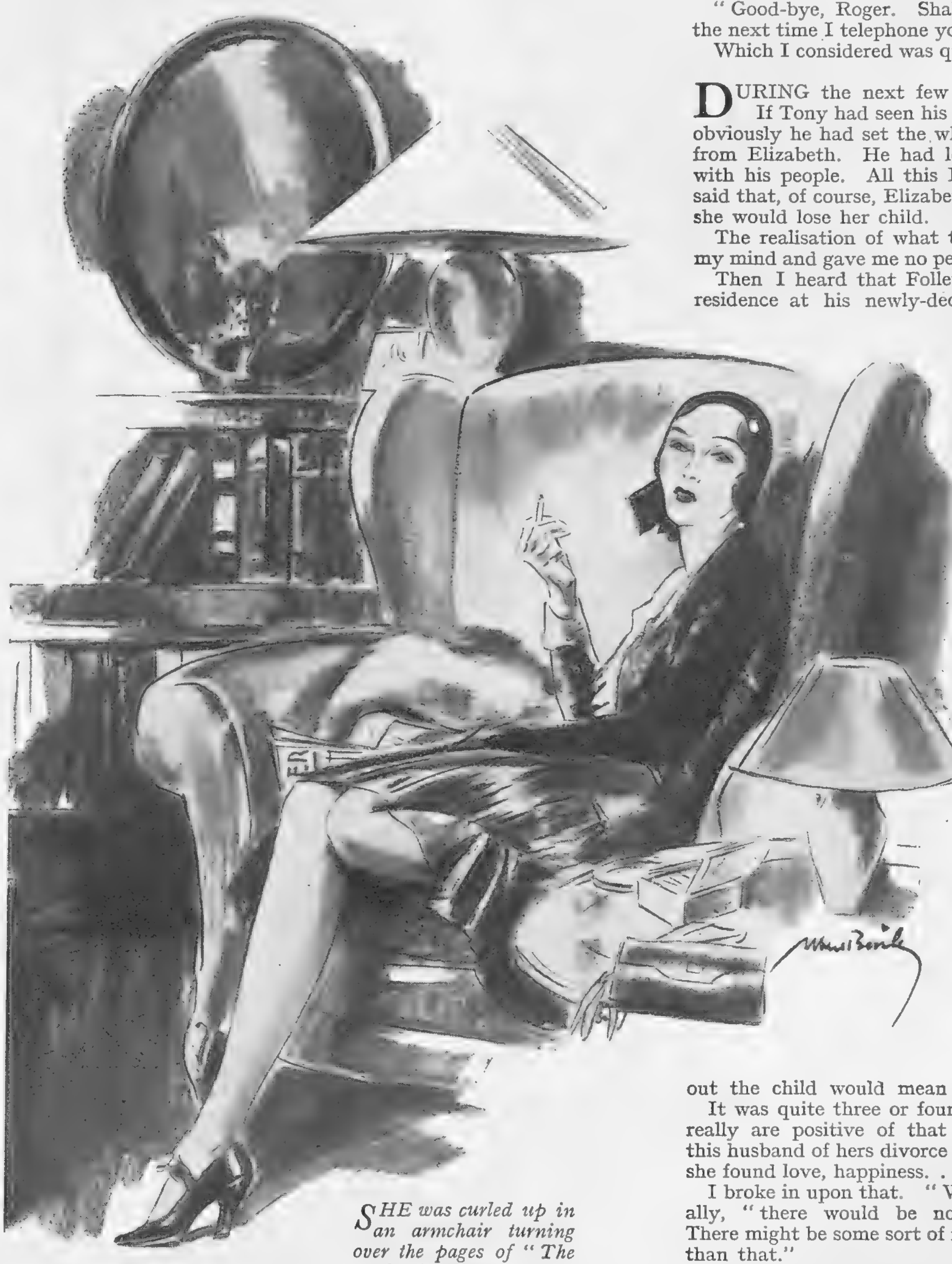
She brooded over the glowing end of her cigarette. " In a mind like Tony's," she murmured, " there is never any doubt of guilt. Especially in a woman."

I could well believe that. Just as I believed how he would rave about a man's name and a man's honour. Tony had the kind of mind which is completely equipped with the correct tags and labels for every occasion. An irritating man, Tony. Yet there were occasions when one could quite see his point of view. . .

" He hasn't spoken a word to me for a week," Elizabeth went on with a quiet smile. " Not since he let loose his wrath and injured pride upon me. He went to see his people yesterday ; they, of course, would back him up."

" They never approved of you much," I said for the sake of saying something.

The first hint of danger was in Elizabeth's voice when she said : " His mother wanted to take John away at once. She is so sure that all the angels are on Tony's side. But I said : 'Not so fast, *if* you please.' "



*SHE was curled up in an armchair turning over the pages of " The Tatler " when I entered*

I looked at her. I had been afraid to speak of John. He was so much Elizabeth's child, so little Tony's. It was unbearable to think where all this might lead.

" Tony," she continued, " had an interview with his solicitor yesterday. I found that out. He thinks he has only to raise his little finger to get a *decree nisi* and the custody of the child. Then he'll make a fresh start in life, so to speak, having profited greatly by his experience."

" But John ? " I said.

She smiled in a grave, baffling way, and lifted one shoulder in a mere suggestion of a shrug. " He'll never get John," she said.

I did not argue. I was anxious and deeply perturbed. Given this and that (and Elizabeth had made no definite denial), I could not see how she was going to emerge unscathed from this affair.

She stayed for lunch, and left me shortly before three.

" I've an appointment at three," she said smiling, " with a man—a ferret. I feel rather like something in one of Edgar Wallace's stories."

Before I had time to ask her anything she had gathered up her bag and gloves and held out her hand to me.

" Good-bye, Roger. Shall you have gone away for a week the next time I telephone you ? "

Which I considered was quite unjust of Elizabeth.

DURING the next few days I was restless and worried. If Tony had seen his solicitors and all the rest of it, then obviously he had set the wheels in motion to obtain a divorce from Elizabeth. He had left the house, too, and was living with his people. All this I learned from Marjory Osler, who said that, of course, Elizabeth was in a thorough mess and that she would lose her child.

The realisation of what that would mean to her nagged at my mind and gave me no peace.

Then I heard that Follett was in town, having taken up residence at his newly-decorated flat, which was already besieged by magazine representatives trying to photograph it. So I screwed up my courage and went to see Follett.

His flat was superb, and his own unconcealed delight in it was quite refreshing. He was as intrigued as a child by the tricks he could play with his lights. The lighting system was certainly rather marvellous. I was thrilled and fascinated. Elongated metal tubes lay along the windows, behind the faces of clocks, behind mirrors, and in curious cube-like niches in his mantelpiece. . . But I did not go to Follett's flat to examine Follett's lights.

We came to rest, after a tour of inspection, in the dining-room, and it was over a cocktail there that I broached the subject of Elizabeth. Astonishingly, he knew nothing whatever of the trouble. His ignorance was quite genuine. He listened with tightly-closed lips and lowered lids, and his face paled a little as I proceeded.

" And I happen to know," I said, " just what life without the child would mean to Elizabeth."

It was quite three or four minutes before he spoke. " You really are positive of that ? " he asked. " Suppose she let this husband of hers divorce her—made a clean break—suppose she found love, happiness. . ."

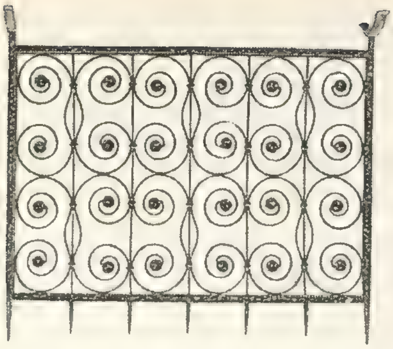
I broke in upon that. " Without the boy," I said emphatically, " there would be no happiness for Elizabeth—ever. There might be some sort of makeshift, but it would be no more than that."

He was silent again, and presently he said with an odd, shy sort of smile :

" What's he like—this child of Elizabeth's ? "

" He's a fine chap—absurdly like her."

(*Continued on p.* 104)



# The Traditional Handicrafts of England

*A short account of those ancient crafts which still exist to-day, together with a map showing where they are to be found*

## By Beryl Freeman

*With a Map specially drawn by MacDonald Gill*

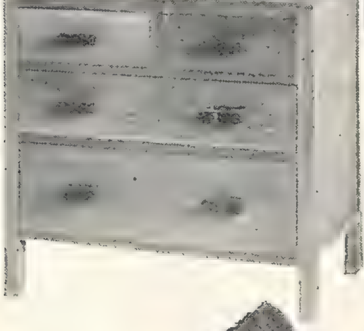
THE art of the craftsman has an irresistible appeal: it is symbolic of the life of the race, in it are embodied the experience and the desires of our forbears, and the craftsman to-day is a living link with the traditions of the past. In spite of the increasing standardisation of our lives, in spite of machinery and mass production, many beautiful and useful objects are still produced by methods of handicraft passed on from father to son for hundreds of years, and many fine craftsmen still produce work which is in every respect as good as that of their ancestors.

*THE wrought iron screen above and this beehive chair of traditional design are the work of artist-craftsmen living to-day*

The crafts in England may be divided roughly into four groups, of which the following are the most important:—

1. Hand-woven fabrics, embroidery, lace and gloves.
2. Decorative metal, wrought iron, pewter, copper and brass.
3. Hand-made furniture, turned wooden bowls, etc.
4. Basketry and rush-work.

The latter is probably the most ancient craft in England; the osiers of Norfolk or the Severn Valley are now, as they were in Saxon times, woven into matting (the earliest known form of carpet), into baskets and rough furniture. Norfolk particularly is famous for its rush carpets, referred to in the reign of Henry VIII as, "Matte both hard and chepe and of a hauslike appurtenance withall." The basket-maker may often be seen at work beside his cottage door surrounded by baskets and withies, and weaving in precisely the same manner as did his forefathers hundreds of years ago. At Hurstmonceaux the "trug," or garden basket of split wood continues to be made, a type of basket traditional to this corner of the Downs since the sixteenth century.



*POTTERY, quilting and basket-work are three of the oldest handicrafts of our island, and the recent revival in hand-made furniture is much to be applauded*

The present-day complaint that the dumping of cheap imported goods has deprived the British craftsman of his right to live is not a new one. When the energetic and enterprising Flemish cloth workers came over and settled in Kent, their efforts at capturing trade from their English rivals were so successful that in the year 1621 the London weavers presented a petition to the King, complaining of the Flemish competition, in which they stated that—"one man doth more than seven English can doe." The petition was evidently effective, for in the eighteenth century the foreign weavers departed. There are still traces of their influence in Kent, and at Sherborne in Dorset hand-woven silk is still made by the descendants of refugee Huguenots. The woollen industry was gradually transferred to Lancashire, though for many years scattered spinners and weavers continued to supply local wants, but now probably only a few hundred hand-loom weavers still remain.

IN the old days of hand-weaving, in addition to the actual spinning, every one who had a pair of hands was called into service to help prepare the weavers' material. The various kinds of mosses used in dyeing had to be picked, the raw fleece had to be hung on the walls to dry, and the wool picked and carded.

Shetland wool is worked by the islanders from the wool of native sheep by the spinning wheel; its characteristic softness and lightness is, of course, well known. The elaborate designs which ornament many of these woollen goods are a legacy from the sailors of the flagship of the Spanish Armada, wrecked off these shores in 1588, and are in reality patterns representative of religious symbols of Spain.

Fair Isle, which lies between Orkney and Shetland, produces a rather different type of knitting, and favours brilliant colours and ornate designs on the beige and brown of the natural wool. From these two remote islands jumpers, cardigans, gloves, shawls, scarves and rugs are distributed to every corner of the world.

Home-spun woollens continue to be woven in Cumberland and Yorkshire, along the valley of the Tweed, in the Cheviots, in Ayrshire and in Wales, and there seems, happily, no decrease in the demand for these lovely and practical materials.

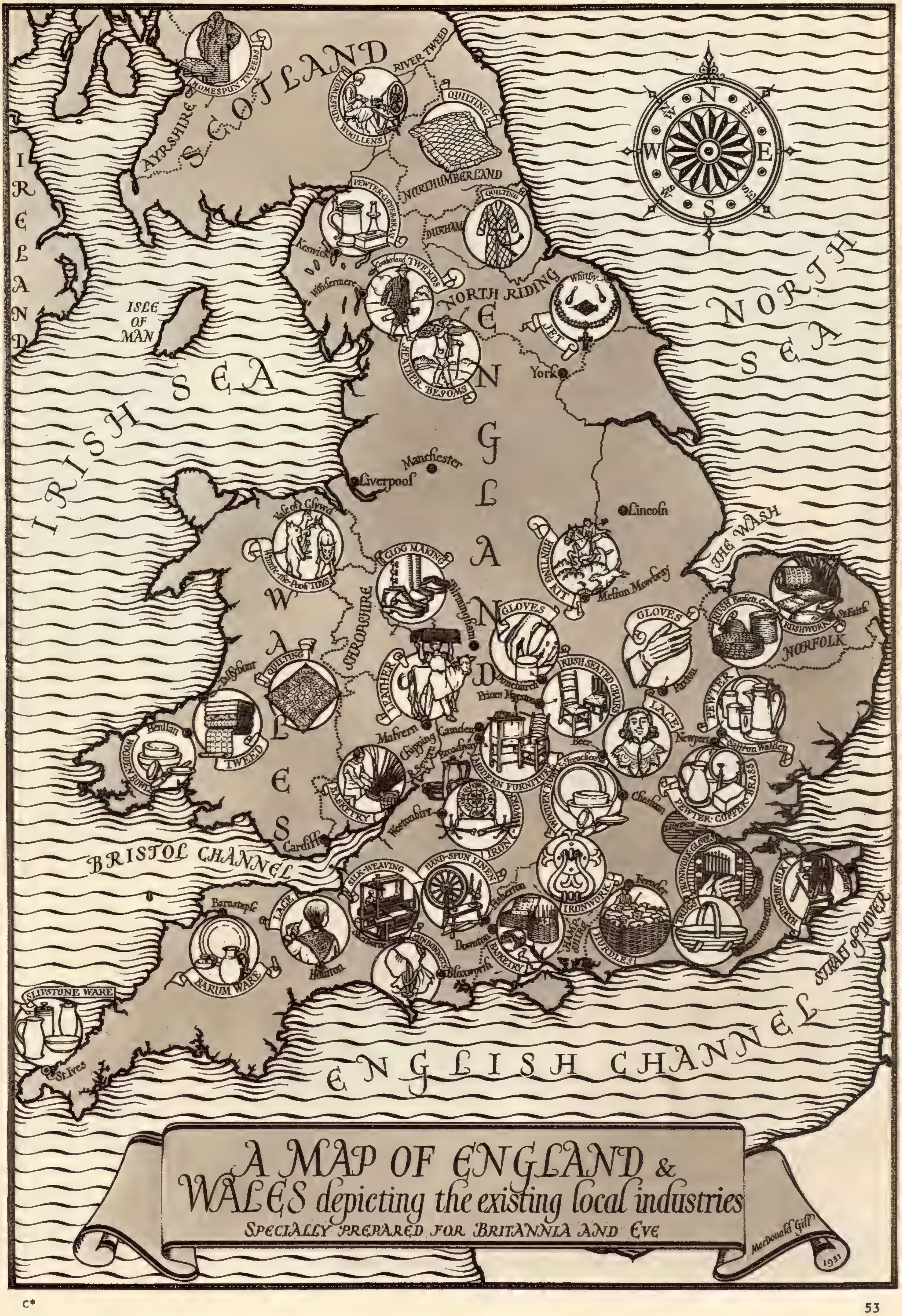
A fast vanishing English product is the sun-bonnet, impossible to dissociate from the idylls of hay-making. It is still made at the village of Bloxworth in Dorset, but before many decades may quite possibly find its way to join collections of rare headgear and become merely a museum piece.

QUILTING, now so fashionable an occupation, seems easy work, and the amateur is generally fairly satisfied with the result of her labour until she compares it with the magnificent work of the women quilters of Durham, Northumberland and Wales. The designs, which are purely free-hand, no tracing being used, are traditional and date at least from the Tudor period. The quilts are made by the community, members of the village working whenever they can. They are interlined with wool and are exactly the same on both sides, the perfection of their workmanship and beauty of design is remarkable.

Lace-making, alas, is dying out. Formerly it was made all over the Midlands and South-Eastern counties, but now only a few isolated workers are to be found—chiefly in Buckinghamshire and Devonshire. In lace-making both pillows and sticks vary slightly according to the district. Buckinghamshire bobbins are very intricate and decorative in their designs, made of bone or ivory, and often bearing the signature of their original possessors. Honiton sticks, on the other hand, are quite plain and unornamental. The Honiton pillow is small and flat, the Bucks pillow much larger and round in shape. In the old days when candle-light had to be economised and distributed as advantageously as possible, a glass globe filled with water was placed beside the candles and the workers grouped themselves around in such a manner that the concentrated light shone on the pillows.

The smith, whose task it formerly was to clothe our knights-at-arms cap-à-pie in armour, gradually degenerated into the village blacksmith, and now the motor-car has nearly driven the smith away, but luckily an outlet for

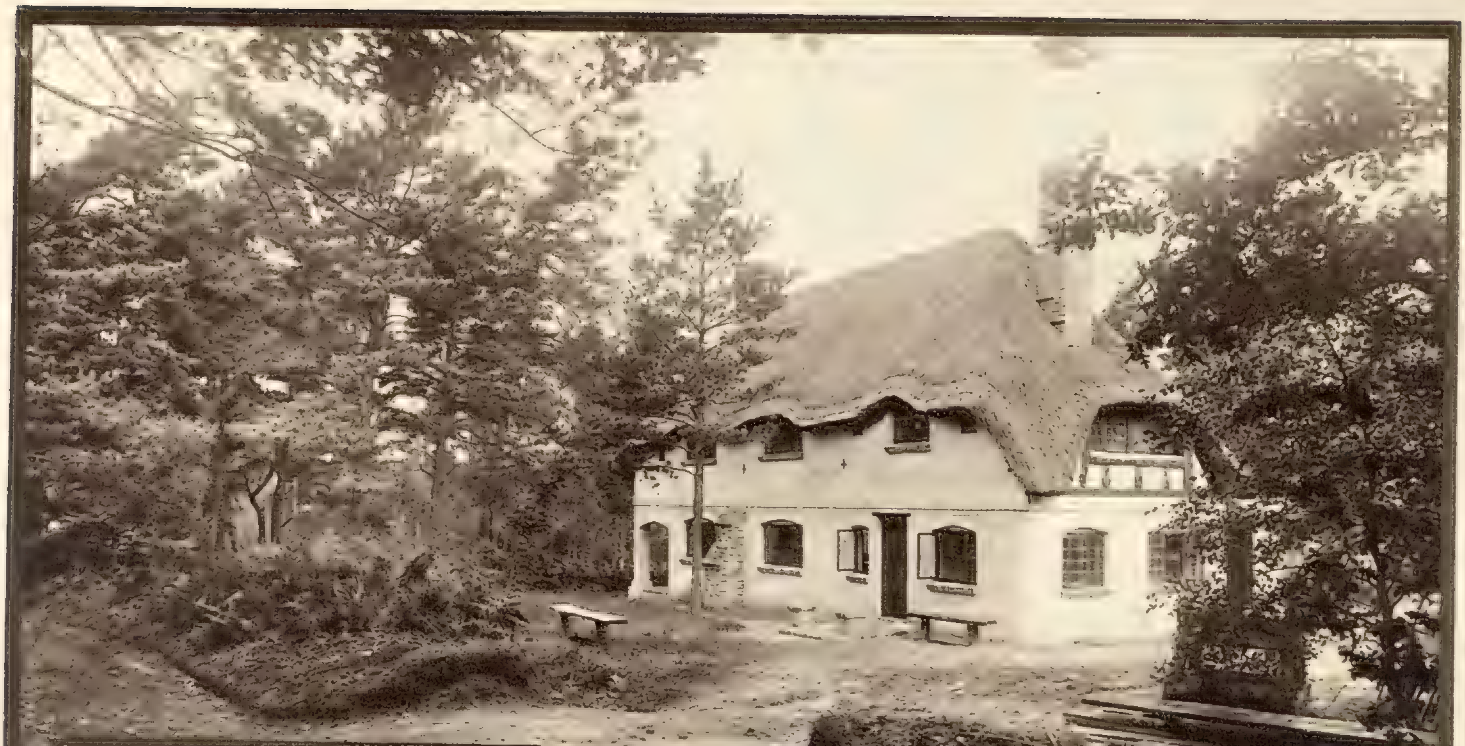
(*Continued on page 140*)



SCOTLAND
HOMESPUN TWEEDS
AYRSHIRE
RIVER TWEED
HOMESPUN WOOLLENS
QUILTING
NORTHUMBERLAND
PEWTER·COPPER·BRASS
Keswick
QUILTING
DURHAM
Windermere
Cumberland TWEEDS
NORTH RIDING
Whitby
JET
HEATHER BESOMS
ENGLAND
York
IRELAND
ISLE OF MAN
IRISH SEA
NORTH SEA
N
E
S
W
Manchester
Liverpool
Lincoln
THE WASH
Vale of Clwyd
Winnie-the-Pooh TOYS
CLOG MAKING
HUNTING KIT
Melton Mowbray
RUSH Baskets
RUSHWORK
St Faith
NORFOLK
WALES
SHROPSHIRE
Birmingham
GLOVES
GLOVES
QUILTING
LEATHER
RUSH SEATED CHAIRS
Priors Marston
PEWTER
LACE
Newport
Saffron Walden
Penllan
WOODEN BOWLS
TWEED
Malvern
Chipping Camden
Broadway
R. Severn
MODERN FURNITURE
Beer
WOODEN BOWLS
BASKETRY
Westonbirt
Chesham
PEWTER·COPPER·BRASS
IRONWORK
Cardiff
BRISTOL CHANNEL
SILK-WEAVING
HAND-SPUN LINEN
IRONWORK
IRONWORK GATES
Barnstaple
LACE
Honiton
BARUM WARE
SUNBONNETS
Bloxworth
Downton
BASKETRY
HURDLES
TRUGS
HANDSPUN SILK
SLIPSTONE WARE
St. Ives
STRAIT of DOVER
ENGLISH CHANNEL
MacDonald Gill
1931

A MAP OF ENGLAND & WALES depicting the existing local industries

SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR BRITANNIA AND EVE



*A modern thatched cottage at West Chiltington Common, near Pulborough, Sussex, designed by Mr. R. F. Wells*

# Week-ends *in the* Woods

## *A Charming Country Cottage in Sussex*

By

**P. A. Barron**

*At one end there is a delightful little loggia where meals may be served in the summer time*

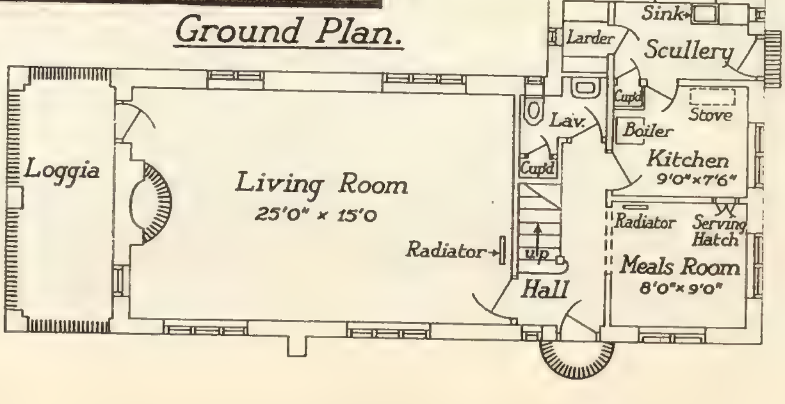
*The "meals" room is partly screened-off from the entrance hall, but has no separate door*

A TITLED woman recently said that nobody nowadays can afford to keep up a town house and a place in the country. Of course, she was quite wrong. There are to-day more townspeople who own country seats than there were at any previous period, but the difference between the present and former times is that the ideal of a mansion in Mayfair and an ancestral country home has changed to that of a town flat and a country cottage.

Thousands of townspeople to-day consider the purchase of a small country cottage not as an extravagance, but as a method of saving money. They say, truthfully, that cars tempt them to spend a great many week-ends out of town, and that accommodation at the seaside or in the country during these respites costs much more than the small sums required for the purchase of a cottage, and that, in any case, they are much cheaper than doctors' bills.

The argument is quite sound. Charming little holiday homes can be bought to-day at prices from about £560 to £1400, and most of them are bought,

Ground Plan.


Fuel
Sink
Larder
Scullery
Cupd
Stove
Lav.
Boiler
Kitchen
9'0"×7'6"
Cupd
Loggia
Living Room
25'0" × 15'0
Radiator
Serving Hatch
Radiator
Meals Room
8'0"×9'0"
up
Hall

even by fairly well-to-do people, in the same way as they buy their cars—that is, on the instalment system.

Anyone who can afford to spend 20s. or 30s. a week can have a small week-end cottage which, in a few years, will become their freehold property. How far would such sums go towards the provision of other accommodation whenever one desired to leave the hurly-burly of town life and to breathe fresh air ? Not very far, you will agree.

As so many have already realised these facts, there has grown a great demand for small week-end cottages and bungalows, either by the sea or in beauty-spots at some little distance from main roads. The result has not been altogether pleasing, because some of these small and inexpensive holiday homes are so ugly that many people complain that the English countryside is being disfigured by them.

Recently, however, most praiseworthy efforts have been made to provide beautiful week-end cottages as picturesque as the charming little thatched homes which in former times made England one of the loveliest countries in the world.

These new cottages have the charm of the old, but have been so cleverly designed that they are as convenient and labour-saving as a modern flat.

An ideal example is the cottage at West Chiltington Common, close to the South Downs. On this lovely stretch of heather and pine-clad country there are to be found a number of charming thatched cottages. No two are alike, but the one shown on these pages is typical of the style adopted, and their white-washed walls and thatched roofs are in perfect harmony with the English countryside. A glance at the plan will show that this cottage has a living-room of quite surprising dimensions, for it measures twenty-five by fifteen feet.

To accommodate an indoor dining-table there is a space which the designer describes as the "meals" room. It is really part of the hall, as no door separates it, but it is completely screened from the eyes of a chance caller.

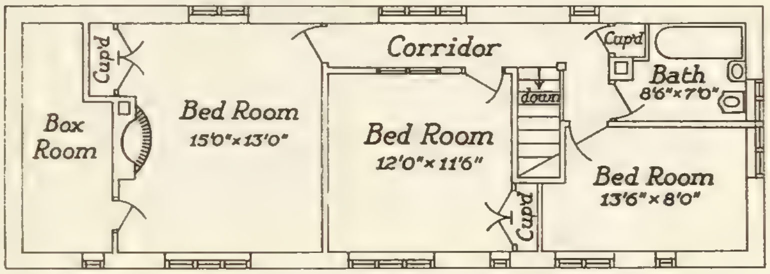
The plan will show you that there are three bed-rooms, a bath-room, a large box-room, a kitchen, and separate scullery. All the rooms have a charmingly old-fashioned appearance, but the kitchen, scullery, and bath-room are on quite modern lines.

The cottage is also equipped with central heating and has wash-hand basins with hot and cold water in all the bed-rooms. It is a simple matter to equip them with small electric-lighting plants, or petrol-gas may be used for cooking and lighting.

The smallest cottage of this description costs, with land, only £560. One with three bed-rooms and picturesque loggia costs about £850. Such a one as is described here can be built to-day at a price from £1,100 to £1,300, according to the situation and finish.

*The simply furnished living-room is of considerable size and has a door opening on to the loggia*

*A comfortable corner of the living-room boasts a couch beneath the windows and books to hand*

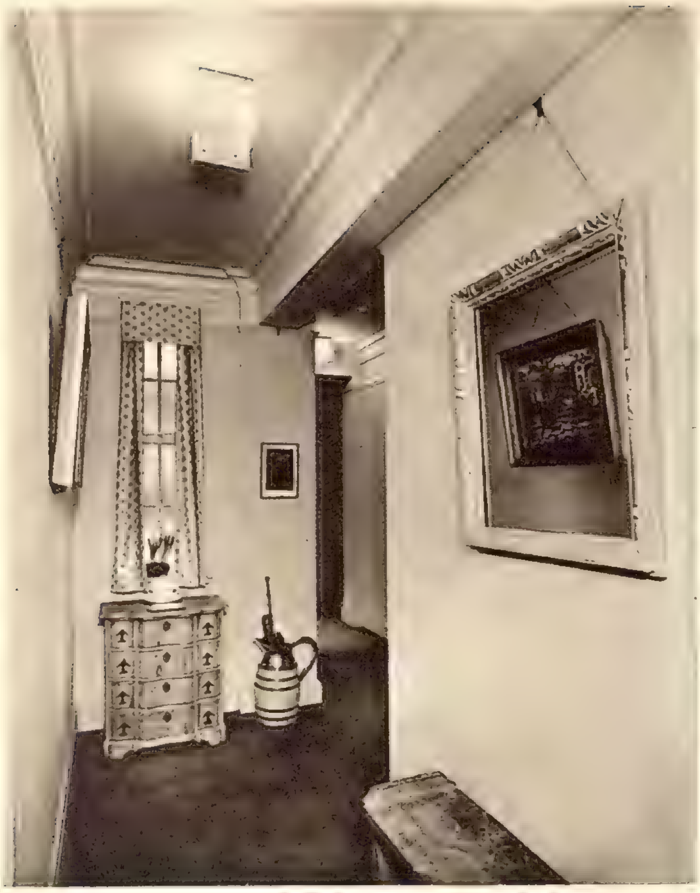


First Floor Plan.

*In spite of the simplicity of this cottage, the bed-rooms boast the luxury of wash-basins with hot and cold water laid on*

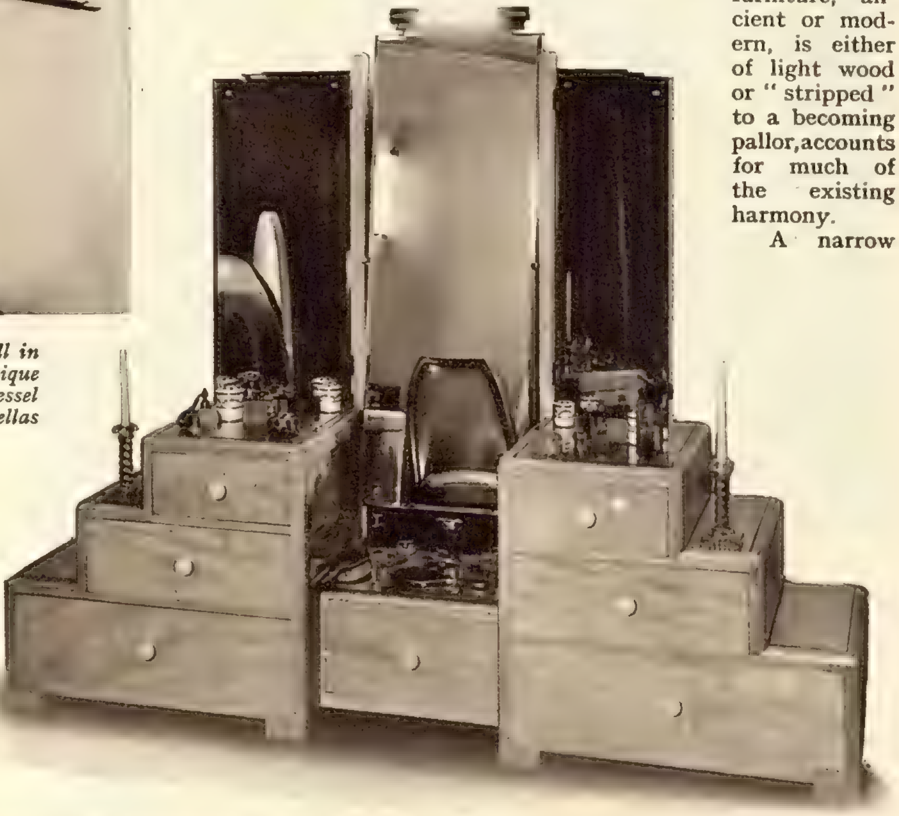
# A very Charming London Flat

## Described by Pamela Murray



*The narrow hall in which an antique oak milk-vessel holds the umbrellas*

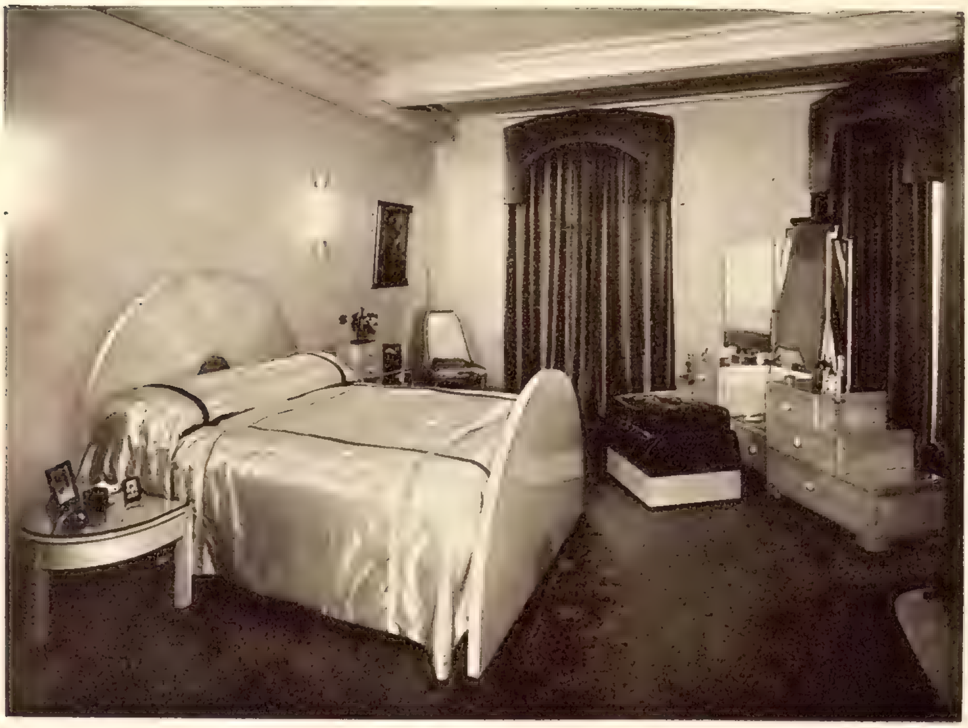
(Below) *A useful arrangement of triple mirrors and a strip-light characterise the dressing-table of very modern design carried out in sycamore*



OUR interest in flats, new or converted, our own or other peoples, from the luxury suite to the "wee butt an' ben," is a live factor in modern existence. The 1931 "hen" lunch-party is more concerned with the relative merits and failings of flats v. houses than with short hair v. long.

Woman, because she is more enlightened, adaptable, and imitative, has welcomed the domestic comforts and the decorative possibilities offered by a flat, and is ready to copy or to create attractive schemes for her own stairless abode. As the photographs show, Miss Reitlinger has been successful in her simple methods of achieving uncrowded restfulness, but, alas! they cannot bring you the subtle delicacy of colouring, nor emphasise all the ways in which she has managed to blend old things with new, neither giving preference to *bizarre* modernity nor to "crabbèd age." None of the rooms are sufficiently "period" to weary one with overwhelming exactitude, but the fact that all the furniture, ancient or modern, is either of light wood or "stripped" to a becoming pallor, accounts for much of the existing harmony.

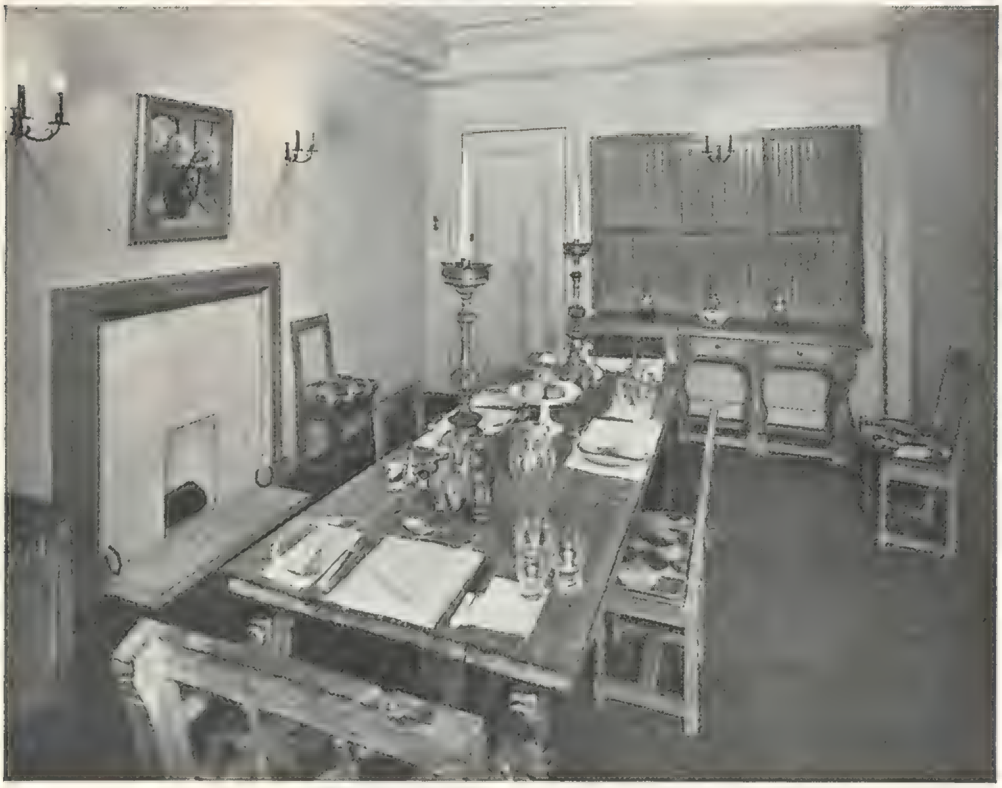
A narrow hall like a passage is lightened by walls the colour of a half-ripe lemon, paler than sunshine, more original than cream. An antique oak milk-can with a polished brass rim holds umbrellas, while a low bench for coats and a delicate bow-fronted bureau complete the furniture. Windows are curtained in yellow glazed chintz, printed with demure pink flowers. A lovely white glazed china dish stands on the bureau, while heavy Victorian paperweights in green glass match the flower vases and the tooled cover of the telephone directory. These occupy a shelf above the concealed radiators in the inner hall. Overhead is a square frosted-glass lantern, capably modern, but not extravagantly strange. One wall holds a mirror in a carved frame, while the others are alive with interesting pictures. A colourful negro by the owner's artist brother, Gerald Reitlinger, looks towards "Fitzroy Square," by Adrian Daintrey.



*As a setting to the sycamore bed-room furniture, the painted mignonette green walls were a happy choice*

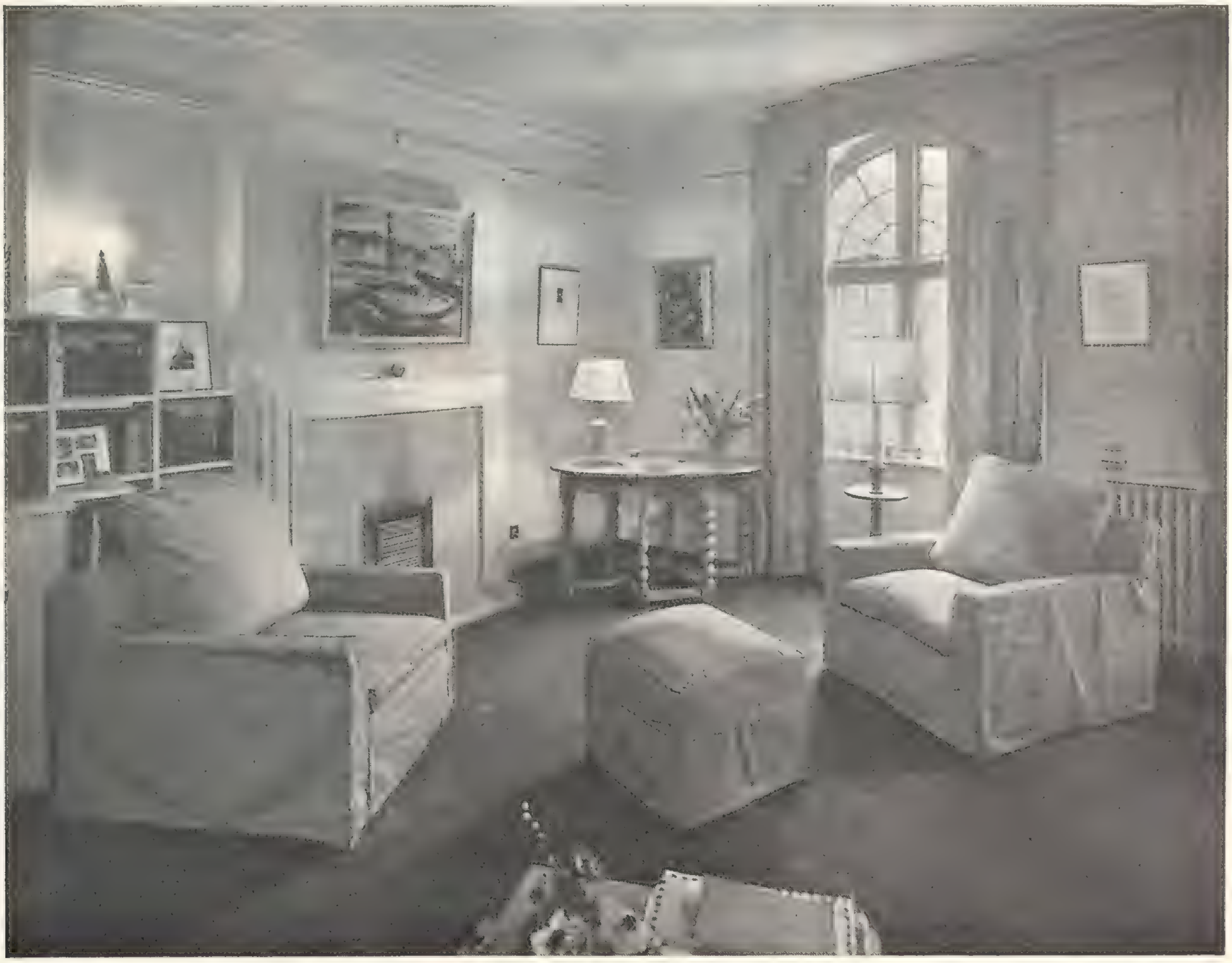
# Miss Reitlinger's Flat (4, Hugo House) in Sloane St.

Photographed by
Humphrey *and* Vera Joel



*The dining-room has taken inspiration from the Middle Ages in spite of the up-to-date "fruit pattern" curtains and chair seats in a modern design carried out in brown and apricot*

Only one colour predominates in the square living-room, with the result that it looks twice the size it would if an ambitious rainbow-scheme had been allowed to run riot. Pale pearl walls and woodwork, very faintly rose-tinted, have a *matte* finish; which is so much newer and more becoming to pictures than the inevitable glossy surface. Easy chairs, pouffe, and settee are covered in a serviceable tobacco shade; while two taffeta cushions, one pearl, the other apricot, provide delicate colour-notes, complimented by flowers in a green glass vase standing on the beautiful Charles II. gate-legged table, which is undoubtedly a genuine piece and deserves its place of honour in the room. One of the most original features is a set of built-in bookshelves of irregular lengths and levels. They contrive to break up the formality of one wall, and the cupboards underneath are useful for stationery, needlework and music. The electric stove has been built-in where the grate should be, giving an appearance of neatness and suiting the plain lines of the mantelpiece, over which hangs a remarkable picture of Dieppe Harbour by the late Christopher Wood. Unobtrusive glass lamps dotted about the tables and an engaging frosted "snowball" which stands on the (*Continued on page* 145)



*Only one colour predominates in the square living-room. The easy chairs, pouffe, and settee are covered in a serviceable tobacco shade*

*"A Host in the Sunshine, an Army in June*
*The people God sends us to set our heart free . . ."*

BLISS CARMAN

# Entertaining *in the* Garden

## By Gwendolen Oerton

*A jade and crystal cocktail set costs 49/6, including the jade tray. The ivory cherry sticks can be obtained for 1/- each. Marshall & Snelgrove*

*Shelley china in a modern design would be delightful for an alfresco party. A tea-set of twenty-one pieces costs £2 8s. 9d.*

*Yvonne Gregory*

OUR long summer afternoons, longer now that daylight saving is a legalised institution, lend themselves to entertaining out of doors.

The English garden, always famous, has now more devotees than ever, and the increased popularity of the week-end cottage is making gardeners of us all. Apart from the æsthetic pleasures to be obtained from the sight and scent of a garden, the benefits of open-air and sunshine cannot be over-estimated, and it is essential to our health to live in the open as much as possible during the brief summer months.

Entertaining out of doors has unlimited possibilities, even the smallest garden is more spacious than a room, and there is a pleasant air of informality, the limitations of furniture and equipment matter less, than when one is in a house.

THERE are, however, a number of useful pieces of garden furniture which greatly alleviate the inevitable extra trouble of serving meals in the garden. A dinner wagon on wheels is a great boon, for an entire meal can thus emerge bodily from the kitchen quarters. Another help is a tray-basket with handles, which facilitates the carrying of drinks, glasses, jugs, etc. These can now be obtained for a moderate sum, made of wicker work in a number of delightful colours and complete with a set of gaily painted glasses and a jug of sensible size. A narrow tray, intended for sandwiches, with three divisions and a handle, is another useful accessory. It is as well to dispense with silver when serving tea in the garden, and a cottage pottery set would look charming with a pewter or copper kettle. An electric point in the garden is an immense comfort; this does not cost much to install (provided, of course, that the house is wired for electricity) and kettles can be boiled and chafing dishes prepared on the spot, or the radio can be plugged in to entertain the guests.

APART from the usual pastimes of tennis, clock golf, etc., a new variant of deck-tennis played with a rubber ring, known as Teniquoit, may be played. Near the court, out of the sun, should be a table furnished with a lemonade set, and those attractive mattresses which can be obtained in colourful chintzes and which fold up into dumpy seats, are excellent for sun-bathers or the merely tired.

Before the cocktail hour arrives many long drinks will be required, and here are two new recipes which will be appreciated by all.

LEMON-WATER.—Put the juice of three lemons into a jug, add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, three tumblers full of cold water and soft sugar to taste. Beat thoroughly until there is no trace of white of egg and pour into four tumblers in which you have put some crushed ice. This drink is not only delicious, but it has a most beneficial effect during hot weather.

FRUIT CUP.—Put a slice of orange, one of lemon, some crushed mint and a few pieces of cucumber skin into a large jug and add the juice of the orange and lemon and that of one grape fruit. Add sugar to taste, a pinch of powdered ginger, cover the jug and stand it on ice for an hour before using. Add iced water or soda water just before serving. The quantities given above should make a drink for six people, but it depends on the juiciness of the fruit. A few strawberries may also be added.

*This attractive lemonade set of gaily coloured pottery costs 15/6. The wicker basket on legs costs 33/9. From Marshall & Snelgrove*

# FASHION
# Notes from Paris

### The latest news of what is being worn there to-day

THIS season's mode is noticeable for its extraordinary variety of silhouettes and for its unusually colourful palette. Thus we have three-quarter length straight jackets as well as finger-tip length close-fitting ones, plain tailored frocks with box pleating and street frocks with the slightly flaring tulip silhouette.

If you don't care for vivid-coloured and belted day coats you may choose a collarless model sectioned by a complicated cut, and your evening wrap can be either an exquisite little velvet or taffeta affair with a cape collar and elbow-sleeves, or a three-quarter length wrap of the same material as your dress.

The vivid shades that are asserting themselves with more insistence as the summer advances take their origin in colonial suggestions. For once the Parisienne has forsaken her beloved black and clings to bright reds, greens, madonna blues, pea-greens or coral reds, which are especially smart in lightly woven woollens, some of which are so thin that they resemble chiffon and are sometimes used for dinner gowns.

Though varied, trimmings show fewer complications than last season. Neat piqué touches enliven the tailored frock. Gilets of this material are sometimes part of the costume jacket. A costume much remarked at a recent race meeting displayed a tight-fitting white Swiss embroidered jacket with elbow-length sleeves worn over a nigger brown taffeta dress with a tiered skirt, and many dresses have a top of a different material and colour.

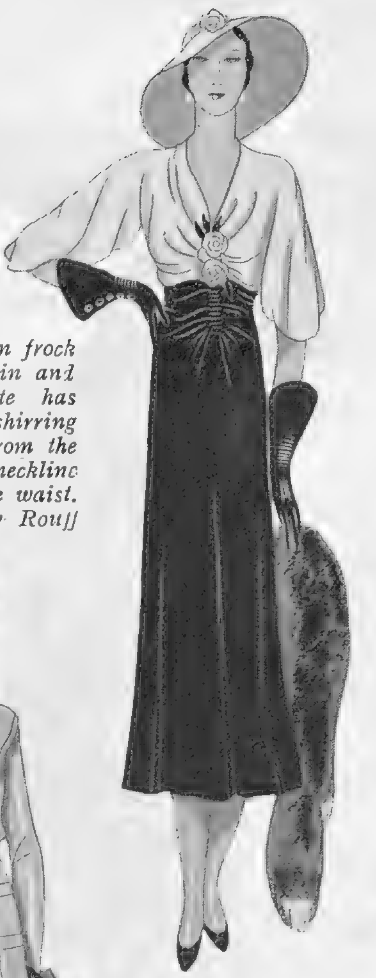
Originality of design characterises the present season's sleeves. Many dark frocks have light sleeves with contrasting embroidery, and elbow sleeves with a flared flounce are the accepted mode for the printed chiffon or lace dinner gown. Georgette or printed coats worn with casino frocks show fur-edged elbow sleeves revealing the lower part of the frock sleeves.

GREAT importance is given to the transformation gown in the new collections. Women have found out the practical points of a printed sleeveless crêpe frock which is turned into a street ensemble by the addition of a long-sleeved tight-fitting plain bolero fastened at the back, and a plain apron-shaped overskirt.

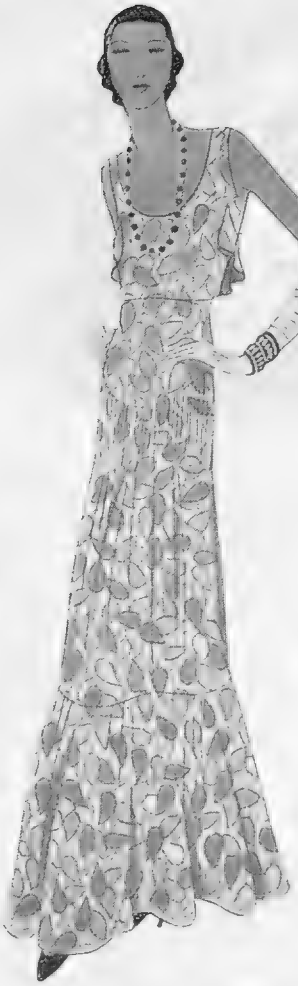
Printed taffeta capelets tied into a voluminous bow at the side will also effectively change the appearance of a georgette frock ; so does a rounded astrakhan-edged collar, fastened by streamers and matched by fur-edged gauntlets.

Endless amusing details lend diversity to the new feminine wardrobe. Shirring, pin tucking and fan-pleating are important for day as well as for evening wear. Frocks with an all-over tucked design are amongst the most charming creations of the present mode.

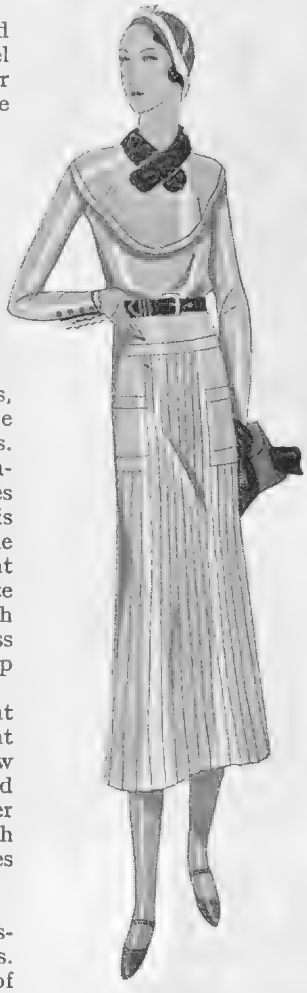
While the line of the beach pyjamas appears hardly altered since last season, we notice many new and fanciful decorative novelties such as appliquéd design in contrasting shades, while dinner pyjamas are often elaborate creations generally completed by a coatee in velvet or chiffon.



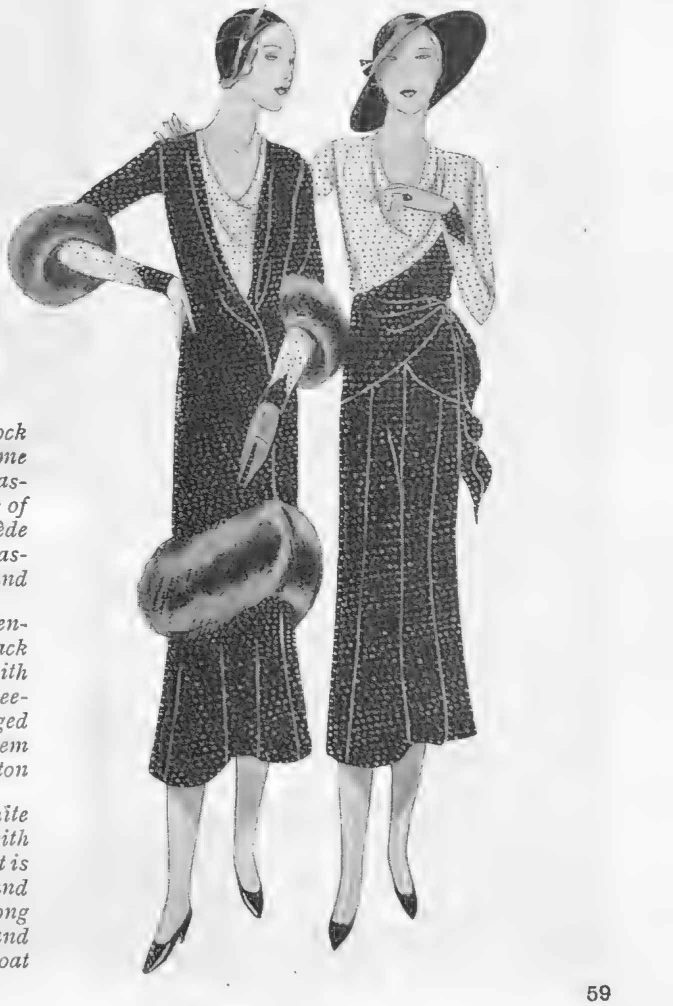
*This afternoon frock of black romain and pink georgette has groups of shirring which start from the V-shaped neckline and reach the waist. From Maggy Rouff*



*This cream chiffon evening frock has a printed design of pink roses and green foliage. The skirt is tucked into a hip-yoke and has a shaped flounce. Lucien Lelong*

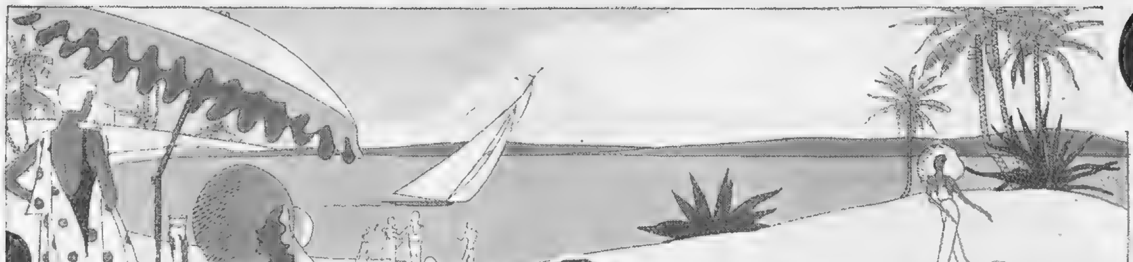


*A beige crêpe romain frock has a capelet of the same material with a brown astrakhan collar. The belt is of brown suède, the brown suède gauntlets are edged with astrakhan. Martial & Armand*



*A very smart afternoon ensemble is carried out in black georgette embroidered with tiny white dots. The three-quarter length jacket is edged at the sleeves and at the hem with fox. Philippe & Gaston*

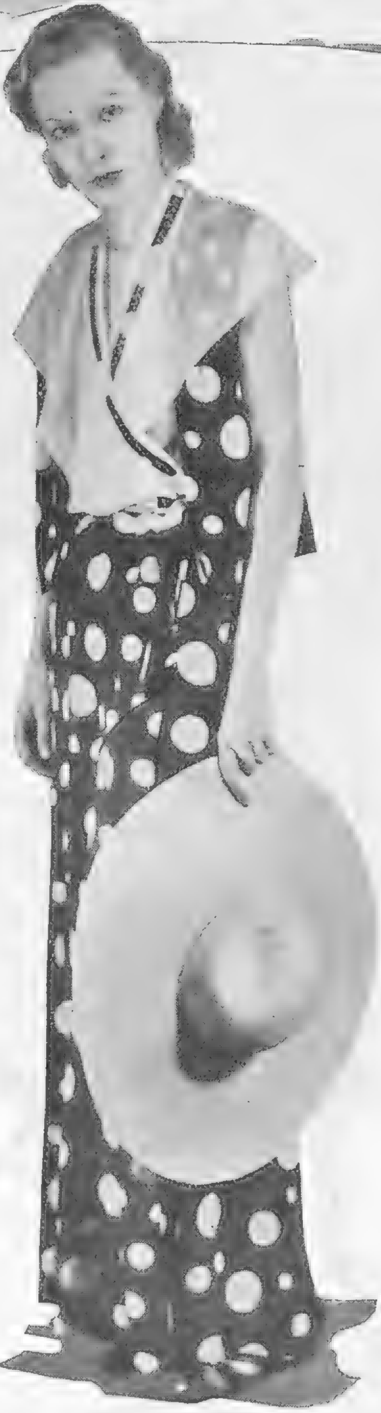
*The corsage is made of white georgette embroidered with black dots ; the flared skirt is draped around the hips and ties on one hip. Note the long tight sleeves of the dress and the short sleeves of the coat*



# Open-

*Our holidays req*
*need to be chosen*
*to achieve success*

### *By* Madge

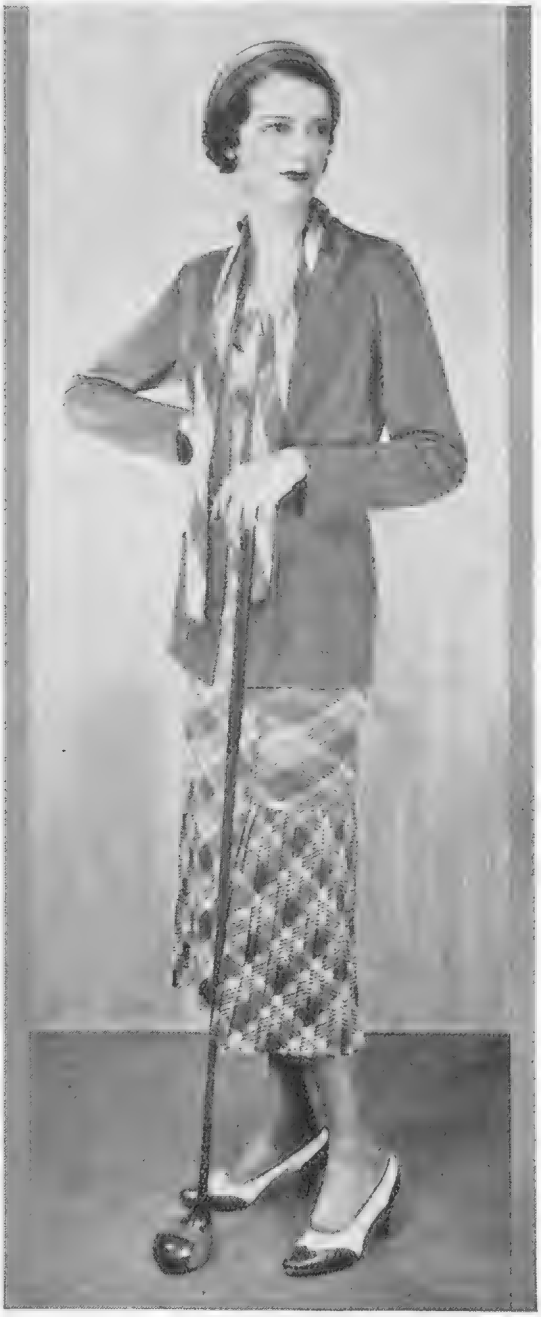


FOR most of us our holidays are, alas, all too brief, though we are often persuaded by their apparent importance to throw caution to the winds and to regulate our expenditure not in relation to the duration of our holidays, but to their importance in the cycle of our lives. But this is the moment when our customary caution (all well-dressed women are cautious and approach a new costume much as a cat approaches water) should be doubled, and the woman who will be not only well but comfortably dressed during her holidays is she who has thought out exactly what she will require for the particular place and type of life she intends to lead. It is useless to buy attractive little woollies if we are going to the South, and equally useless to fall victim to the lure of linen pyjamas if we are off to Scotland or the Isle of Skye.

But no matter how we look at it, how careful we are, there is no denying that we do require a number of new and unusual garments. First and foremost, we all intend to bathe, and for this ritual we are offered a number of novelties—cork shoes into which we can slip our feet when we emerge from the sea, pyjama-suits which miraculously disappear and leave us in a neat swimming suit, rubber coats lined with the thinnest of towelling, jewellery made of cork and rubber—their number is legion. But for swimming itself our costume must be severely practical, and for this purpose there are innumerable variations of the one- and two-piece swimming suit from which to choose. Fortunately the "dressy" bathing suit has entirely disappeared, and creased and clinging taffeta, reminiscent of Deauville's début, is no longer seen on any beach. Firmly woven woollen garments, usually with an attached skirt and often with no back other than a couple of narrow straps, to allow for sun-bathing, are universally worn. One type, excellent for the sun-bather, is the bathing suit which has a brassière attached beneath it, with a string which can be tied beneath the arm and thus support the suit while permitting the shoulder straps to be slipped off—and any woman who has seriously attempted to get an even and becoming brown knows the difficulties of those white bands over the shoulders which mark the confines of the bathing suit.

*JEAN Barry wears these attractive pyjamas of black and beige spotted crêpe de Chine with a beige georgette blouse and short sleeveless coat from Marshall & Snelgrove*

THE burst of optimism which heralded the pyjama vogue has subsided to the extent of admitting that *all* beaches are not necessarily drenched in sun *all* the time, and that *all* pyjamas need not be of the thinnest linen or silk. This year our native common sense has reasserted itself, and while acknowledging that pyjamas are ideal for beach and general lounging wear, we have realised that they would be more practical still were they made in light woollen materials. Gingham and shantung are all very well for the fine days, but one needs something more substantial for our changeable climate. A number of attractive



*ONLY a change of shoes is necessary to complete this practical golfing outfit of green, and green and white plaid, artificial silk which has a turban to match. From Ninette*

# Air Outfits

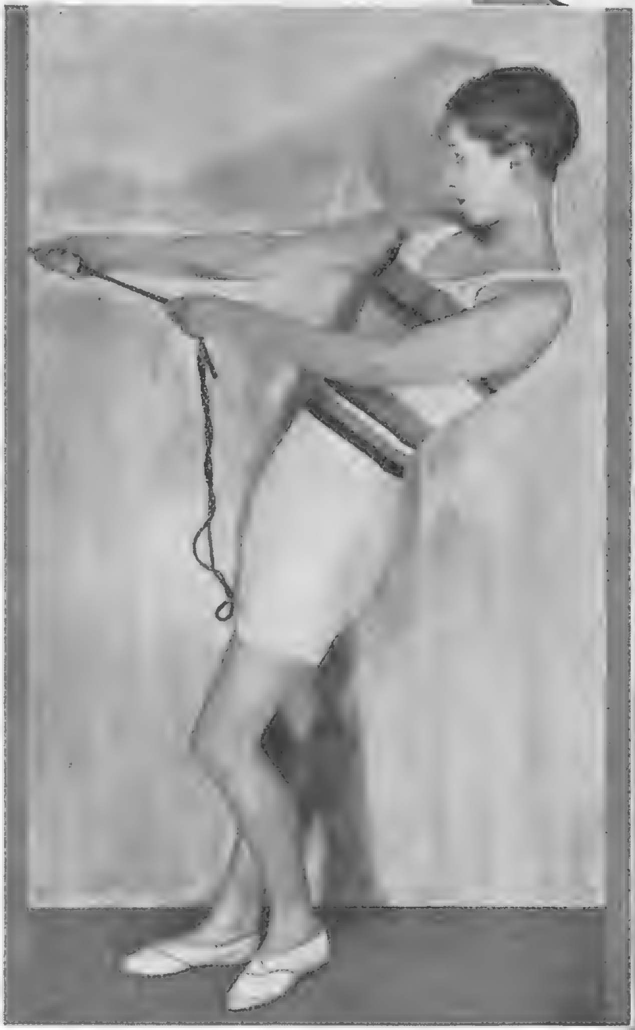
*uire a number of special costumes, but these with more than customary caution if we are and comfort during our visit to strange places*

### Garland

models with trousers of thin jersey have been the result, and one particularly successful affair had wide trousers cut on the cross of navy blue jersey, a severely tailored white sleeveless shirt and a scarlet bolero. Brown, yellow and orange is another becoming combination, all white is never to be despised, and the one thing to be avoided at all costs is the suggestion of the boudoir—pastel colours and elaborate materials never look well out of doors.

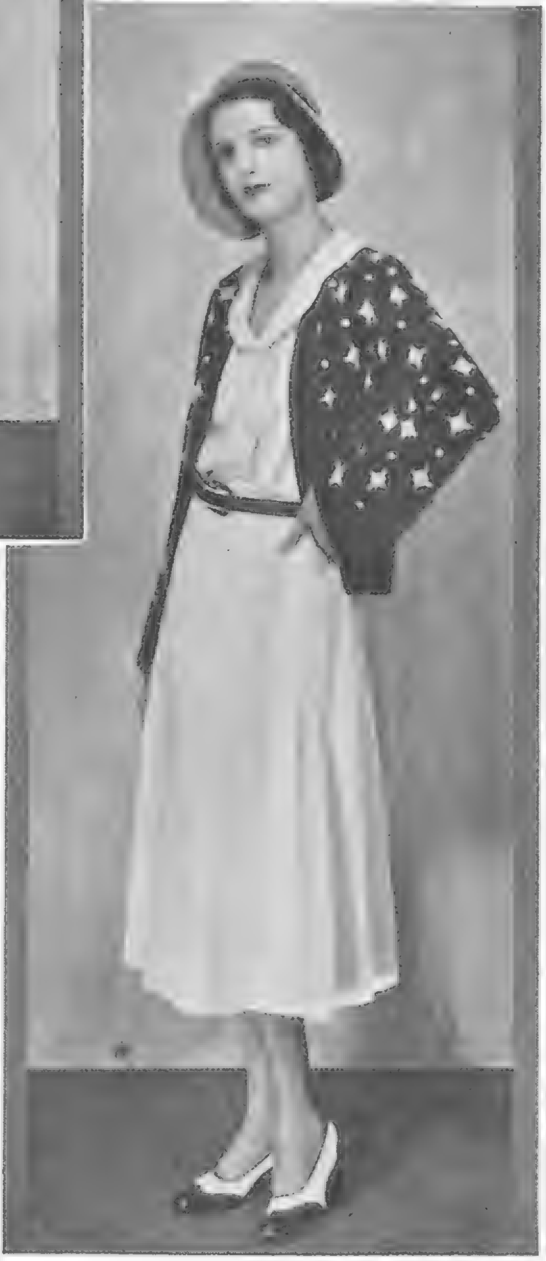
Our sports dresses this year belie all we have ever been told about the dangers and difficulties of compromise, for nothing could be nicer than the adjustment between feminine elegance and masculine comfort arrived at by our tennis and golf costumes. Divided skirts are becoming more and more usual, though to look at they appear most conventionally united; skirts are neither long enough to get in the way nor short enough to be unbecoming to the stout or the elderly; they are full enough to permit complete freedom of movement but not full enough to incommode us. Our blouses are tailored enough to give us a trim line but are almost always relieved by such feminine touches as tucks, frills and such-like, and our coats vary from the most exiguous bolero which barely reaches the waist, to full-length topcoats. For practical purposes at least one such long coat is essential, and this should be of a colour which will go with almost anything, such as brown, navy or beige, but only slightly less serviceable is one of those very jaunty short coats of some brightly coloured woollen material which can be slipped on over any summer dress or pyjama suit.

OUR hats, too, vary from the smallest knitted caps to the largest broad-brimmed models of soft straw, but our shoes seem to have made up their mind that the less there is of them the better, and most of the new summer models, whether intended for the beach, for walking or dancing, are composed of little more than a few straps, a sole and sometimes a heel. For day wear these straps are of coloured leather, shantung or linen, and for evening of crêpe de Chine, and the vogue of dispensing with stockings is growing apace—most of these evening shoes are intended to be worn with bare legs and many of them have no toe-cap and display the toes.



*Photographs by Maurice Beck*

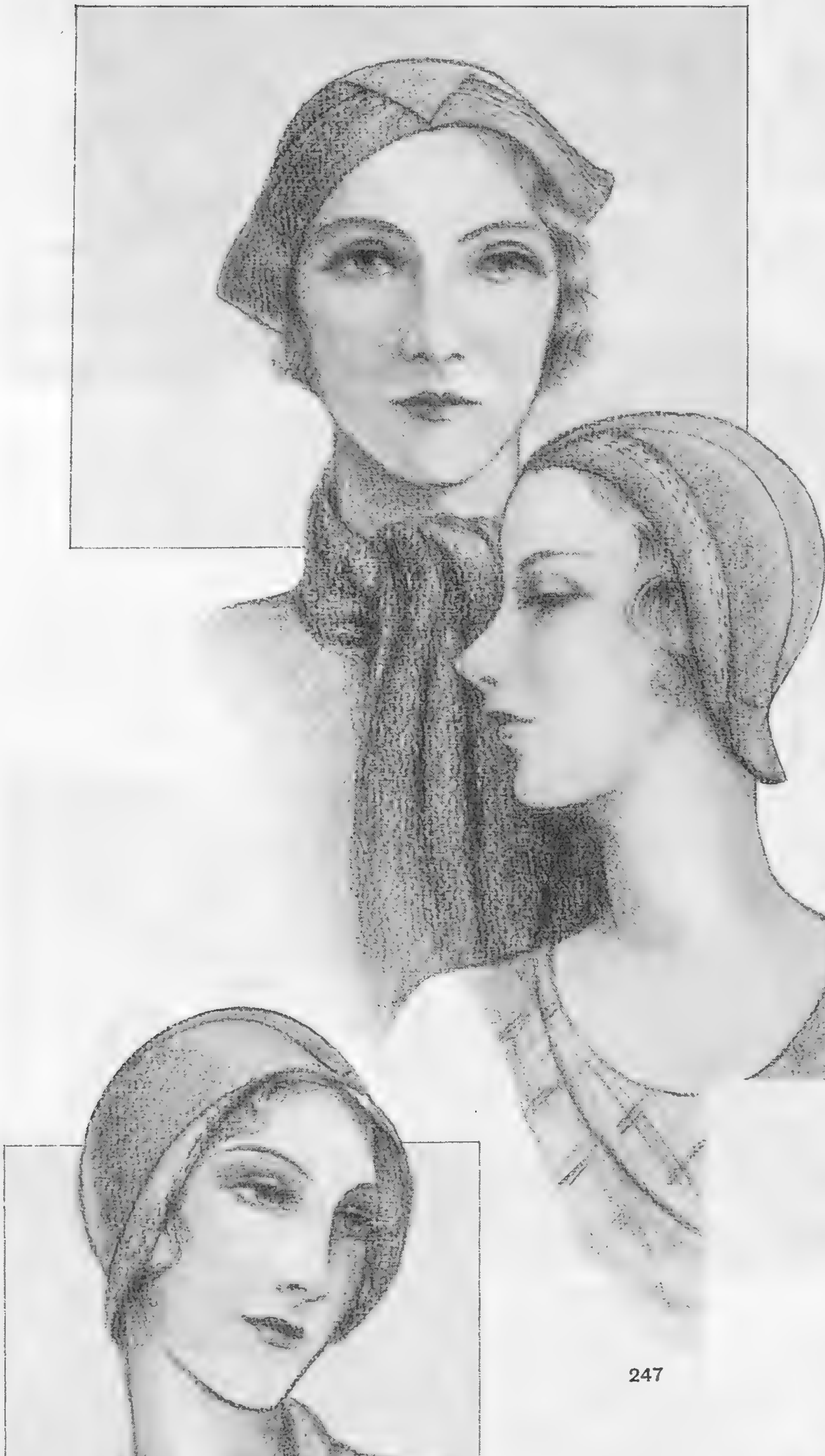
*BATHING suits need to be firmly woven in order to mould the figure attractively, and the Ribana suits, one of which is illustrated above, do this to perfection. They are to be had in a wide variety of plain and striped designs*



*THE vogue of the short coat of a contrasting colour is illustrated here by a white dress with a double-breasted bodice allied to a scarlet coat embroidered with white woollen stars. Model from Corot*

# A Hat *and* *a* Hand-Bag *which are* Easily made at Home

## *Two very Economical and Attractive Accessories*



247

247.

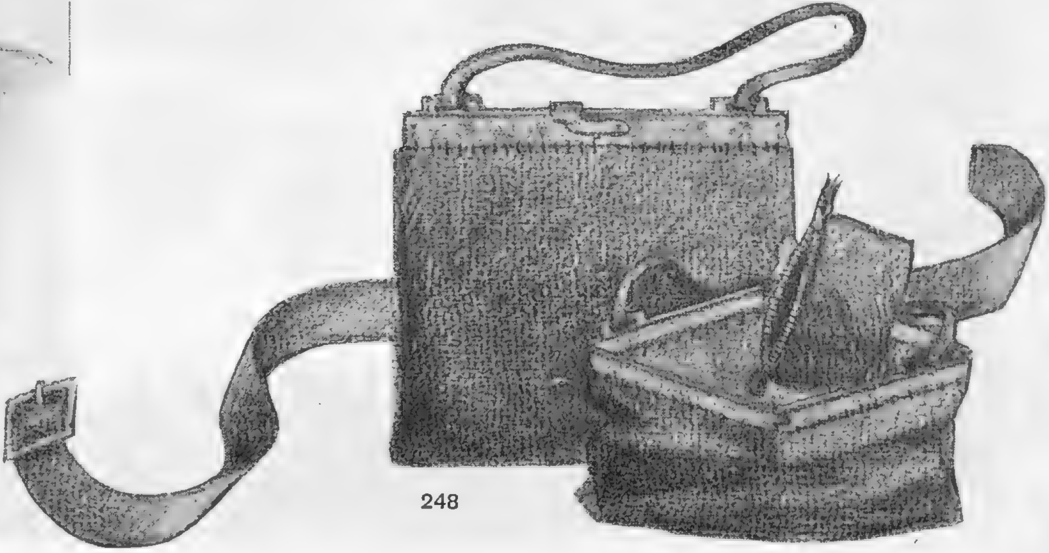
HERE is a charming and easily made hat which requires only ½ yard of material. It may be worn in three different ways: turned up all the way round, when it looks like one of the fashionable American sailor's hats; turned down at the back only; or turned down all the way round to make a becoming cloche. The point back and front is secured with a patent fastener, which will do up under the brim or on the crown according to the way the hat is to be worn. Paper pattern and full instructions, price 1/-.

### *Our Pattern Service*

*THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each. Costumes 2/-. Please remit to* BRITANNIA & EVE'S *Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

248.

HERE is a suède handbag complete with a zip purse, and a belt to match, which will cost you 8/6. These materials, including the tortoiseshell bag frame, the zip fastener and the buckle, may be obtained from the Woman Editor, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.1., and will be forwarded to you, together with a diagram and full instructions for making, on receipt of a postal order for 8/6.



248

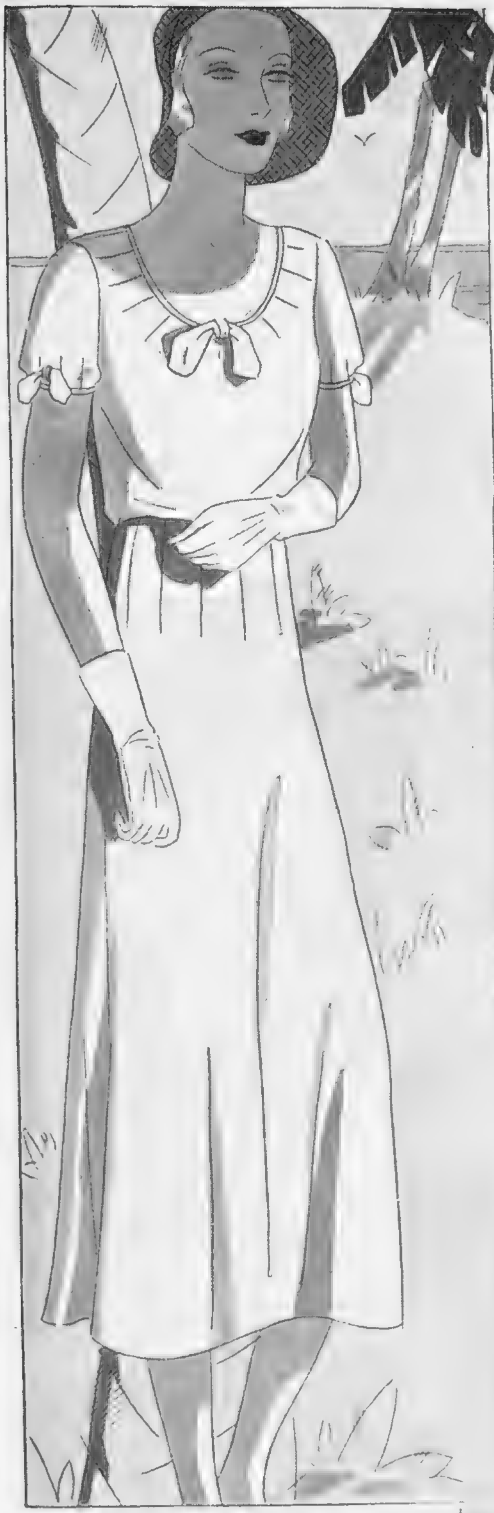
# Our
# Paper *Pattern* Service

*Three simple designs for tub frocks which can be easily and cheaply made by the amateur dressmaker*

250. This simple frock of green cotton voile is embroidered with yellow and orange silk dots, price 2/11 a yard, and requires 5 yards of 38″ material. It has a becoming cowl neck-line, short sleeves and a fitted hip yoke with shaped basque. The skirt is cut on the cross and is moderately full. Price 1/-.

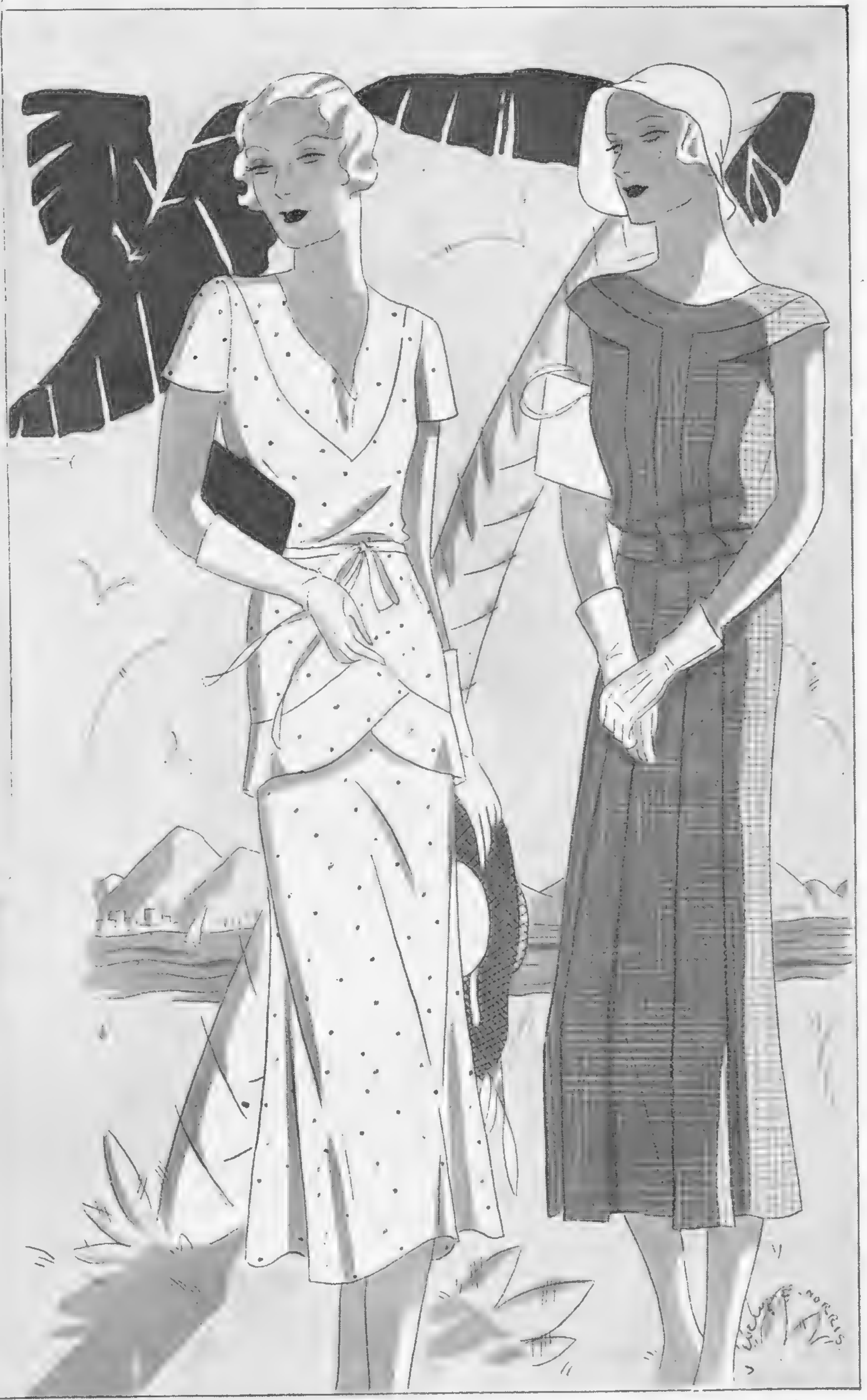
251. Tub frock which can be made for 6/-. Requires 4 yards of check gingham, which may be obtained in a wide range of colours for 1/6 a yard. A shaped band forms the fashionable and becoming epaulettes and the skirt has two inverted pleats both in front and at the back. Price 1/-.

*Materials from Gorringes*



249

249. Washing dress of shantung with shaped skirt darted into the waist. The neckline is darted into a round décolletage and finished by a band on the cross and a bow; the short sleeves, are treated in a similar manner. Requires 4 yards of 33″ material. Price 1/-.



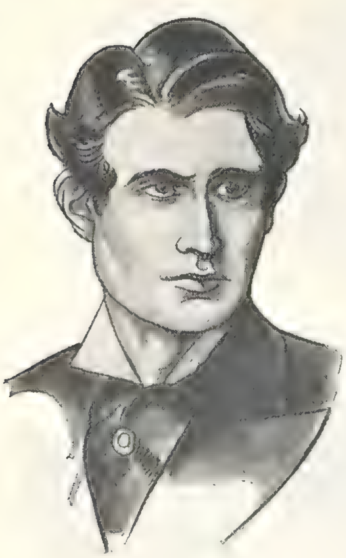
250

251

### *Our Pattern Service*

*THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to* BRITANNIA & EVE'S *Pattern Service, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

## Achmed Abdullah's *Romantic* Story *of* Stage Life*—and* Love*—from which emerges a very* Romantic *and* "Moving"



# Portrait *of an* Actor

*Illustrated by Steven Spurrier*

PERHAPS it was three hundred years ago, though perhaps no more than thirty.

But once upon a time—believe it or not—there lived a generation of New Yorkers who wore corsets and dickies and feather boas and scarlet flannel underwear; who celebrated the Fourth noisily and rather homicidically; who went in for fretwork and Turkish corners and phrenology and tandem bicycles; who spoke in awed accents about the doings of the Four Hundred; who broke into gales of laughter when the red-nosed burlesque comedian mentioned Oshkosh or Oskaloosa; who considered lipstick and rouge the sure-enough trade marks of the demi-monde; who breakfasted on beefsteak and fried potatoes and cared not a tinker's curse for calories and vitamins; who, in spite of the foregoing, were proud of their sophistication, having recently coined the word, yet were at heart earthily and bucolically small-town American, with wheat-straws behind their ears and gallowses across their shoulders.

If you belong to this generation, you will remember many things.

You will remember wooden cigar store Indians. You will remember vintage champagne at five dollars a bottle and two martinis for a quarter. You will remember Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. You will remember singing "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

You will remember the Gibson Girl. You will remember a young Lillian Russell, a young Leslie Carter, a young David Belasco, and a slightly less young Sarah Bernhardt. And, doubtless, you will remember Lionel McDermott and—having split your brand-new kid gloves applauding her in "Under Two Flags"—his wife, Loretta.

Auburn-haired you will remember her, and violet-eyed and long-limbed and slender and of a quite amazing loveliness. A charming comedienne, serenely aware of her own fine, histrionic gifts; adored and petted by public and critics; although always willing, indeed eager, to admit that she was a mere tyro compared to her husband, who towered like a beacon above the tumult and glitter of Broadway and the Roaring Forties.

Lionel McDermott as King Richard, as M. Beaucaire, as Sherlock Holmes, as Tartuffe, as Rosmer, as the Gay Lord Quex, and in many a suave, half-forgotten Pinero problem play . . . for over four decades, in almost any rôle he had chosen, running an arrogant scale from tragedy to light comedy, he had created theatrical history; had finally retired, nine years earlier, on his sixty-third birthday.

So, craving sunshine and flowers, he had gone to Hollywood, to live there on the modest competence which he had acquired.

HE had not retired because of his age. For, at the time, he had been hale and vigorous in mind and body.

He had retired because, having reached the pinnacle of his profession, there had seemed nothing left to strive for, to achieve. The theatre—he had explained to his wife, who agreed, as she had ever agreed with him in all matters—had ceased to spell to him either desire or ambition, either an indulgence or a high hope. Even his vanity had been sated; and the nightly enthusiasm of parquet and gallery had no longer bewitched him with its potent lure and urge.

But, suddenly, one evening, listening to his own deep, vibrant, metallic voice rolling out across the proscenium into the audience, seeing below him the smear of tense, white faces, the realisation had come to him that, by dint of his trying to conquer the theatre, the theatre had conquered him. On its stony, pitiless altar he had sacrificed everything and everybody—including his wife—including himself—including his unborn children . . .

He had been too busy—and too successful—to have children . . .

"Why — " he had mumbled, standing there in the amber glow of the spot-light, waiting for his cue—"these people down there—they buy me night after night, for three dollars a throw—as if I were a harlot. The theatre—it has become the master, and I the slave. It has robbed me—sucked me dry . . ."

Yes. It had robbed him, sucked him dry.

For, to be the perfect artist, the perfect actor, to attain real truth mated to real beauty, he had digged beneath the flimsy trappings and panoplies, the flummery and mummery, the mascara and powder and grease-paint, the hollow, meretricious glamour and pomp and circumstance of the theatre, and had bored down to the raw, pulsing fundamentals of life. Calmly detached, he had studied, like a surgeon, the unarmoured beatings of the human heart—his own and others'. He had scrutinised all emotions; had dissected them; had reduced them to the touch of the definite and constructive thought; had then mirrored them on the stage, season after season, with unsurpassed realism even in romantic rôles.

Vicariously, or in his own mind and body, he had run the gamut of all thrills—except that of death.

He had been afraid of death since he could remember.

Not with a coward's fear. But because the grave meant to him ultimate, irretrievable failure.

Indeed the critics, vying with each other in lauding his every intonation and gesture, had usually tempered their praise when commenting on his death scenes. And one of them, more out-spoken than the rest in his review of Cyrano de Bergerac, had expressed his wish that Lionel McDermott "would cut out the sob stuff when giving up the ghost."

But in all other rôles, throughout his career, he had portrayed faithfully and brilliantly what he had seen and felt and experienced.

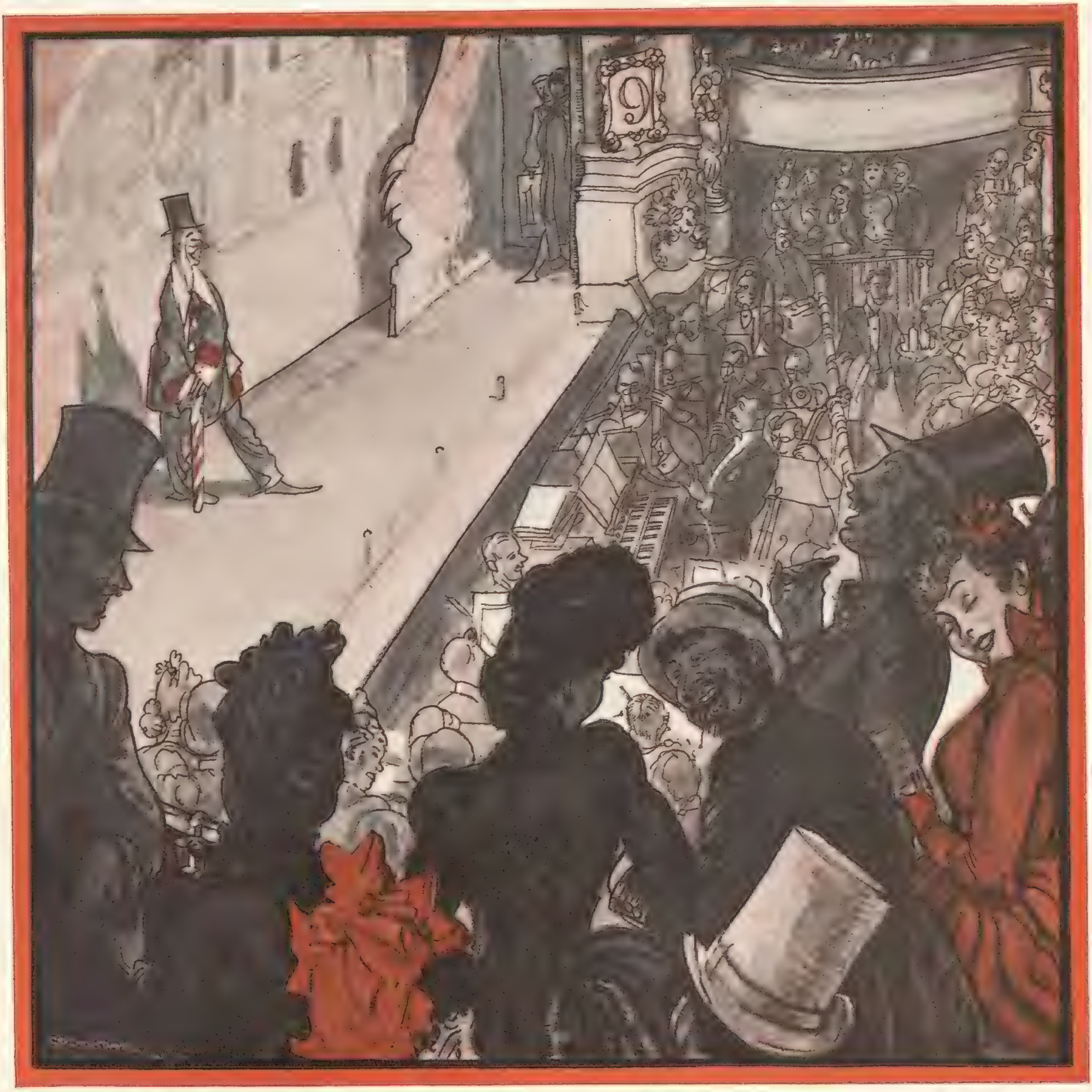
Inexorable to others, he had been inexorable to himself. He had probed not only his sane, normal moods, but also his moods when artificially stimulated or restrained. He had played himself against himself, with the theatre—not to forget the audience—as the sole winner. Without flinching, and certainly without greed of material gain, he had spotted the drama of his existence with a sense of that ghastly, ironic comedy which ever mocks the tragic—perhaps so as to humanise it.

FINALLY, by token of eternal study and mimicry, there had been no more worth to him in simple, human elementals, in love and hate and friendship, in gratitude and envy, in desire and weariness, in loyalty and jealousy, except in so far as he could render them behind the footlights. Thus, impersonally, he had analysed the hearts of men. Thus, too, he had analysed the hearts of women; had therefore chosen his love affairs deliberately, seeing them through to the inevitable end with ruthless precision, placing their emotions, and his own reactions to these emotions, as offerings before the painted, grinning, cruel idols of the stage.

The women in the case had left neither light nor shadow upon his soul. Promptly, once the chapter was finished, in tragic regret or futile, sordid recrimination, he had forgotten them. He had forgotten their first names; had forgotten the colour of their eyes; had even forgotten their perfume—to pass on, serene and unruffled, to the next experience, the next experiment in human reactions.

There had been, for instance, the wife of a Pittsburgh steel millionaire, used as a model in a Pinero play; blonde, blue-eyed, petite, her curves frustrated at the expense of her healthy appetite—"the regulation baby-doll type," McDermott had classified her—and in her small features a vaguely pathetic appeal which had meant nothing in particular; the sort of woman who said her prayers before, instead of after, breaking the Seventh Commandment.

There had been a notorious New Orleans courtesan who had considered the male of the species an adversary with whom, if the terms were favourable,



*THEY broke into gales of laughter when the red-nosed burlesque comedian mentioned Oshkosh or Oskaloosa* she would sign a strictly temporary trade pact and who, ultimately, had committed suicide because of a red-haired gigolo's unfaithfulness.

There had been a Knickerbocker society matron of ripe and rather excessive beauty.

Other women. More than a few.

Women ranging all the way from Park Avenue to Paducah, from the Peerage to the Beerage, from the Almanach de Gotha to the Almanach de Ghetto.

And only once his wife had made a jealous scene . . .

"LIONEL," she had told him one evening, in his dressing-room, "I'm going to leave you."

He had been sitting before his mirror, busy with grease paint and powder.

"What's that?" he had demanded, without turning.

"It's Reno for you and me—if you catch my drift."

"May I inquire how many martinis you had before dinner?"

"Not one."

"Then—what's the idea?"

"You don't love me."

"Crazy—aren't you? Why—I love you with all my heart. I've never loved anybody else."

"How can you say such a thing, Lionel?"

"It's the truth."

"The truth—with all those women popping in and out of your life. . . . ?"

"Mostly out. That's just it, my dear. They do not matter a peanut's worth." He had laughed; had continued more seriously: "I mean they don't matter emotionally. But I need them."

"You—you need them?" she had echoed indignantly.

"I do—and you know I do. To portray life, I must know life." He had risen and faced his wife. "I must live life to the full—with every fibre in me, every quivering, sensitive nerve. You see"—and he had spoken quite without vanity—"I'm not a mouthing, ranting ham. I am an actor—a great, realistic actor . . ."

"At times I wish you were a bricklayer."

Suddenly, impishly, he had winked at her.

"The hell, you say, darling!" he had exclaimed. "You *would* go to Reno if my name didn't happen to be flung against the Broadway night with flickering, electric lights ten feet high. . . ."

"It isn't so!"

"Well—maybe I'm exaggerating. But, all the same, there's something in what I'm telling you, child. Pride in my fame is part of your love for me. . . ."

There had been a knock at the door, and the call boy's thin, piping voice:

"Curtain's about to go up, Mr. McDermott."

"All right, Sammy."

He had crossed to the threshold. Over his shoulder he had added:

"Do you remember what we promised each other the day we married?"

She had not replied; and he had gone on:

"We were young—so young. We were ambitious and keen, and we promised each other that, in spite of our love, the theatre must come first. We did not want money. We did not want children. We did not always have enough to eat nor"—with a little laugh—"enough to wear. But we remained true to our ideal: the stage. And—we got there, Loretta! Ah!"—triumphantly—"we got there!"

He had left. He had not heard her dull murmur:

"You got there. Not I!"

Jealousy.

Professional jealousy more hurting and bitter than jealousy of the flesh. . . .

And, all at once, she had been ashamed.

Why—she had considered—she *was* the wife of Lionel McDermott. She *was* proud of him.

Pride, too, had duties.

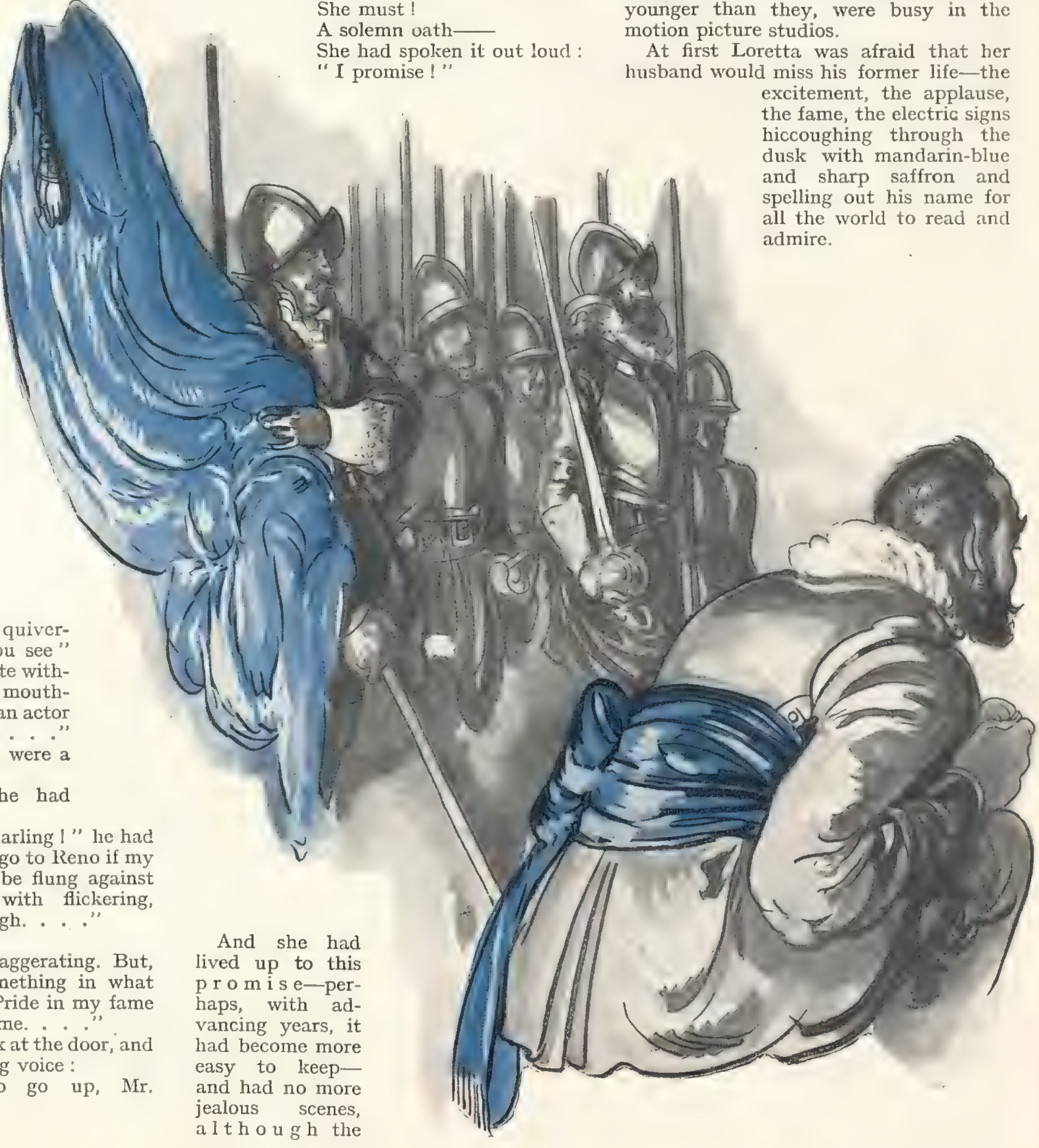
She must merge her individuality yet more completely in his. She must forget her own self, as he had forgotten his own self, in service—to the theatre. . . .

She must!

A solemn oath——

She had spoken it out loud:

"I promise!"



And she had lived up to this promise—perhaps, with advancing years, it had become more easy to keep—and had no more jealous scenes, although the jealousy in her heart had remained; and so she had been happy on that night when Lionel had said to her:

"I'm through with the stage. Let's pack up our programmes and clippings and go to California."

Yes. She had been happy.

Why—she had thought—she and Lionel were good for many more years. They would live out these years in close, warm harmony.

An old couple, growing older?

Well—what of it?

They did not belong to the new generation that was making a fetish of youth and that, by the same token, preferred the kick of crude, home-brewed gin to the mellow glow of a cobwebby bottle of Beaune. They had their resources, spiritual and mental; their memories, some sweet and some bitter; their dreams of long-lost far-off things. . . .

THEIR little house was comfortable. Their income was sufficient. Their two Filipino servants were capable and loyal. And then there was their rose garden. Such a lovely garden.

Here they passed long hours. They were alone a good deal of the time, since few of their former Broadway friends were in Hollywood, and these few, mostly younger than they, were busy in the motion picture studios.

At first Loretta was afraid that her husband would miss his former life—the excitement, the applause, the fame, the electric signs hiccoughing through the dusk with mandarin-blue and sharp saffron and spelling out his name for all the world to read and admire.

But she was mistaken.

Lionel McDermott had spoken the plain truth when he had told her that he was definitely through with the stage. Nor did he care—was, indeed, sardonically amused—when, shortly after his arrival, he made the discovery that he was less well known in California than Douglas Fairbanks, and that only rarely he was pointed out when, occasionally, he dropped in at the Ambassador, the Brown Derby, Henry's, or the Wednesday luncheons at the Embassy Club.

For it appeared that in Hollywood—and more and more throughout America as the legitimate theatre gave way before the western invasion of camera and screen—the motion picture actors and actresses were the Lord's anointed. The Sir Henry Irvings and Signora Duses were as dead as King Tut. The tribe of Chaplin and Pickford, of Beery and Gilbert and Garbo were becoming the grandees of the painted boards.

These men and women, recent nonentities, were caught in a shower of glory and gold. More glory and gold—thought Loretta—than seemed altogether fair. And so, at moments, she would feel a faint stirring of envy.

But Lionel did not mind . . . perhaps because he was too serenely, and too naïvely, conscious of the fact that he was who and what he was—the greatest living realistic actor; that, as long as he had wished, he had been supreme in his chosen art . . . and if Hollywood was not aware of it—well—it was Hollywood's loss, not his. . . .

Let the picture people earn millions. Let them vie with each other with the gestures of their modern, barbaric Babylon. Let them drive down Hollywood Boulevard in gold-plated Rolls-Royces if their tastes so inclined.

He, personally, did not give a damn.

"Mannequins," he called them in the single interview which he gave to a Los Angeles daily. "Jerking, uninspired marionettes strutting and posturing their cheap, tawdry stuff. Unimportant hucksters in theatrical piece goods. . . ."

Tactless words, widely broadcast, that did not endear him to the film colony; that did not open to him the hospitable houses on Beverly Hills and Malibu Beach.

But he did not care. He wanted to be alone—with his thoughts, his memories—and his wife.

Nightly, to thousands—he considered—he had brought enjoyment and happiness with his art. Now it was his turn. He, too, wanted happiness; and, during the next nine years, he attained it.

A simple happiness. Perhaps a trite happiness. But deep and great to him and his wife.

He was now almost seventy-two, she sixty-nine.

Yet often, when they were in their garden and looked out upon the twinkling, stammering lights of Los Angeles, it was as if time were rolling back its curtains—back to over four decades earlier when, for the first time, he had told her that he loved her.

They had been beginners, just out of dramatic school, and had been playing bits in a fluffy French comedy. They had gone for a stroll after the performance and had finally sat down on one of the stone benches at the eastern end of Central Park, facing Fifth Avenue.

A summer night it had been. A soft, warm, purple night, with Orion slanting, immense and lonely, across the sky, and the silver horn of the young moon shredding the fleecy clouds to gossamer.

They had been silent for a long while. Then, very suddenly, he had told her:

"I love you, Loretta."

She had smiled.

"And I love you," she had replied.

"Let's get married."

"You bet!"

"When . . . ?"

"Oh . . ."

"What about to-morrow, Loretta . . . ? We'll have time after the matinée to hop over to the little Church Around the Corner. . . ."

"All right. It's a date."

He had kissed her then. He remembered the kiss; remembered the heady, sweet scent of flowers drifting out from Central Park. . . .

Many, many years ago—and to-day they were both white-haired. . . .

And still he remembered. . . .

He turned to his wife:

"Do you remember, Loretta?"

"*Do* I!"

They sat there, holding hands. So old they were—so ludicrous — so happy. . . .

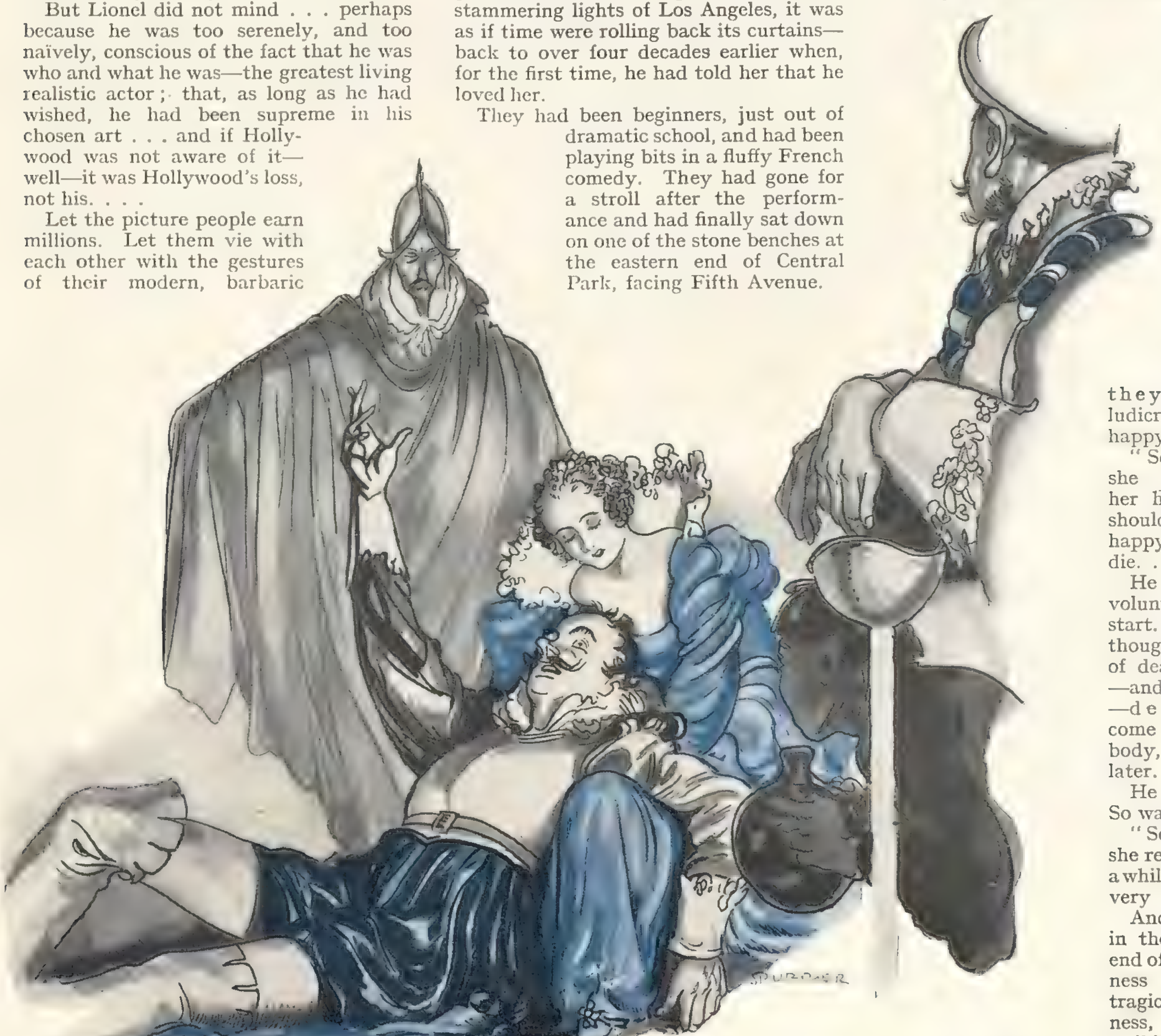
"So happy!" she whispered, her head on his shoulder. "So happy I could die. . . ."

He gave an involuntary little start. Queer—he thought—his fear of death. Queer—and silly. Why—death must come to everybody, sooner or later. . . .

He was silent. So was she.

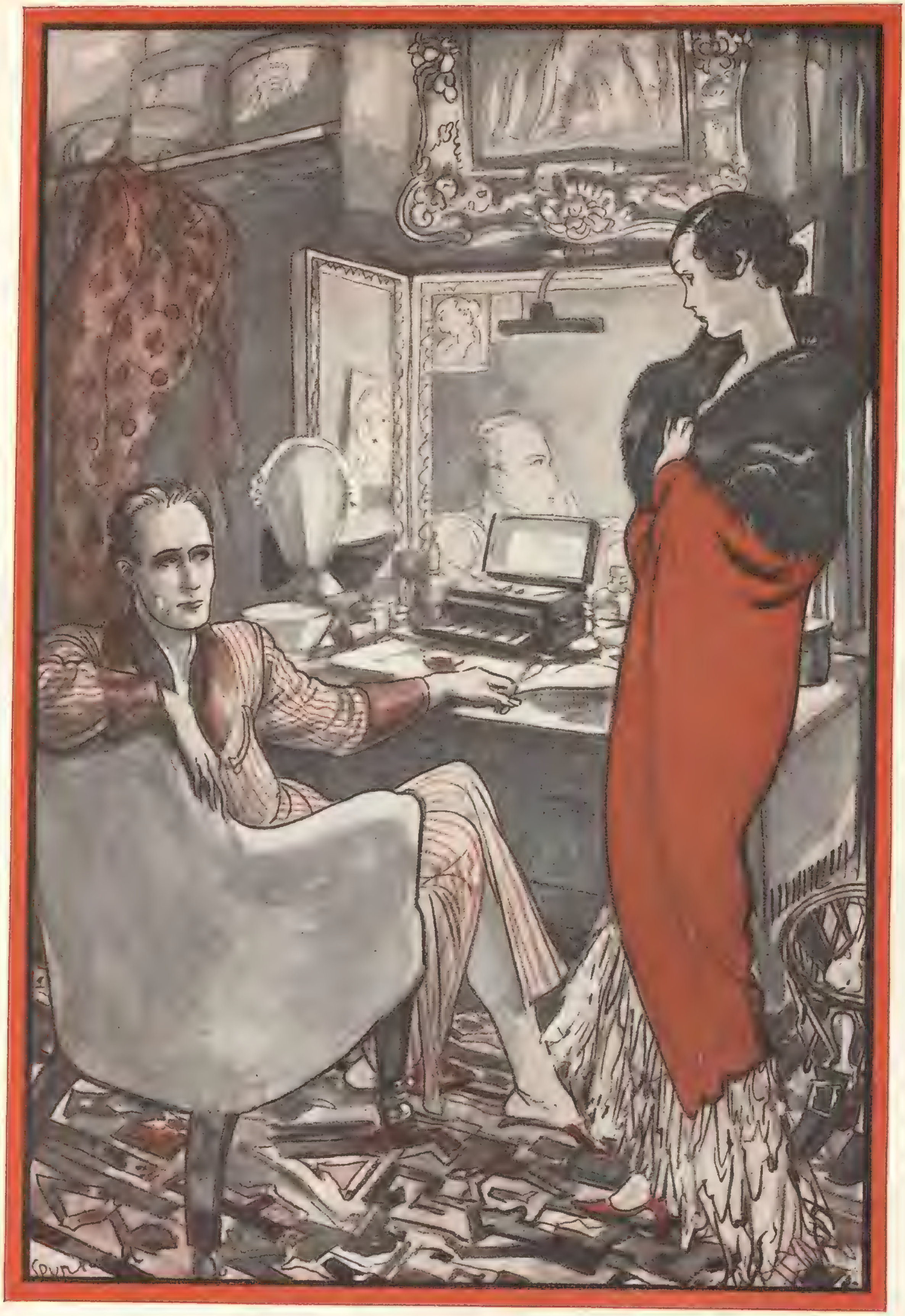
"So happy——" she repeated after a while—"so very, very happy——"

And then, within the week, the end of their happiness came with tragic suddenness, with fate striking twice in the same twenty-four hours.



*AT the time when they rehearsed the last scene, the death scene, though everybody else in the enormous barn-like studio was satisfied, there were two who were not . . .*

FATE struck in the afternoon when Lionel, opening a late paper, read on the front page that, due to enormous peculations committed by the president



"LIONEL," *she had told him one evening, in his dressing-room, "I'm going to leave you"*

of the concern, the Helveto-American Investment Trust, in whose bonds his entire small fortune was placed, had been declared bankrupt.

At first his brain seemed unable to take in the news. But, a moment later, he understood.

"Dear Lord—" he whispered.

Loretta heard.

"What has happened?" she demanded

He told her; added:

"What are we going to do? Why—we're wiped out—penniless . . . ."

She turned pale. Then she spoke bravely:

"We've been penniless before."

"Years ago. We were young then, Loretta. Now we're old."

"But in those days we were unknown. It was an uphill fight. To-day we are famous. At least *you* are. Don't you worry, darling!"

"How can I help worrying?"

"Oh—I'd like to shake you. We have made the grade before, you and I. And we'll make it again. I'll send a wire in your name to Grady and Cowan, your former managers. They made you all sorts of offers, trying to get you to change your mind, when you retired . . . remember, eh? Well—here's where they'll come through with some real money."

He laughed at her enthusiasm; she sent off the telegram to New York; and, sitting in the rose garden after dinner, they lied to each other tenderly, beautifully:—

"I'm sick of California."

"So am I."

"Dear old Broadway!"

"And our old friends there . . . "

"Oh—it'll be great to be back home!"

"When do you think we'll hear from Grady and Cowan?"

"To-morrow morning, I guess. They'll be just as anxious as we are."

They would have been surprised if, just then, they could have taken a look into the producers' Forty-third Street office; could have listened to the two partners discussing Lionel McDermott's telegram:—

"Wants to stage a come-back, does he . . . ?"

"Why, the poor old fossil . . . does he imagine the world is standing still . . . ?"

"Say, lay off o' him! He was one swell actor once."

"Sure. So was Napoleon one swell emperor once. And now Napoleon is dead . . . "

"I'm sorry for Lionel—poor old bozo . . . gotta let him down easy . . . "

"Sugar the pill all you want to. Put orange juice into the castor oil. But tell him—nothing doing."

"O.K., Bill. I'll send him a wire that'll be as tactful as hell . . . "

And he sat down to compose the message of refusal while, back in Hollywood, Loretta and Lionel continued weaving their brave dreams, until, presently, with the chill night wind blowing down from the Sierra Madre, she coughed a little and he said to her:—

"Off with you—before you catch cold!"

They went inside and to bed.

He dozed off quickly, but she tossed about for a long time, unable to sleep. Her cough kept on bothering her, and when, gently, so as not to disturb her husband, she tried to clear her throat, she felt a sharp pain—a pain that started in her chest, then travelled down the length of her arms and to the pit of her stomach—a cunning, malignant pain accompanied by a shivering in her back and the nape of her neck.

Was her head too low, she wondered?

She stretched out a hand to double up her pillow; desisted at once. For the pain suddenly became an agony . . . and then, the next moment, her lungs seemed to be filling up with air—burning-hot air that she could not expel—air that was torturing her, choking her . . . and she was conscious of her heart beating with dull, heavy strokes, as if trying to break through the walls of her chest . . . and she grew frightened . . .

She must call Lionel. She must . . . .

"Lionel . . . oh—Lionel . . . "

He sat up. "What is it?"

He heard a rattling noise in her throat. He switched on the light. He looked at her. "Why—Loretta." She was sick—sick . . .

He jumped out of bed; telephoned to the doctor—who came, ten minutes later, examined her, then joined Lionel in the next room. He spoke gravely:—

"Pneumonia."

"Is it—dangerous?"

"At her age? Yes. I'm awfully sorry, Mr. McDermott. I'll send a nurse—two nurses, day and night. I gave your wife an opiate. Go in and talk to her while the drug begins to work. And don't pull a long face. Cheer her up."

"Thank you, Dr. Walker."

He went in and sat by Loretta's bedside. He smiled at her. He held her hot hand.

"You love me?" she whispered.

"I have never loved anybody else."

"Didn't love any of the other women—ever?"

"Oh—what *were* they, you silly little goose? Models. Types. And you . . . "

"What am I?"

"You are you, Loretta!"

"God bless you, darling!"

THE days that followed were gray, unhappy.

There was that telegram from Grady and Cowan. Tactful, indeed. But Lionel read between the lines. Broadway did not want him. New gods had risen on the Rialto.

Furthermore, even if Grady and Cowan had made him an offer, he would not have been able to go to New York, with Loretta so sick.

Sickness—he considered morosely—was more expensive than health. The two nurses, the doctor, the medicines, the dozen and one incidentals. And, all the time, the regular living expenses running on; the bills rolling up, piling up; the mortgage interest on the house a week over-due; one or two shopkeepers dunning him; his few jewels pawned; and his bank account down to less than a hundred dollars . . .

What was he going to do . . ? Dear Lord—what was he going to do . . . ? Borrow . . . ?

No. He could not borrow. Besides, why should he? He was still Lionel McDermott, the great realistic actor, and this was Hollywood where, lately, the talkies had begun to take the place of the silent pictures and where, to-day, there was a demand for actors of the legitimate theatre.

He asked the nurse's permission to speak to his wife. He told her what he had decided to do—and she gave a girlish little giggle.

"What a joke on you!" she commented.

"Why . . . ?"

"Because you've always been so down on the movies. But it's all right. You'll show them in Hollywood—as you showed them on Broadway."

"I'll try."

"A sacrifice—for my sake—isn't it . . ?"

"Oh——"

"No use giving that embarrassed, self-conscious little grunt. I know you, you old fake. Of course, you are doing it for my sake. And it makes me feel happy and glad—because I am a woman—and selfish—and vain." She smiled. "Have you made up your mind which company to go to?" she continued.

"I thought of Colossal Features. Sol Katz is the head there. You remember Sol?"

"You mean the little runt who was your dresser, thirty years ago, when you played Richelieu?"

"The same."

"I do remember him. Such a thin, serious, spectacled youth he was. So eager."

"WE'LL keep on rehearsing that scene. We won't shoot it until you are absolutely satisfied in your own mind"

But Sol Katz had changed. He was still spectacled and eager. But he was no longer thin. Gross he was, physically and mentally, and surfeited with success.

He listened to Lionel McDermott. With rather triumphant amusement he recalled how once he had trembled before the actor. Well—he thought—it was different to-day.

"O.K.," he said. "I'll give you a job. Of course, I can't offer you a million. You're a green-horn when it comes to the movies. And your name . . "

"Is forgotten. I know. On the other hand"—haughtily—"I'm an artist. I know my trade, my craft, my . . . "

"Aw—keep your shirt on!" interrupted the other. "Nobody's trying to throw asparagus on you. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give Jim McComber a ring . . . "

"A director—isn't he?"

He unhooked the desk telephone; talked into it a moment later in accents half-hectoring and half-cajoling which precisely expressed his feelings toward the director.

"That you, Jim . . . ? This is S. K. How are you, my boy . . . ? Say—I'm sending McDermott over to see you. Which McDermott . . . ? Lionel. Eh . . . ? No. He *ain't* dead. If he were he wouldn't be here. I want you to get him something in your new opera. What's that . . . ? I shouldn't interfere in your business . . . ? Eh . . . .? You will—*what* . . . ? Aw—come on, Jim—don't be so touchy . . . but—you see—I promised McDermott . . . "

He put back the receiver.

"Phew"—he sighed—"what a tough bird! I wish I could afford to fire him. Take my tip and handle him with velvet gloves." He rose. "Glad to have seen you . . . wait—here—have a couple of cigars . . . "

So Lionel McDermott left the magnate's presence, smiling at himself, at life, with bitter irony. To be patronised—by Sol Katz . . . ? Well—it was the way of the world—just another experience . . . and he squared his shoulders as he entered Jim McComber's office and, presently, was pleasantly disappointed.

A queer man he found the famous director. Given to queer clothes, with his pale-blue plus-fours, his canary yellow golf stockings and turtle-neck sweater to match. And queer his way of talking. Talking—it seemed—in glaring, staccato, chunky disconnected head-lines; wasting his energy in extravagant phrases and gestures. Yet a fair-minded man, and amazingly intelligent.

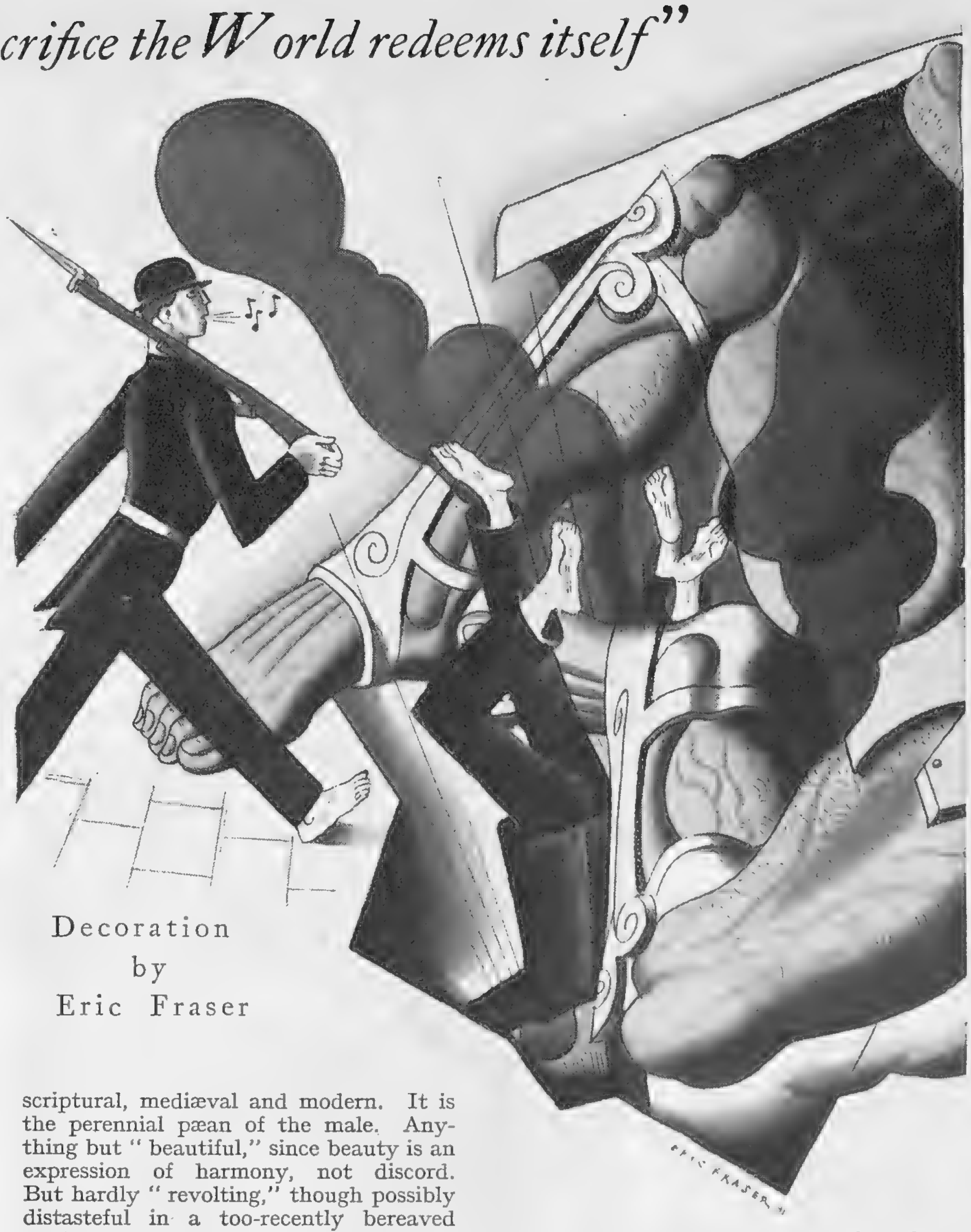
At first he grumbled.

What the devil—he inquired—did S. K. mean by trying to dictate to him, by telling him what actors to hire? He was doing the casting—he himself—and so . . .

"I know how

(*Continued on page* 140)

# *"By War's great Sacrifice the World redeems itself"*



Decoration by Eric Fraser

WAR, the Great Liberator. Humanity owes more to War than it does to Peace. War never killed the soul of a nation, or rotted to decadence the morale of a people. Prosperity, luxury, apathy of satisfaction destroy individuals and nations. War did not destroy Rome. Peace caused the downfall of her power and glory.

Has man reached that stage of moral and spiritual advancement where he can be depended upon to carry on human progress as destined by the Creator, without the impulse given by the terrible scourge of War and Revolution, to break down the barriers of fossilising conservatism and blinding prejudice? War is often a major operation on a section of humanity, enabling it to live on. Man shrinks from the challenge of Reality, as war's inferno of destruction shrivels his tinsel heaven of Delusion at a blast.

Fissures of the irreparable, chasms of the unbridgeable, separate pre-war and post-war mentalities, even in the same person. Civilisation is vitalised, culture extended, perspective widened, and progress forced upon the world through war. The lessons of war are cataclysmic. Peace, after a certain period, consolidates the lessons of war. But humanity has not yet reached a sufficiently high spiritual development consistently and steadily to progress in peace, without the impetus of pain and suffering, urging escape and experiment towards amelioration.

War, "as the finest form of sport," thus defined by Sir Harry Malet and Major Hervey de Montmorency, provoking a storm of unreasoned controversy, passed in 1914. Stark fear paralysed the nations, freezing judgment, poise, tradition and chivalry. Not that the Great War was barren of chivalry, or poor in heroes. But this mechanised age of mechanical fighting, scientific annihilation, and mathematical massacre, diminished to vanishing point the sporting chances of individual combatants. There is as little "sport" in modern warfare on land or sea—the air still excepted—as in certain modern forms of animal-hunting, pursued to the satisfaction and glorification of the world's "sportsmen."

In the days of man-to-man combat, war might have been regarded as the quintessence of "sport," but was already doomed as such several centuries before Christ, according to Archidamus, who, when he saw "a dart shot out of an engine brought from Sicily, exclaimed *'Good God! True valour is gone forever.'*" (Plutarch.) Archidamus was anticipating an era which we may still proudly claim has not yet come. "True valour" richly gemmed the pall of the world's blackest tragedy.

ALL the same, I cannot see the "terrible beauty" of war through the eyes of Mr. Ernest Raymond. Or, for that matter, entirely agree with Mr. John Galsworthy's outraged contradiction thereof, in the *Sunday Times* of March 25, 1928. Mr. Galsworthy writes that he read Mr. Raymond with deep attention, and put down the article "with deeper revolt."

Glorification of war is the traditional basis of all histories, primitive, pagan, scriptural, mediæval and modern. It is the perennial pæan of the male. Anything but "beautiful," since beauty is an expression of harmony, not discord. But hardly "revolting," though possibly distasteful in a too-recently bereaved world. Mr. Raymond evidently enjoyed his war. That is an individual mental attitude exalted and immortalised in the classics. Some men and few nations are born fighters. Genghiz Khan, Richard Cœur de Lion, the Cid, and Turks, for instance.

Pacifists are ambitiously ahead of their times. The world is not ready for Peace. Man is not spiritually prepared for the Millennium.

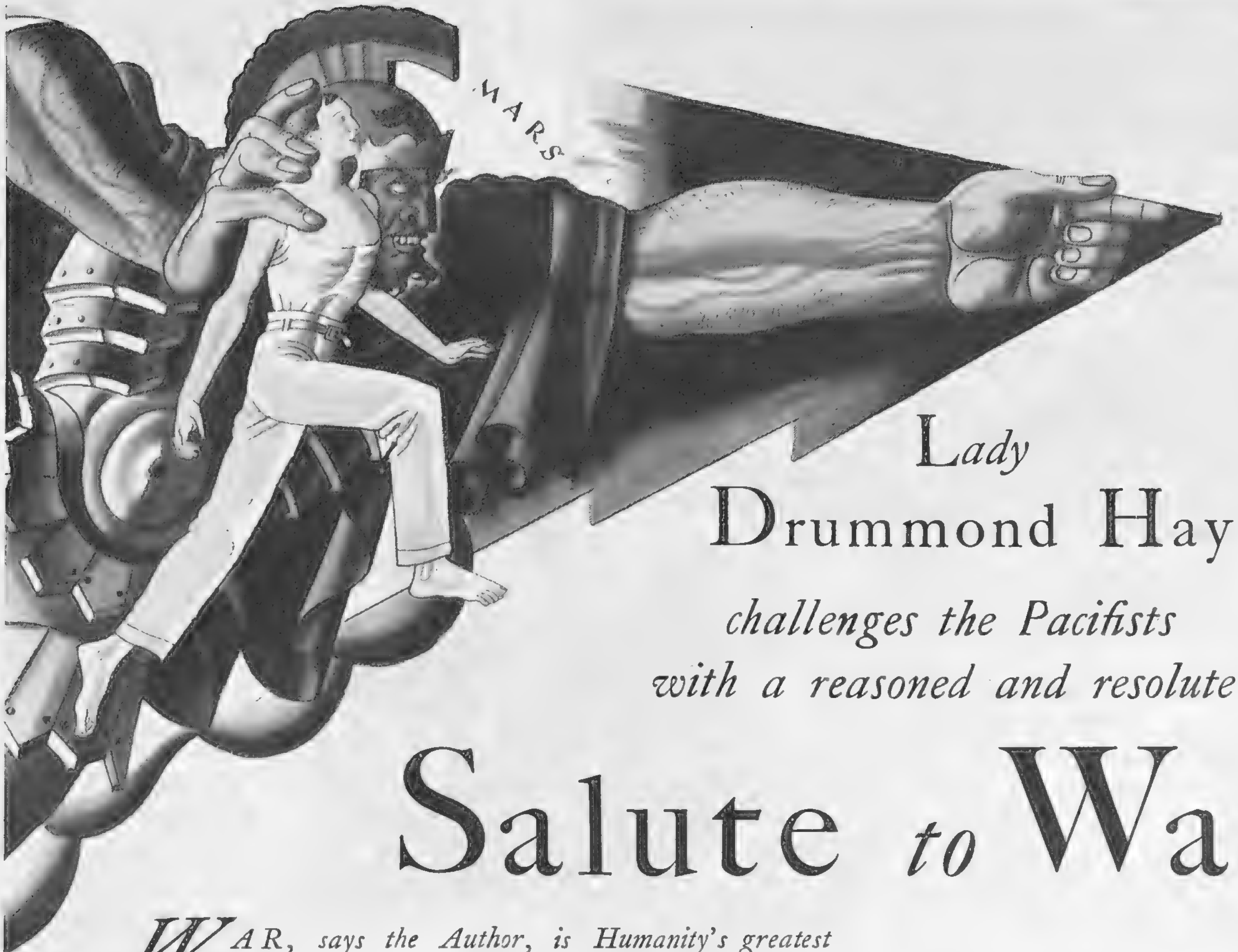
IS there a man or woman foolishly presumptuous enough to believe that he or she does not need the chastisement of pain, adversity and experience in this life, merely to keep the soul *alive*, lest it die of inanition, or be stifled in fatuity? And what after? The Catholic Church says Purgatory before Paradise. The Buddhists preach cycles of spiritual evolution. If individually we recognise and admit that spiritually we are imperfect—that further experience, possibly suffering, is inevitable as preparation for perfection in some distant cycle of eternity, how can we collectively aspire to the continuation of world-progress, not to mention a Millennium of Peace, in the stagnation of security, comfort, and lack of urge to improvement?

Fluctuating civilisations have been saved because "By War's great sacrifice, the world redeems itself." (J. Davidson.)

Civilisation has been won for the world by War, not Peace.

The victory of the Greeks over the Persians at Marathon in 490 B.C., broke for ever the spell of Persian invincibility, which had paralysed men's minds. It secured for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, the growth of free institutions, the liberal enlightenment of the Western world, and the gradual ascendancy for many ages of the great principles of European civilisation. The glory of Greece and prestige of her culture dimmed, flickered, and died, in the hothouse atmosphere of luxury and decadence. It was not eclipsed in the Spartan days of War.

Britain owes the foundations of her civilisation to the invading and conquering Romans. Upon the bloody battlefields of 55 B.C. were laid the bases of our Empire. The Briton of Roman days was an uncouth, primitive, ignorant creature. The Roman schooled him in the civilisation of the Age. Roads were built, portions of which still exist. Trees and plants introduced and cultivated, such as the elm, chestnut, cherry, poplar, rose, and lily. Soil was improved by the cutting down of forests and draining of fens. The mineral wealth of the country was exploited, iron-working in the Forest of Dean, tin mines in Cornwall, lead and copper mines in Montgomery, coal in



## Lady Drummond Hay

*challenges the Pacifists with a reasoned and resolute*

# Salute *to* War

*WAR, says the Author, is Humanity's greatest Liberator, Civilization's driving force to Progress. The World is not ready for the Millennium*

Shropshire. At least fifty walled cities were built, including London, York, Chester, Caerlon-on-Usk, Colchester and Bath.

IF Britain owes her first harvest of civilisation to the Romans, she owes her liberties to the Norman Conquest in A.D. 1066 according to the historian Guizot. Bloodshed and war was again the price of progress, but it bought the Magna Charta, and the precious traditions of English freedom. From the perspective of centuries, Rapin declares that the coming of the Normans was "the first step by which England has arrived to that height of grandeur and glory we behold it in at present." It is highly unlikely that contemporary Englishmen could see any good in it at all, at the time.

The Wars of the Roses, releasing the sinister elements peculiar to all civil wars, had, however, far-reaching results in the cause of progress. The Battle of Bosworth, 1485, placed upon the throne Henry VII, first of the Tudors. Aristocratic Monarchy gave way to democratic Monarchy. The Tudors, though despotic, based their authority upon popular support, and not upon one class alone. The era saw the beginning of Britain's sea power.

The War of the Grand Alliance was essentially one for liberty, whether religious, civil or commercial. Had Louis XIV of France triumphed over the Grand Alliance (Holland, Spain, Brandenburg, Savoy, and the Empire under the leadership of William III of England) the result would have been the extinction of Protestantism, the establishment of a French despotism over Western Europe, and the expansion of France in the New World to the exclusion of other Powers. Allied victory safeguarded liberty, commercial and colonial enterprises.

The untold sufferings of our soldiers in Russia during the Crimean War, inspired Florence Nightingale to inaugurate a system of trained nurses. From this developed our incomparable Nursing Services. Army reforms were also set on foot, due to action taken by Lord Herbert, "The Soldiers' Friend."

THE Franco-Prussian War resulted in the creation of the modern German Empire, and the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, when the French troops were recalled from Rome to fight for their country. The defeat brought out all that is finest in the French nation. With great devotion to their country, and self-sacrifice, they paid the Indemnity to the Germans in advance of the time accorded to them.

The American Revolution not only laid the corner-stone of a new nation, but of a new civilisation, upon whose youthful resources, enterprise and drive, the Old World draws for refreshment and energy. The Civil War in America brought freedom, eventually education and enlightenment to millions of slaves.

Japan's war with China was the beginning of the awakening of Cathay, further roused by the competitive civil war. The modernisation of China would have been delayed another fifty years or longer, if that unwieldy nation of 500,000,000 population had been allowed to slumber on in Peace. Within the last two decades China, under the forced draught of civil war, involving requirements for modern arms, ammunition, aircraft, etc., as well as the more constructive implements of advancement such as rolling-stock, engineering material, educational supplies, has assimilated no little Western civilisation. The Central Government in Nanking is manned by Christian Chinese. The status of women is vastly improved. Foot-binding is unlawful. China had to feel the lash of war for her regeneration, not the assurance of Peace and conservatism.

The defeat of Russia by Japan was the beginning of the downfall of the Czarist régime, and the birth of Bolshevism. War shook the Old Order, Revolution destroyed it. But in the case of Russia's Herculean experiment, it is too early to attempt to judge, or to predict the outcome.

THE Great War, as shocking and world-shaking as it was at the time, is an outstanding (*Continued on page* 131)

# What I this

*BUTTER curls can be made very simply by drawing this curved knife down the pat of butter. Its price is 1/6*

THOSE little butter curls are not at all difficult to make, as one would think. No practice and very little trouble are needed to make them if this curved knife is used. Nor is any knack required; the curls will come the very first time. Dip the knife into some hot water and draw it down the pat of butter. The surface of this, of course, must be smooth. This simple action will make the first curl. As soon as the knife is cool dip it into the hot water, and continue. When there are sufficient curls made, put the plate which holds them into some cold water where they will set. Price 1s. 6d.

*THIS ice-cream freezer makes ice-cream in forty minutes and the small size costs only 13/6*

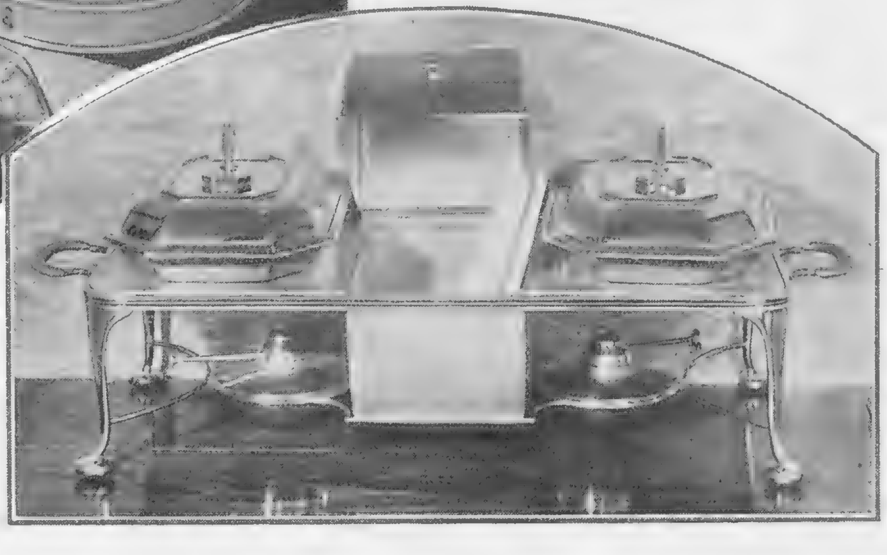
YOU can make ice-cream in forty minutes without trouble, and the quart freezer costs as little as 13s. 6d. The whole idea of this vacuum freezer is quite simple. There are two chambers, one for the chopped ice and salt, the other for the cream mixture. When the larger chamber has been filled with the ice and salt, it is sealed down and the whole container reversed. The other chamber is then uppermost and is filled with the cream; this in turn is sealed and the container once more reversed. It stays in this position, and after 40 minutes will yield the cream frozen. There is nothing more to it than an occasional stirring, yet the ice cream is every bit as good as that made with a complicated machine. Other sizes can be obtained for 17s. 3d.; 24s. and 27s.; these make 2, 3 and 4 quarts of ice-cream respectively.

*A MAYONNAISE or egg whisk which prevents any splashing or waste costs 5/-*

THERE need be no more fear about the tiny splashes of oil when mayonnaise is being mixed. The lid on the mixer illustrated on the left is attached to the whisk and keeps the splatters inside the receptacle. Nor need half the mayonnaise be spilt when it is being poured out, for the receptacle is a jug and pours as all good jugs should. Notice, too, the useful indications of different measures: not only are the half-pints, pints, etc., marked, but the corresponding amounts in cupfuls. Naturally, this mixer can also be used for whisking eggs, whipping cream and other similar functions. Price 5s.

AN addition has been made to the usual type of hot-plate stands in the form of an oven in which plates can be kept hot. The construction of the hot-plate on which the entrée dishes stand is so planned that the oven or plate container also gets the heat. This one is for a full-sized breakfast plate and costs £16 5s. Those who already have a hot-plate will be interested to hear that these plate ovens can be bought without the place for the entrée dishes. They have the spirit lamp immediately beneath them. Price £9 7s. 6d.

*THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*



*A NEW type of improved hot-plate, which keeps the plates as well as the dishes hot, costs £9 . 7 . 6*

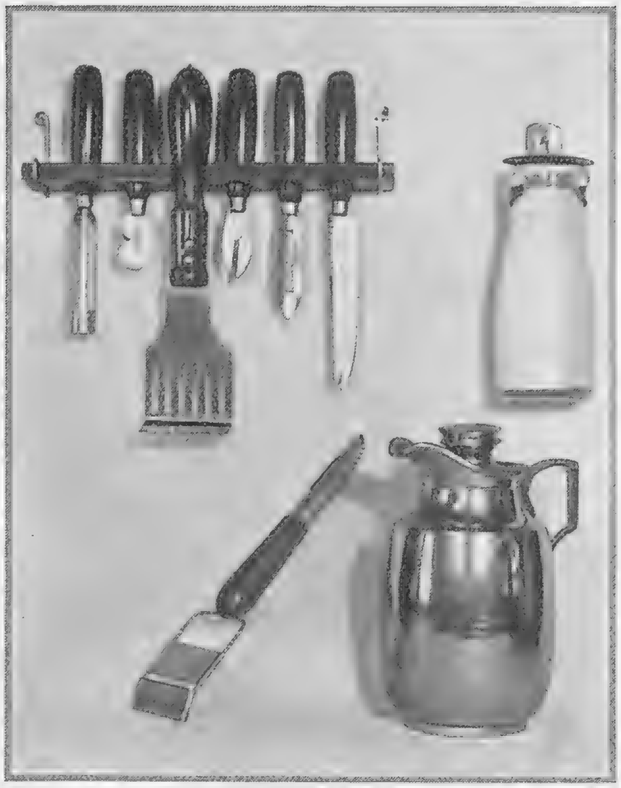
# *have* bought Month

EVERY cook will welcome a "Utility" combination knife, for there is no end to the uses to which this invaluable little gadget can be put. It will peel potatoes, apples, cucumbers, carrots, turnips and every kind of vegetable, and by a simple adjustment of the blade, cucumbers and tomatoes can be sliced and potato chips or crisps can be cut to any desired thickness. One end also serves as a corer for apples, one turn being all that is necessary to remove the core. The cost is 1s., and instructions for use are clearly printed on the box in which it is contained.

STAINLESS steel is undoubtedly one of the greatest boons in these days of labour-saving devices, and a rack containing everything ready to hand for culinary use will be a great saving of both time and temper. The stainless steel kitchen set illustrated on the right of this page comprises an apple and fruit corer, knife sharpener, potato and vegetable masher, potato and fruit peeler, tin opener, knife for garnishing and shredding cucumber, tomato, meat, etc. The entire set costs only 7s. 6d.

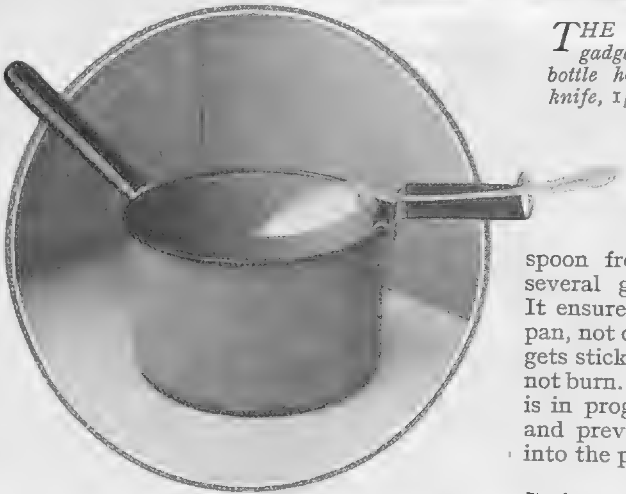
MILK bottles so easily overbalance that a simple gadget for holding them securely is obviously an excellent idea. For 9d. an E-Zee-On bottle-holder can be obtained, complete with screws and full instructions for fixing. This can be screwed to the side of the door, or, in flats where a service lift is in use, can be fixed inside the lift.

AFTER a theatre or dance it is very pleasing to come home and find a jug of piping-hot coffee awaiting one, and this is possible for all who are fortunate enough to possess a Thermos vacuum jug. The one illustrated on this page has a brass body finished with best quality nickel plate, and has a cork and metal stopper. 21s. is the price of the pint size, and for 35s. a quart size is available. Liquid contained in these jugs will keep hot for twenty-four hours.



*THE rack fitted with all its gadgets costs 7/6; the milk bottle holder, 9d.; the combination knife, 1/-; and the thermos jug, 21/-*

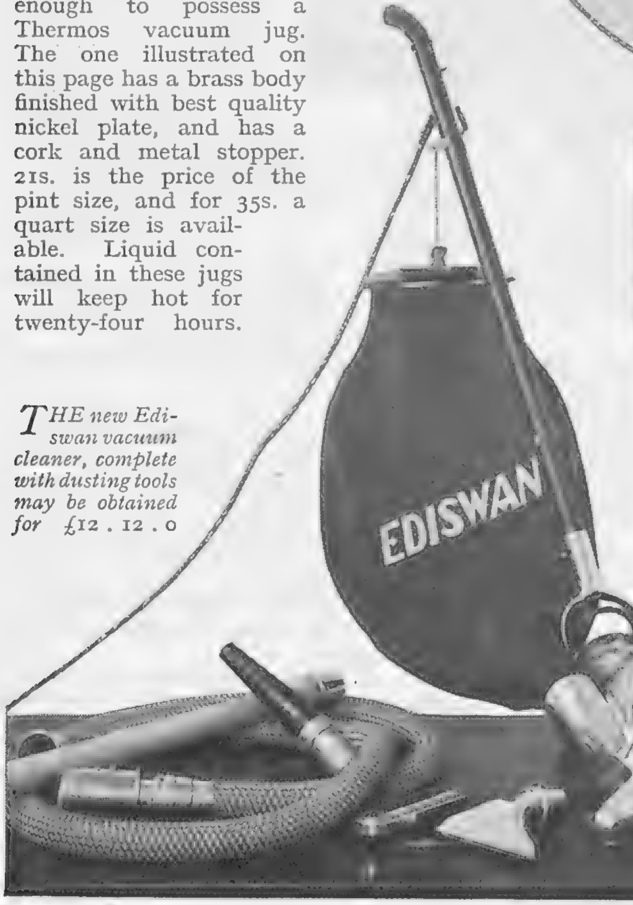
*THIS spoon rest, which can be attached to any saucepan, costs only 6d.*



A SPOON rest which may be attached to any saucepan, and which prevents the spoon from slipping into the pan, has several good points to recommend it. It ensures that the spoon drips into the pan, not on to the stove; the handle never gets sticky or overheated, the spoon cannot burn. It can also be used when painting is in progress to support the paint-brush and prevent it from slipping too deeply into the paint pot. Price 6d.

THE use of a razor is always rather a delicate operation, but the "Duchess" razor, on account of its curved blade, can be used by women with absolute ease and safety. It has the additional advantage of a straight edge, for use when the curved one is unnecessary. The neat little case in which it is contained is nickel plated, and the blade is of finest Sheffield steel. This set is 5s. 9d., while for 10s. 6d. it may be obtained in a silvered finish with three blades, and for 15s., gold plated with five blades.

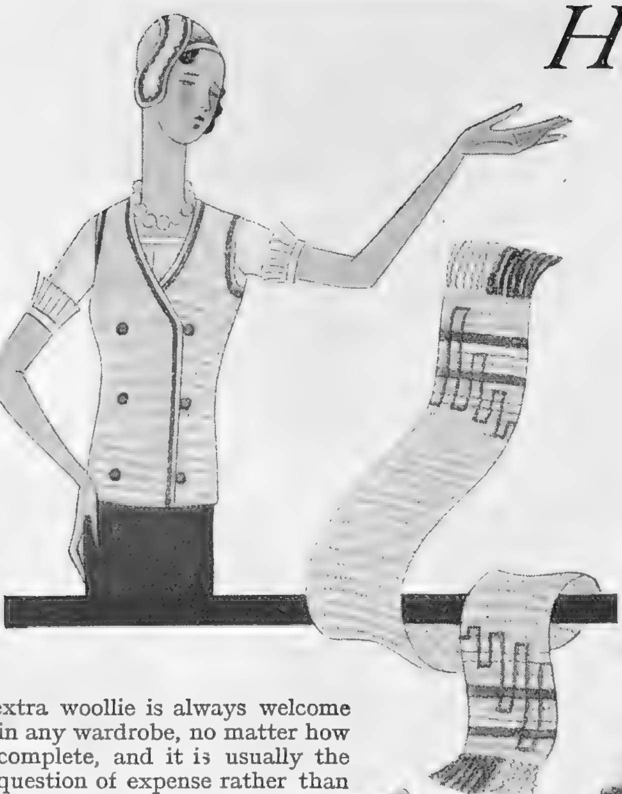
*THE "Duchess" razor, with blade, packed in a neat nickel-plated box, costs 5/9. Extra blades are 2/6 a packet*



*THE new Ediswan vacuum cleaner, complete with dusting tools may be obtained for £12 . 12 . 0*

THE new Ediswan vacuum cleaner has a high-speed motor which, although it provides powerful suction, yet consumes remarkably little current. It is mounted on ball bearings and requires neither oiling nor any other attention. It is remarkably quiet in operation and is mounted on easy-running castors which precludes its doing any damage to the finest carpet or the smoothest parquet. It is equipped with a set of ingenious dusting tools specially designed to deal with carpets, curtains, picture rails and the hundred and one other diverse elements of the home which periodically require cleaning, and may be bought for the modest sum of £12 12s. or obtained by easy hire-purchase terms.

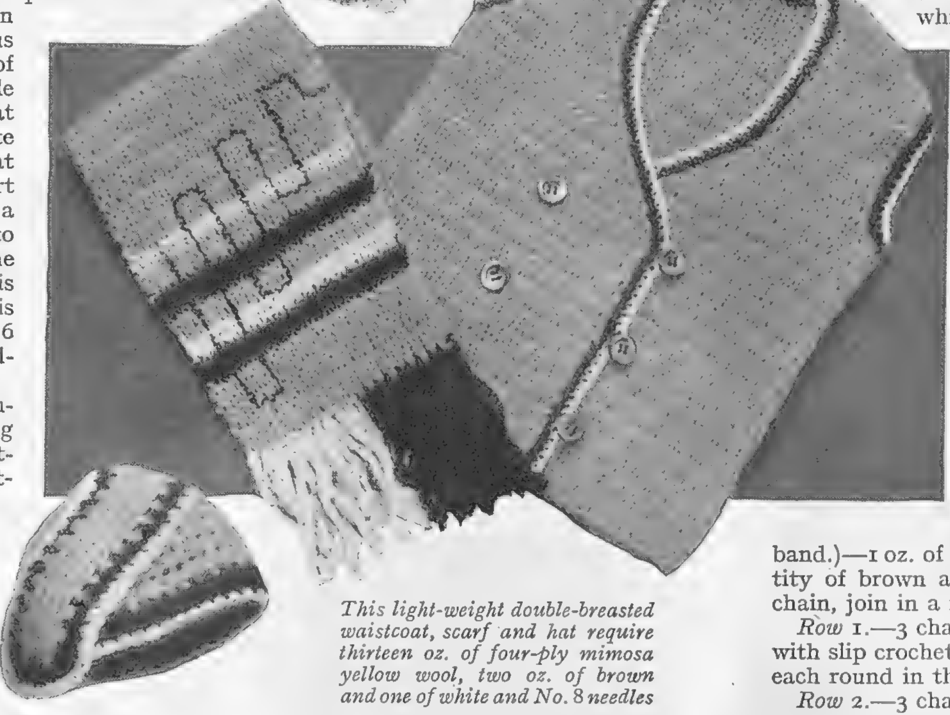
# *How to make an attractive* Scarf, Hat *and* Waistcoat



*This attractive holiday set is carried out in mimosa yellow wool bordered with brown and white*

AN extra woollie is always welcome in any wardrobe, no matter how complete, and it is usually the question of expense rather than lack of inclination which prevents us from acquiring more of these indispensable garments. But what woman would hesitate if she were told that she could have a smart woollen waistcoat, a scarf and a hat to match for 8s. 8d.? The set illustrated on this page would cost this sum, for it requires 16 ozs. of Paton & Baldwin's four-ply wool.

Here are the full instructions for making this attractive light-weight, double-breasted waistcoat, patterned scarf and béret. The waistcoat is carried out in mimosa yellow wool with a white and brown border. It is knitted in wheat-stitch—*i.e.*, 1 plain, 1 purl, reversed every four rows.



*This light-weight double-breasted waistcoat, scarf and hat require thirteen oz. of four-ply mimosa yellow wool, two oz. of brown and one of white and No. 8 needles*

*Materials required for Waistcoat.*—8 oz. of four-ply yellow wool and a small quantity of brown and white wool (2 oz. of brown and 1 oz. of white is sufficient for waistcoat, scarf and béret). One pair of No. 8 needles and a medium size crochet hook for border. Six large pearl buttons for double-breasted front.

### Waistcoat.

*The Back.*—Cast on 140 stitches, knit 120 rows up to arm hole. For armhole cast off first 8 stitches each side, then 3, then 1. Knit till 175 rows have been knitted from bottom.

*Row* 176.—Knit 43, cast off 30, knit 43.

*Row* 177.—Knit back on 43.

*Row* 178.—Cast off 4. Knit to end.

*Row* 179.—Knit back.

*Row* 180.—Cast off 3, knit to end.

### Shoulder Slope.

*Row* 181.—Cast off 9, knit to end of row.

*Row* 182.—Knit back.

Repeat 181st and 182nd rows three times more.

Knit 43 left on other side of neck in the same way reversing narrowings.

*The Front.*—Cast on 100 stitches of which 40 form the double-breast. Knit in wheat-stitch until 87 rows have been done.

*Row* 88.—Begin neck slope by knitting two stitches together every row at front, coming and going.

*Row* 121.—Cast off 16 stitches at armhole side.

*Row* 123.—Cast off 4 stitches and at 125th row cast off 2 stitches, still continuing the narrowings every front row until 36 stitches remain. Continue on 36 stitches until 184 rows are completed from the bottom. Slope the shoulders as for back, and do other front in the same way, reversing the narrowings. With double brown wool crochet in double crochet round fronts, neck, bottom, and armholes, allowing two double crochet to each knitted pattern. Then with white wool do one double crochet into the brown. The white wool is done singly, and three loops crocheted in white for the buttonholes.

### The Scarf.

Four oz. of yellow wool, small quantity of tobacco and white. Cast on 80 stitches, knit 12 rows yellow, 4 rows brown, 4 rows white, 4 rows yellow, 4 rows brown, 4 rows yellow, 4 rows white and continue in yellow to the length of about 40 in., when repeat stripes. (In joining stripes, do first row plain and then 3 rows in pattern to avoid join showing.) Fringe of chain half white and half brown. With a carpet needle thread in a double brown line in zigzag.

*Crochet Béret.* (Trimmed with knitted band.)—1 oz. of yellow wool, small quantity of brown and white. Crochet four chain, join in a ring in slip crochet.

*Row* 1.—3 chain, 12 treble in ring, join with slip crochet in top of chain. (Join each round in this way.)

*Row* 2.—3 chain, 2 treble in each treble of previous round, taking up back loop. (Work in back loop throughout.)

*Row* 3.—2 treble in one, one treble in one all round.

*Row* 4.—As 3rd row.

*Row* 5.—2 treble into every 4th stitch.

*Row* 6.—2 treble into every 5th stitch.

*Rows* 7 and 8.—Crochet round without increasing.

*Row* 8.—Increase every 12th stitch.

*Rows* 10, 11, *and* 12.—Crochet round without increasing.

*Row* 13.—Increase every 13th stitch.

*Row* 14.—In brown crochet all round in treble stitch.

*Row* 15.—In brown crochet round in *double* crochet. Then once round in *double* crochet in white. The béret is done throughout in treble crochet except these two border rows.

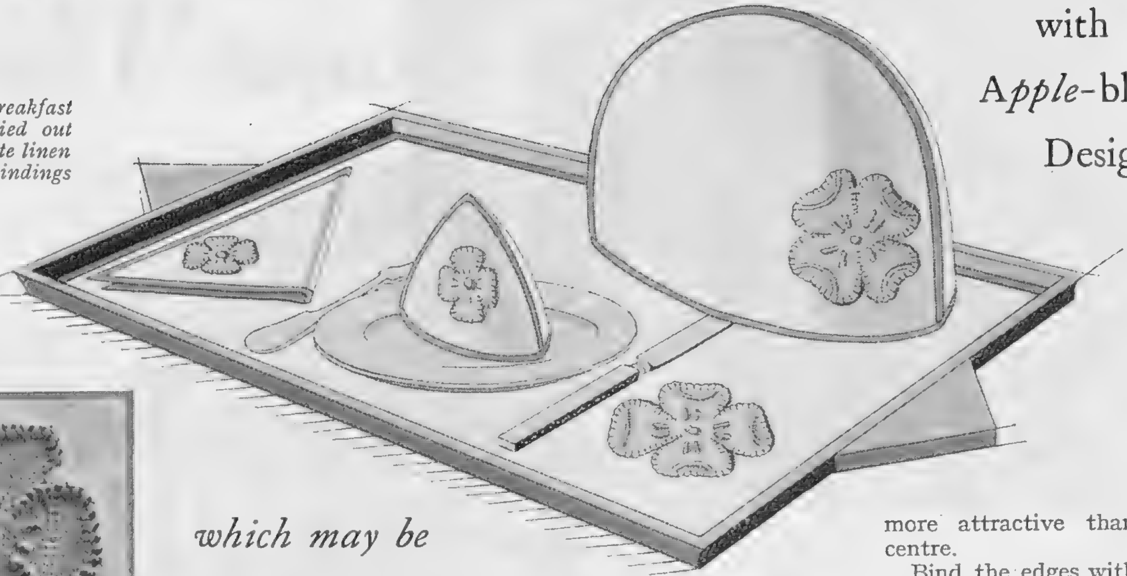
### For Band.

Cast on 16 stitches. Do 26 patterns in yellow of wheat-stitch.

Crochet border round as for waistcoat.

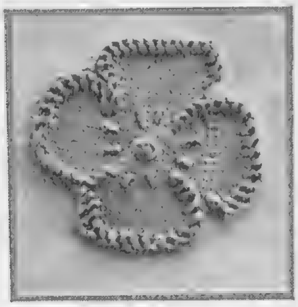
# An *Embroidered* Breakfast Set

## with an A*pple*-blossom Design



*This attractive breakfast tray set is carried out in pink and white linen with green bindings*

*Here is the size of the small apple-blossom to be appliquéd on the napkin and egg-cosy*



*which may be cut out from half a yard of linen, and which costs under three shillings*

THIS attractive morning set is made of Tower Dye linen in pink and white, and bound at the edges with apple green bias binding. This linen may be had in twenty-five different fast colours and costs only 2s. 6d. a yard.

The design is very simple to work, being appliquéd in pink linen, and embroidered with easy stitches.

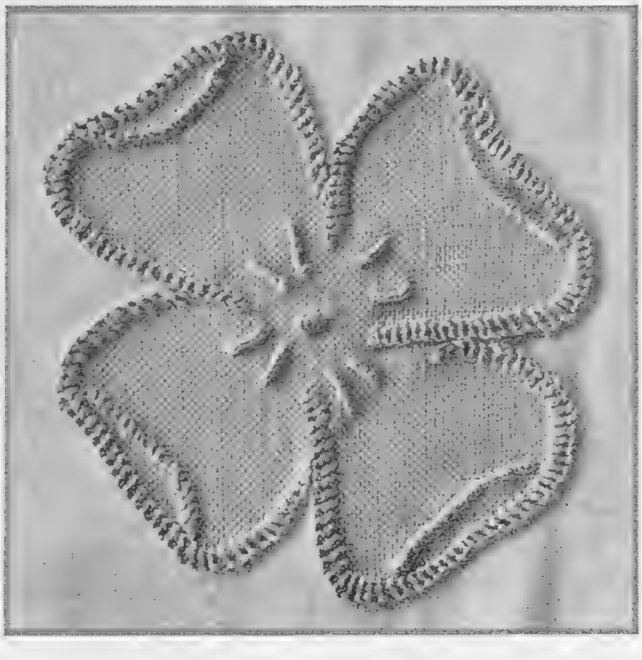
The set consists of traycloth, two napkins, a tea-cosy cover, and two egg-cosies, and to make it you will require :—

½ yd. of white linen.
⅛ yd. of pink linen.
1 card of apple green cotton bias binding.
3 skeins of pink twisted embroidery silk.

### *The Design*

THE outline of the flower can be traced from the photograph. The petals look better if they are not all exactly the same size, so if you prefer to draw it out freehand, you don't need to bother about being too exact.

Cut a piece of pink linen four inches square and lay the tracing face downwards on this piece of material. With a finely pointed pencil draw over the design. (If you use thin paper, you will find that the design is plainly visible through it.) It is difficult to get rid of pencil marks on the linen, so do not put in any lines that you will not cover with the embroidery. Cut away the surplus linen round the embroidery with sharp scissors.



*Here is the large apple-blossom with which to decorate the traycloth and tea-cosy. This may easily be traced on to the linen*

### *The Traycloth*

CUT out the traycloth as indicated in the diagram. This measures 18 in. by 11 in. Lay the square of pink linen with the traced design on top in one corner, and then tack into place. Work round the edges of the petals with buttonhole stitch about an eighth of an inch deep, close together, and fasten off your stitches at the back neatly. Work satin stitch along the lines which indicate the turn of the petals—again making your stitches close together. In the centre of the flower work a large French knot. At the base of each petal work two long knots.

No turnings have been allowed for, as the edges are bound with the apple-green bias binding. Work the binding by hand for preference, mitreing the corners neatly.

The triangular napkins are worked in exactly the same way, and the small flower design is used for these.

### *The Tea-cosy Cover*

CUT a piece of white linen to the shape of the pattern given and work the large embroidered flower at the base, towards one side—this looks more attractive than in the centre.

Bind the edges with the bias binding.

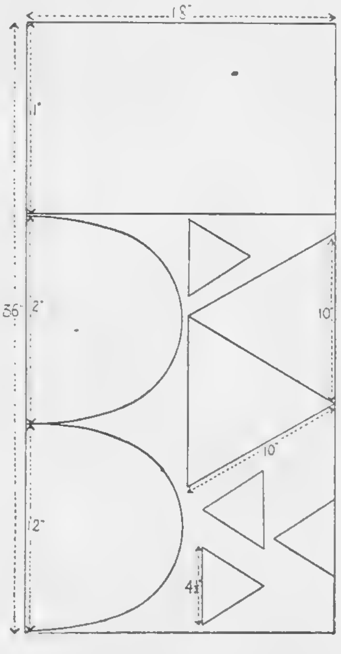
Cut another piece of linen to match, and bind in the same way. It is not necessary to work the embroidery on the back.

Join the front and back of the cosy cover along the circular edge with small slipstitches, and pull it over your cosy. It is not necessary to stitch it on, so it will be easily taken off for laundering.

### *The Egg-cosy Covers*

THESE are cut in the novel triangular shape of the napkins, and embroidered with the tiny blossom design in pink to match the rest of the set. Bind the edges and then slipstitch together as you did the tea-cosy cover.

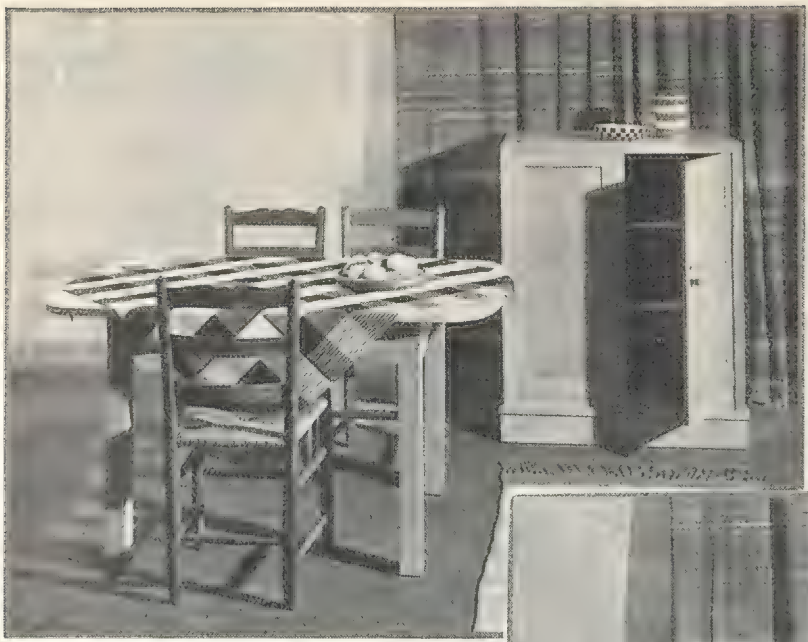
If you have no egg-cosies this unusual shape, you can easily make them with cotton wool, with lawn for the lining.



*If you follow this diagram you will be able to make this set out of half a yard of linen*

# The Why and How of

## How *to* make Children *Eat* what *is* good *for* them and *enjoy* it



*This hand-made table and cupboard, specially designed for nursery use, are carried out in natural oak. Gordon Russell*

*The low table, the comfortable chair, the serving table on wheels and the beautifully made bricks are all the work of Gordon Russell*

It is noticeable in practically every family of healthy normal children, as opposed to those who are delicate or have a disposition to be difficult about meals in general, that there are certain items in their diet which are heartily and persistently disliked.

Unfortunately, these items are often of considerable food value, presenting the parents with a very real problem. The old Spartan training that compelled children to eat even the things that they detested has happily yielded to the commonsense view that such items in the circumstances would do as much harm as good and might even fail to be properly assimilated.

A development grew from this last idea, however, that behind every food prejudice must lie some fundamental physiological idiosyncrasy which prevented the food from being digestible to the particular child. Hence the prejudice was supposed to operate as a protective instinct, and the disliked item had automatically to be banned without more ado from the diet sheet. This theory in practice, however, only appeared to carry reason in a very limited number of cases, and research has gone much further into the whole question of feeding than formerly.

But apart from purely physiological considerations, by observing a child's feeding and development from earliest infancy we have a key to the underlying reason of many of the most common childish food prejudices.

Once the cause of such difficulties is appreciated we have a chance, if not to overcome them right away, to make a good percentage of them acceptable in some special form, or else discover acceptable substitutes.

If we study the behaviour of a baby of a few months, its first efforts to eat, in the usual sense of the word, are actuated by the cutting of teeth, which cause it to seek anything hard to press against the gums and bite.

At this stage, therefore, and before it is weaned, generally, a baby will enjoy biting at a rusk or crust; all babies welcome such things.

When a baby is weaned, however, apart from milk foods and gravies, his first introduction to a meal includes items such as rice, custard, or barley jellies, and stewed apple, etc. From these the baby gets no mastication satisfaction, neither can they be drunk like milk from a cup or bottle. These items he is further required to accept not as an additional food to the one that he has known so long, and so greatly enjoyed, but as an exchange for it, and for the satisfaction and security that he has had in the relationship with his mother during the nine months that she has nursed him.

The semi-solid foods, therefore, present no very interesting credentials to the baby, even though the reaction towards them will vary very much with individual cases, and the methods of infant feeding and weaning.

Following up the idea of the welcomed crust that comforted the baby in the early dentition stages, and the unwelcome or less welcome semi-solids, it becomes significant that in the likes and dislikes of small children the *texture* of the food seems to play an important rôle, while the actual taste of many items seems of secondary importance.

It comes about, therefore, that children who reject such items as soft rice puddings or porridge, even with sugar or cream or syrup as an inducement, will cheerfully accept rice or wheat offered in the form of toasted crisps and so forth, while the child that thoroughly dislikes cabbage or similar soft greens will munch delightedly at a fresh lettuce or eat a vegetable broth from which the vegetables have been strained.

Nature knows her own business well in such directions, for it is undoubtedly better for small children to have a proportion of hard food, by which they learn to masticate well, than be fed, as so many are, eternally on soft food. Both teeth and digestion benefit by mastication.

Briefly, then, we can meet these particular dislikes by allowing such a child the crisp cereals and toast and biscuits, as far as possible, and vegetable broth, and (after 18 months) items such as lettuce in season. When rice, wheat or porridge are given in soft form, they should be of so fine a grinding and so smoothly prepared that the distasteful half-soft particles are completely absent.

Sometimes the otherwise rejected vegetables may be accepted if well cooked and mashed or finely sieved—a process that the child should not observe if his prejudices are strong. In making any such changes it is often good to use a new dish or some other variety of presentation.

Another dislike common to a great number of children is fat. The cause in this case is not quite so easily discoverable. It has been suggested that, as in the case of the "skin" on milk, there may be some unconscious association between the rather gristly, unforgiving rubber teat of a bottle and the "skin" or the fat in texture.

In some cases, at any rate, the trouble is due to texture, and

# *Food* Prejudices *in* Children

### By Len Chaloner

the children contentedly eat dripping on toast or bread instead of the fat that they disliked with their dinner on meat. Fat, again, should be left on the top of a properly prepared bone-and-vegetable broth, which may be given to children of any age. If in serving this we take a deep cupful that includes fat, marrow, and lean layers in their proper proportion, the child will probably accept them without question. Some children will eat fat that is cold, but not fat that is hot, or the other way round. It is well to bear in mind that butter and cream are the fats most happily given to children, while there is also value to them in the small quantities of fat they take in eating vegetables, salads with olive oil, and so forth. There is no object in urging that fat should be eaten with meat if it is disliked.

THE more we go into the detail of food prejudices the more we are led to the conclusion that the food appears to be distasteful by virtue of some association of ideas conjured up by the sight or smell or texture of the particular item. The association may be of some previous experience, or maybe the disliked item becomes a symbol of something that is not even conscious in the mind. This theory is borne out by the fact that prejudices are very usually of a type extending to several similar items; the child that dislikes cabbage will not improbably also reject rice and sago, if not stewed apple.

The texture prejudices generally show themselves when a child is tiny, but the other dislikes may appear a little later in relation to the appearance of a food or the aroma. One child will find himself right up against the idea of tomatoes on account of the colour or appearance, while another will eat white meat, such as chicken, but not red (or, as it appears when cooked, brown).

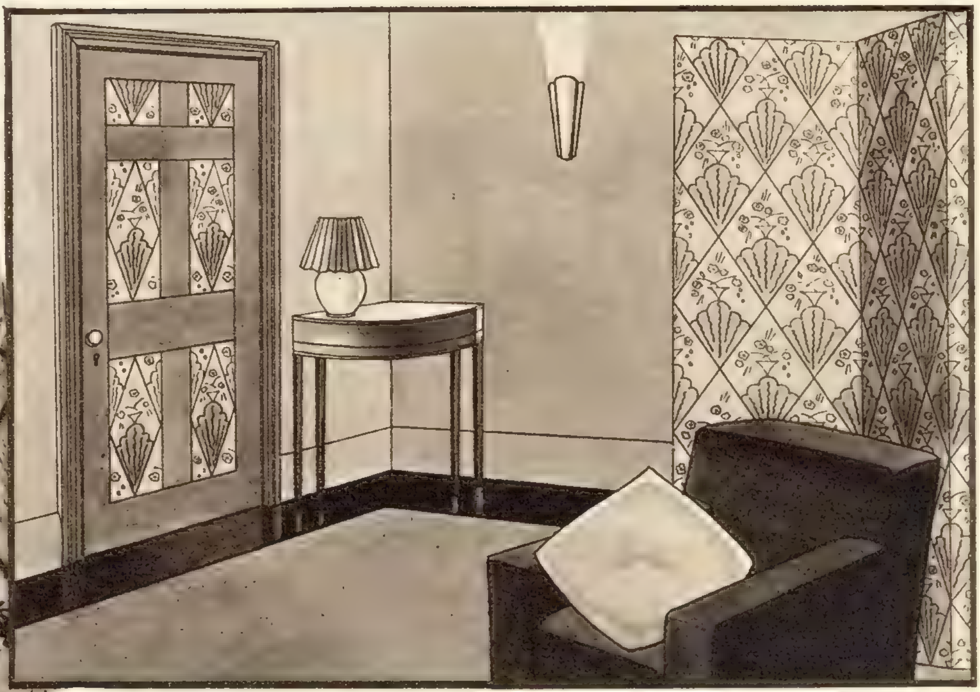
The child that will not eat anything like a tomato if it sees one will often, nevertheless, like the flavour of the juice in some made-up dish, so long as it has no idea of the *nature* of the flavour.

It may be, in the antipathy to meat, that the underlying cause of dislike is the feeling that the animal has been killed. If this feeling is acute we shall probably trace it in other behaviour and anxiety of the child, and perhaps need to treat it on this more serious basis, not simply as a food prejudice which may or may not be outgrown.

Specialised medical treatment by a (*Continued on p.* 96.)

# New Ways *with*

This charming design in pale - yellow and green makes the door - panels and covers the screen in the adjoining illustration. Sanderson



*Much interest is lent to this room, which has plain cream walls, by the panels of patterned wall-paper on the door and by the screen covered with the same paper. The carpet is grey, and the floor-surround and the arm-chair dark brown*

*Delicate all-over designs with shaded backgrounds are justifiably popular, for they give an illusion of space to small rooms. Sanderson*

*A small flower-design in blue, orange, and black on a white ground decorates the walls of this bed-room and makes a charming background to the simple furniture and the modern pictures. The bedspread and the curtains are orange and the carpet grey*

AFTER a slight eclipse wall-papers are returning to favour, but, compared with their predecessors, the new designs are conspicuously simple, and small, subtle patterns have replaced the montrosities with roses rampant that our grandfathers loved so well. One of the reasons why people do not use wall-papers to-day as much as they should is because they do not realise their many possibilities, so here are some simple suggestions for rooms in which wall-papers can be used with great effect.

One of the sketches is of a period room in which wall-papers are utilised in a novel and decorative manner. This living-room has walls painted a light apple-green and is furnished with period furniture. The walls have been left bare except for the panel above the mantelpiece and the two alcoves on either side, which have been lined with a modern wall-paper. The panel is an inexpensive affair, and depicts a modernist deer against a soft background of leaves and flowers. This design is carried out in light yellows, fawn and green, and, framed in natural oak or with a painted border, looks immensely effective against the green walls. It costs only 6s. a piece, and is washable and dust-proof. To match the panel, the two alcoves on each side of the fireplace have been lined with a modern wall-paper with an abstract design in soft grey, green, and yellow, and are lit by indirect lighting from bulbs hidden beneath the glass flooring. This paper is also guaranteed fast in colour, is washable, and costs only several shillings a piece, and its broken surface contrasts admirably with the plain painted walls.

WHEN decorating a room, wall-papers will be found infinitely cheaper than paint or distemper, and, now that wall-papers are waterproof and washable, there is no reason not to use them. First let us consider the room furnished with antiques or reproductions; in days gone by it was the fashion to cover the walls of the drawing-room and dining-room with a watered silk or coloured damask, but naturally this was an expensive business. Now, by a modern process, you can buy a wall-paper that looks exactly like silk and damask and even has the same texture as the material, and yet can be bought for 4s. 6d. a yard in all colours

# Wall-papers

*SOME suggestions for the use of the new wall-papers which, apart from their decorative qualities, are guaranteed fadeless and washable*

## *By* Derek Patmore

*Magenta balloons float over the grey background of this wall-paper. The curtains are blue and bordered with magenta*

and designs, and it is also washable and unfadable. For the modern room there are many new papers with special metallic finishes which are extraordinarily attractive. These papers have no definite design and are therefore more restful to the eye, but are usually shot with several soft colours such as grey and silver with blue, green or mauve, or soft green and yellow shot with gold.

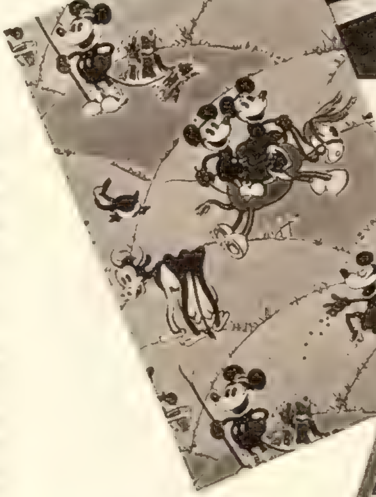
The new waterproof papers are particularly suited to the bath-room, and for this purpose a new paper which looks like mosaic in blue and green on a white ground and has a varnished surface would be excellent. It costs only 4s. 6d. a piece. Another admirable wall-paper for the bath-room is made with a marbled effect in light blue or grey; it also is steam-proof and looks most effective on the walls. If you wish, these papers can be finished off with a frieze of sea-gulls or fish, which can be bought by the yard and stuck on the walls where it is required.

Modern walls are frequently finished off with a covering of cream or buff plaster, but now you can buy wall-papers which reproduce the effect of stone or plaster with amazing fidelity and cost infinitely less. This paper, with its rough stone surface, is made in buff, stone, or light yellow, and cream is ideal for rooms furnished in the modern style.

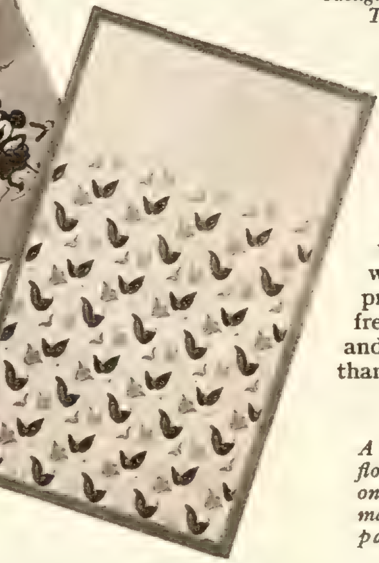
NURSERIES play an important part in the home of to-day, so that it is to be expected that special wall-papers should be designed for them. One of the most attractive of these depicts the adventures of the adorable Mickey Mouse, and is guaranteed to be an unfailing source of delight to the small occupants. It is made in delightful colours, is washable, and costs only 3s. 6d. a piece.

There are many attractive little ways in which wall-papers may be used with great decorative effect: for example, on the panels of doors, as in the sketch on the top of the opposite page, and for the covering of screens. Against a background of plain walls, these panels of wall-paper make a striking contrast, and provide an easy way of modernising a rather old-fashioned room. The paper used for this scheme is a new design with a geometrical pattern suggesting a bouquet of conventionalised flowers in yellow, green, pink, and gold on a cream ground. It is washable, and costs 4s. 6d. a piece.

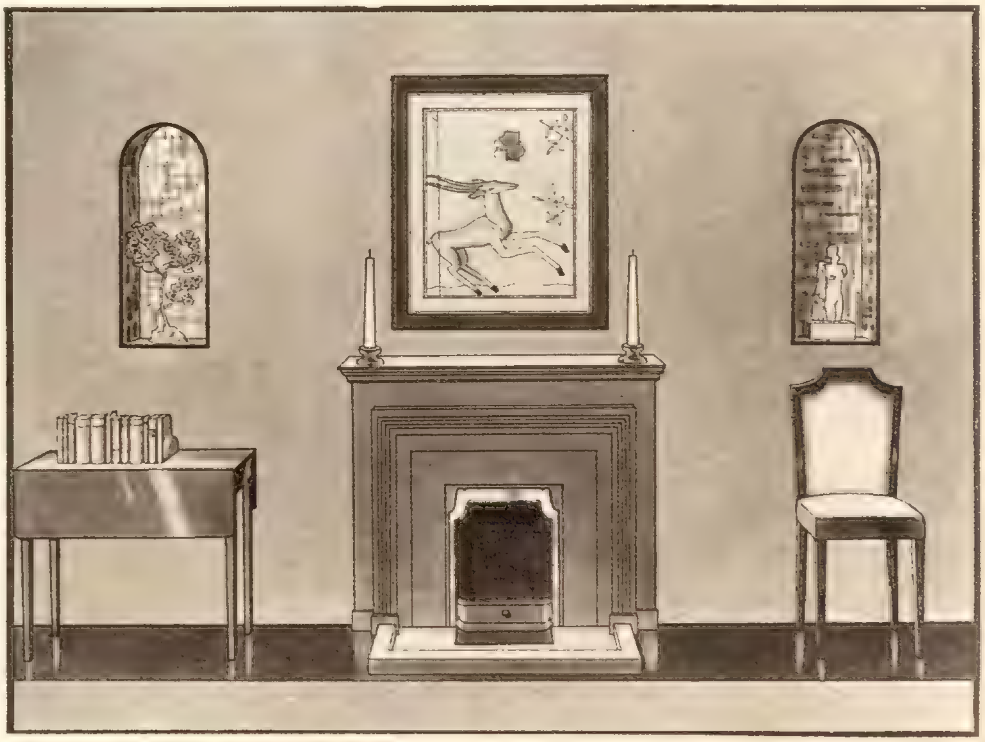
Wardrobes and built-in clothes cupboards lined with well-chosen floral wall-papers look charming, and, since the modern wall-paper is both washable and dust-proof, this method is frequently more practical and definitely cheaper than paint-work.



*A nursery wall-paper which depicts the exploits of Mickey Mouse would delight any small occupant. Sanderson*



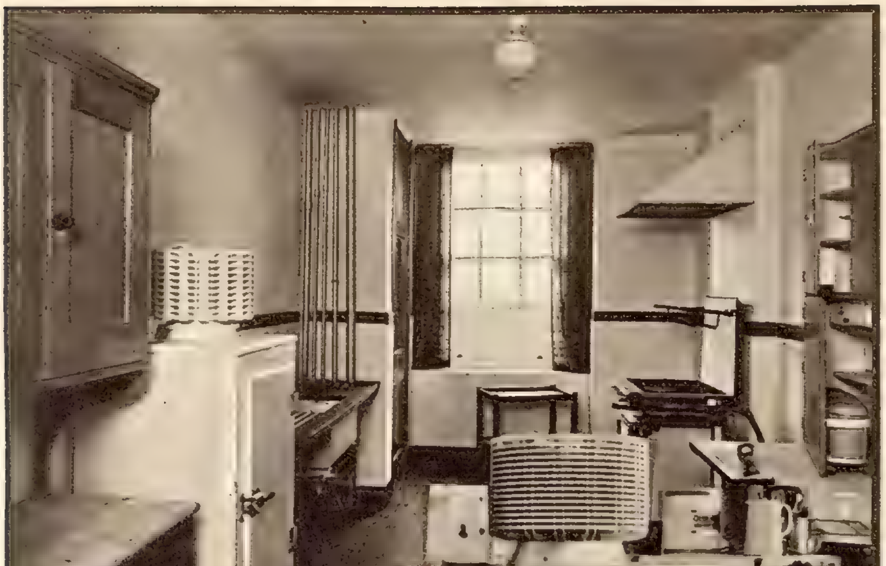
*A conventionalised flower-design in magenta on a cream ground makes this attractive paper. Sanderson*



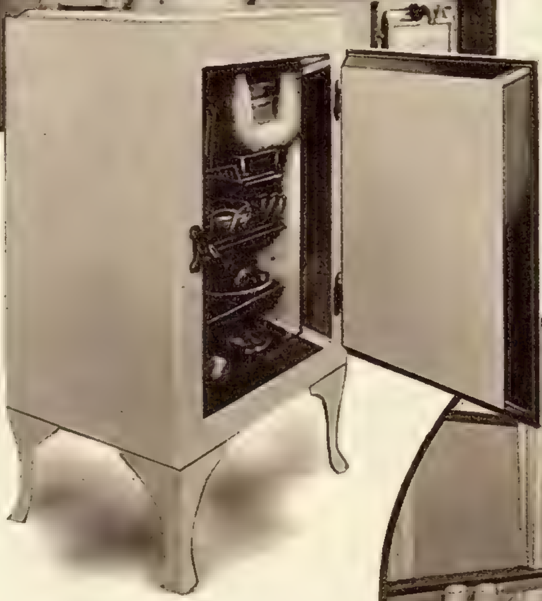
*An unusual use for wall-papers is shown above. The design over the mantelpiece is of wall-paper which may be bought by the panel and makes a most attractive decoration. The alcoves on either side are lined with Salubra washable papers. These and the decorative panel may be obtained from Sanderson's*

# *Cold* Storage *Problems*

*We have so wide a choice of refrigerators to-day, operated by electricity or gas, or without either, that none of us need fear housekeeping in the hot weather or find it a serious problem*



*This kitchen has solved the cold-storage problem by installing a B.T.H. all-steel refrigerator, which has six cubic feet of storage. We can turn the outlay for such appliances into "running costs" over a period of two years*



*A glimpse inside a B.T.H. electrically-operated refrigerator. Its consumption amounts to no more than one unit per twenty-four hours. The cost is about £55*

UNDOUBTEDLY a refrigerator constitutes the ideal method of keeping food, and though the cost is roughly £55, either for a gas- or electrically-operated refrigerator of about six cubic feet of storage, this need not deter us, for we have the option of putting this charge down to "running costs" by a series of monthly payments that may extend over a period as long as two years. The actual running costs of a refrigerator are very low, for the consumption of the types illustrated amounts to one unit per 24 hours in the case of the electric refrigerator, and 45 cubic feet of gas in the case of the gas-operated one.

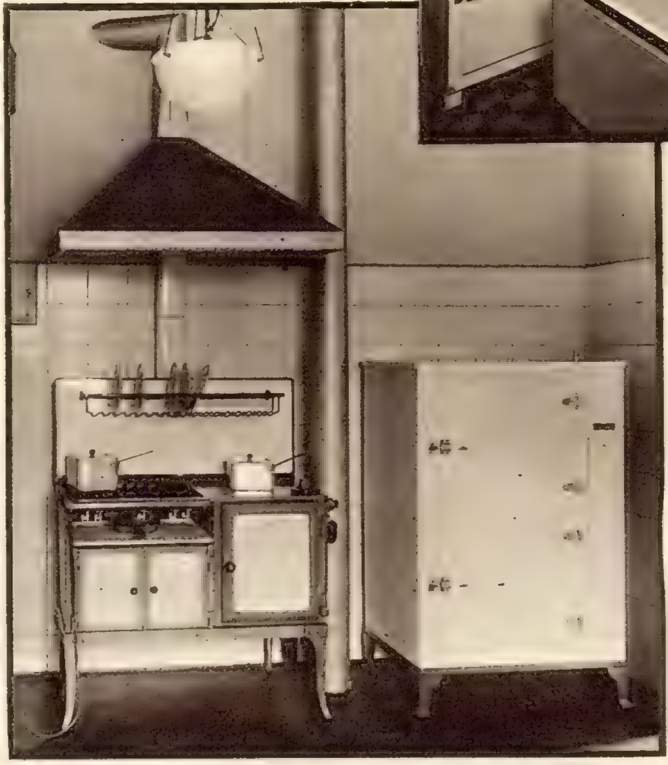
It is important to remember, however, that even if our home boasts neither gas nor electricity, we need not abandon the ideal of a refrigerator, and there is a third type that needs neither for its operation, being based on a system of condensation. This operates for 24 to 28 hours without attention and costs from 25 guineas.

There are a number of small details that will make a great deal of difference to the heat of a larder and kitchen and the keeping of food without a refrigerator. Efficient sun-blinds and the watering regularly two or three times a day of crazy paving outside the kitchen will make it almost incredibly cooler.

Three-pennyworth of ice will go a long way each day if it is not broken up. It should be placed as the centre-piece of a big enamel bowl, and the items required to be kept cool should stand in the bowl round the ice. On a stone floor or in a draught things will keep cooler, of course, and earthenware is better than china for butter storage.

BUTTER muslin should be available in generous quantities, and should be regularly boiled. Treat milk *as soon as it comes* to the house. It is only a moment's work to stand bottles in a deep saucepan. Fill this half-full of cold water and place over heat. As soon as the water comes to boiling point (212 Fahr.) remove from the heat and let the milk stand for twenty minutes. This process will serve to keep the milk and destroy harmful germs, but it will not destroy the vitamins.

*A very handy little gas-operated refrigerator with a glass top installed in a modern kitchen. It has six cubic feet of storage, and is very simple to operate. British Commercial Gas Association*

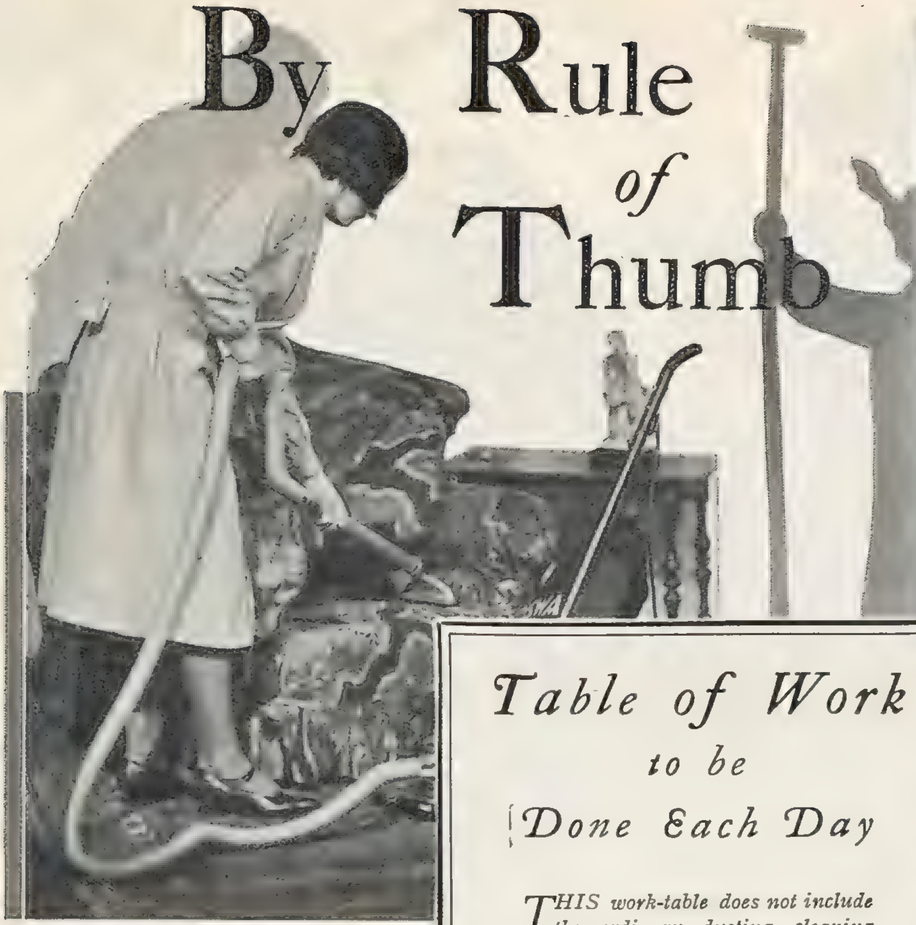


*This refrigerator is economical as well as efficient, and consumes about 45 cubic feet of gas in twenty-four hours. British Commercial Gas Association*

A lump of salt in the mouth of a trout will help to keep it overnight. Salt and vinegar should be rubbed over the summer joint and washed off before it is cooked.

For picnic purposes, the quickest way to chill a bottle of wine is by evaporation. Soak a table-napkin in the nearest stream, wrap it round the bottle, and place this in the sun. In a short time, the wine will be deliciously cool.

# By Rule of Thumb



## Always—

Always clean the grate before anything else is touched in a room, and always turn back the carpet and lay a dust sheet before doing this. Polish fender and fire tongs at the same time.

Always clean marble mantelpieces at least once a week, and brasses every other day in the winter, and twice a week in the summer, with metal polish. Rub with a soft, clean duster every other time.

Always rub table silver with a clean chamois before putting it on the table. Glass should be polished with a fine cloth or chamois leather too.

Always dust the books in a room with a fine brush, and once a week try to take out *one* bookcase-full, dusting and beating them together.

Always go over the dining room after each meal with a sweeper, to pick up crumbs.

Always shake brooms, feather dusters, mops and rags out of the window before putting them away.

Always beat cushions and chairs when the room is turned out. They collect as much dust as anything.

Always wash *every* piece of china in the bathroom when the bath is cleaned. Dirty china is unsightly, and it is easily kept clean.

Always remember that a duster on a stick can be used under the narrowest space, and dressing tables and wardrobes *need* not collect the dust. A little paraffin on the duster will take away, without scattering, the dust.

## Table of Work to be Done Each Day

*THIS work-table does not include the ordinary dusting, cleaning and cooking which have to be done each day, but suggests a plan whereby the extra difficulties of house-management may be disposed of without waste of time or labour*

*Monday*

Clean one bedroom thoroughly, not forgetting the electric light bulbs, the pictures and other glass. These should be wiped over with a rag soaked in warm water and vinegar, then dried with a soft cloth. Remember the window-ledges. Wash polishing rags and dusters. Wash teacloths, boil them, and wash all fine things, including stockings.

*Tuesday*

Thoroughly turn out the dining-room, not forgetting the electric bulbs, etc. Polish the floor, whether of parquet or linoleum, with Mansion polish. Finish polishing glass in dining-room, and any silver. Clean silver in bedrooms. Wash all dusters, teacloths, etc. Iron fine things washed the day before.

*Wednesday*

Thoroughly clean out one bedroom. Sweep with sweeper and dust the others. Sweep and dust drawing-room. Allow dust to settle in one room whilst sweeping the other. Polish all furniture. Wash dusters and polishing rags. Mend stockings, repair household linen, etc.

*Thursday*

Thoroughly clean out drawing-room. Polish furniture and enamel paintwork with Min cream. Wash all glass, etc. Wash dusters and rags.

*Friday*

Thoroughly clean one bedroom, not forgetting the window ledges and electric-light bulbs. Give table silver a good cleaning; entrée dishes and all silver used in dining-room. Wash dusters and chamois leather. Go through grocery cupboard for orders.

*Saturday*

Thoroughly sweep the stairs and polish the sides with furniture polish. Clean out refrigerator (if any), baking tins, bread bins and cake tins. Dust china. Wash dusters.

*Sunday*

Do only that which is necessary, and use your own discretion.

## Never—

Never sweep a room without having first opened the windows. If the room is very dusty, throw a little salt on the carpet before sweeping.

Never dust a room before the surround has been mopped, *and the dust allowed to settle*. Dust mounts.

Never put away dirty a polishing rag or a duster.

Never dry glass with anything but an absolutely clean soft cloth.

Never leave water in a kettle overnight.

Never make tea with water that has boiled for more than a few seconds.

Never polish *underneath* mats or rugs. Leave this space and save yourself a broken neck. The rug slides with you, but *you* fall.

Never leave the bath without having wiped it out with a clean, dry cloth, to get away any grit that has settled after cleaning with a powder agent.

Never leave any food, or waste buckets containing scraps and rubbish, in the kitchen overnight. This attracts the mice.

Never leave the kitchen to lay the table or attend to something else when cooking is in progress. Have all your attention on the stove, and fewer failures will result.

Never use soapy water for table glasses. Clean and fairly hot water when lemonade has been used. Cold for ordinary purposes. Dry quickly.

# Summer

*By* A. H. Adair

*SUMMER brings us an endless variety of vegetables whose salts are essential to us during the hot months*

E. J. Mason

*AN asparagus omelette is neither as expensive nor as difficult to make as it sounds, but it is extremely delicious to eat*

BY the time we reach the end of spring, when the early summer is upon us and when we are sometimes feeling restless and irritable, we often wonder why our appetites are sluggish and why we complain so persistently about our food. The fact is that while we are leading, probably, a much more active life in the summer, our vitality is lowered through eating much less, chiefly because we don't bother to vary our menus.

And yet summer brings us just the very things that are most suited to us: Vegetables, young and in endless variety; salads, fruit, cheaper eggs, tender chickens, and we also enjoy at their best the many cold meats, both simple and elaborate, which, accompanied by a crisp *salade* and some spicy condiment, are amongst the chief pleasures of the summer table.

The following recipes have been chosen as typical of what pleasant summer fare should be.

## *Beef Salade*

This can be made with any left-over pieces of boiled beef, and makes a very appetising hors d'œuvre dish.

Trim and cut the beef into small cubes, and put them into a salad bowl with (if you are making enough for four people, in which case you should have two breakfast cupfuls of beef cubes) one apple, peeled, trimmed and cut into cubes, two tomatoes, also cut, three fillets of anchovy chopped, and half an onion shredded.

Season with salt and pepper and dress with mayonnaise sauce or with a good *salade* cream such as Heinz's.

## *Asparagus Omelette*

For this omelette you need only very small, cheap asparagus, as only the tips are used. First boil the asparagus in the usual way, and when they are quite tender drain them well. Cut off all the soft parts and cut these into small pieces. Toss them in butter for a few minutes. Meanwhile, beat up the eggs (allowing two for each person), add salt and pepper and the asparagus tips.

Make a thick iron frying pan very hot, so hot that when you put the butter in it sizzles and smokes.

Pour in the mixture, shaking the pan and stirring at the same time. Fold the omelette over away from you and bang the pan to prevent it from sticking, also to slide it down to the end. Hold the hot serving dish in the left hand, the pan in the right, and turn the omelette out, giving it the last fold over as it goes on to the dish.

## *Tartare Sauce*

First make a mayonnaise sauce in the following manner: Take the yolks of two eggs, put them into a basin with a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Beat them and then add, drop by drop, olive oil, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon. You continue to add oil until you have enough sauce. Taste the sauce occasionally and, if necessary, add a few more drops of vinegar. Having made the mayonnaise, add to it chopped parsley, tarragon, gherkins and capers. Tartare sauce is extremely useful and pleasant when served with any cold meats. If, for instance, we have planned to have, say, cold chicken as a main dish and we have to provide for unexpected guests, we can add some ham, and these, served with the sauce, make just as good an effect as would be obtained by some last-minute and frantic change in the menu.

# Menus:

*Some suggestions for varying our summer fare which are conducive both to pleasure and health*

*FOOD cooked and served in an Orlak glass dish not only looks attractive but is easily kept hot*

*FRICASSÉE of vegetables is an excellent summer-time dish, and can be made in several different ways*

### *Fricassée of Vegetables*

This delicious vegetable dish should be served by itself as a separate course. You can use any of the young vegetables in season, such as peas, beans, carrots and turnips. It is equally good with young carrots and turnips alone; in any case, the vegetables must be cooked separately first, as of course they vary in the time of cooking required.

Having boiled the vegetables, drain them thoroughly, and in the case of the turnips and carrots cut them into small cubes. Cut the beans into small pieces and mix all the vegetables together. Take a frying pan or a shallow saucepan and melt in it a piece of butter. When it begins to foam—the butter must not brown—add all the vegetables, season with salt and pepper and toss over the fire until they are thoroughly hot without being browned. Serve at once.

### *Panaché à la Crème*

This is another way of using young carrots and turnips. Scrape and wash them and cut them into thin rounds. Meanwhile, melt a piece of butter the size of a matchbox in a saucepan, working in with it a tablespoonful of flour. When this is quite smooth, add little by little enough warm milk to make a sauce the thickness of cream. Season with salt and pepper and add the vegetables. Simmer very gently until the carrots and turnips are cooked, which should take about half to three-quarters of an hour.

### *Strawberry Salad*

For this dish we can use quite successfully "second best" strawberries. Cut the strawberries into two and put them into a serving bowl or dish, with castor sugar sprinkled over them. Then add the strained juice of an orange and a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve very cold with whipped cream sweetened, and flavoured also with orange juice or orange essence.

### *Chicken Créole*

Take a small chicken and, after it is cleaned and prepared, cut it into joints. Dry them carefully with a clean cloth and fry in butter until lightly browned. Then fry a sliced onion, also in butter, and when cooked add a tablespoonful of Madras curry powder, a pinch of saffron, some salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Cook for ten minutes and then add to the chicken. Pound the kernel of a fresh cocoanut with the milk of the nut, adding a little hot water—if this is not available, take a teacupful of desiccated cocoanut and put it in a saucepan with enough milk and water in equal proportions to make a sauce the thickness of cream, adding the liquid slowly and stirring all the time. Bring to the boil, pour this over the chicken and simmer for twenty minutes longer. Serve with rice.

### *Œufs à la Reine.*

For one pint of milk take six eggs, break them, separating the yolks from the whites. Beat up the yolks and stir in the milk, adding sufficient soft white sugar. Pour this into a well-buttered soufflé dish and bake in a very slow oven until the eggs and milk have set. Remove from the oven. Meanwhile the whites should have been whisked until very stiff with a little soft sugar. Pour over the set yolks a portglassful of sherry, allowing a few minutes for this to soak in. Then spread over the whisked whites and brown in a quicker part of the oven. This is sufficient for five or six people, and quantities can be reduced accordingly.

### *Fruit Fools*

This is an excellent method of making use of any stewed fruit which may have been left over. In the case of stoned fruit you first remove the stones and then pass the fruit through a fine sieve. Stir in some cream and sweetened condensed milk in equal proportions; you should have twice as much fruit as you have of milk and cream. Stir very thoroughly so that the mixture is smooth and well blended. Taste the fool and add sufficient soft white sugar, stir again and serve icy cold.

# SOME Breakfast Suggestions

## for *the* Warm *Months*

### By Mrs. Sam Sloan

*Here is an excellent gadget for removing the centres of grape-fruit, always a difficult operation*

*To breakfast off a set of Newport china with an unusual design would be a good beginning to the day*

*Helen Macgregor*

WHY is it that we British remain at all times so faithful in our allegiance to bacon and eggs for breakfast, and are so conservative about it that it is with difficulty the majority can be persuaded to try any other dish ?

The usual answer to the question is that most people prefer it, but my private opinion is that the fetish has largely grown out of the fact that it is so easily and quickly cooked, and we are too lazy to exert our brains to think out alternatives which may be more troublesome to prepare.

But with the warmer days ahead it would be wise to try some lighter menus for the morning meal. From the viewpoint of health it is certainly good, if not essential, to make such a change at this season.

The summer breakfast table should always be furnished with some kind of fruit, and the large quantities which are constantly arriving in this country from all parts of the Empire bring fruit within the reach of every purse. Australian apples are at their best just now, and for those who do not feel like beginning the day with a raw one, an apple well cored and nicely baked, with the space where the core was filled either with chopped preserved ginger, maple syrup or some old-fashioned crushed "sugar candy" sprinkled with lemon juice is a delightful alternative.

EGG toast made in the following way is an appetising breakfast dish, being both light and nourishing.

Take four slices (more or less, as required) of stale bread about an inch thick, removing crusts. Put 1 pint of milk into a basin, adding to this 2 eggs previously well beaten, and season with a little salt and white pepper. Next cut the bread into thick finger lengths and place them in the basin. Leave until soaked right through. This usually takes about half an hour, but upon this complete saturation depends much of the success of the "Toast." Fry in good ham or beef dripping until a nice golden brown. *Serve very hot.*

This last injunction is applicable to most dishes, and it is often disregard of it which makes otherwise nicely cooked food lose much of its attraction, especially at breakfast time.

USED sparingly and with discretion cheese is invaluable for adding just that soupçon of flavour to certain breakfast dishes which would otherwise be rather insipid for that meal.

*Two Savoury Recipes.*

This first recipe can be prepared over-night if necessary.

Place a layer of well-boiled macaroni on a buttered tin, then a layer of sliced peeled tomatoes, with a dash of pepper and salt. Next add a further sprinkling of macaroni, covering the whole with a white sauce on to which is sifted a little grated cheese. Place a few small pieces of butter on top and the dish is ready to put in the oven twenty minutes before it is required. Serve piled up in well warmed individual dishes.

FOR the second, beat up potatoes with milk and butter until they are the consistency of thick cream (any left over from dinner on the previous night can be steamed and used for this) and then stir in sliced or quartered hard-boiled eggs. Fill scallop shells or small glass ramekins with the mixture, garnishing each with a tiny sprinkling of very finely chopped gherkins.

*A Novel Way of Cooking Eggs.* Cut the required number of pieces of bread, butter them and place them on a very well buttered and warmed fire-proof dish. Grate enough cheese to cover thinly each piece, and on to each slice break with care one egg. Place the dish in a hot oven just long enough for the eggs to set firmly, when it will be found the bread and cheese are also quite ready to be eaten.

Economy is the slogan we hear everywhere to-day, and the good housewife knows that there is no dearer commodity than bacon as a constant article of breakfast diet. The few alternatives given above are all home-tried recipes, are inexpensive, and therefore suitable for use even in the most modest ménage.

*Tuscan Bone china possesses exceptional hard-wearing qualities and is seen here decorated with a charming Chinese design in green and gold*

# Economical Menus

By

John Craigie

*The busy housewife is apt to think that "variety" spells expense, and that attempts to escape from the tedium of the usual menus will result in the pennies escaping from the purse. Here are some hints and a week's menus which will prove that this need not be the case*

*Helen Macgregor*

*There are many novel ways of cooking the usual ingredients which lend variety to the daily fare without necessitating undue labour or expense.*

### SUNDAY

**Breakfast.**—Smoked Fillets of Haddock and Poached Eggs.

**Dinner**.—Roast Topside of Beef, New Potatoes, Boiled Cucumber.

Cold Banana Flan.

**Supper.**—Clear Soup in Cups, with fancy Spaghetti.

Cold Beef, Potato Ribbons, Diced Carrot and Pea Salad.

Cream Cheese Savoury.

Coffee.

**Notes.** (1) Garnish new potatoes with minced mint.

(2) *Boiled Cucumber.*—Peel cucumber, boil whole and cut in portions before serving.

(3) *Cream Cheese Savoury.*—Butter cold dry toast about ¼ inch thick and spread fairly thickly with Pommel cheese. Sprinkle with salt and cut in shape with biscuit cutter. Garnish with thin slice of skinned tomato.

### MONDAY

**Breakfast.**—Scrambled Eggs on Toast.

**Lunch.**—Fried Calves' Liver and Tomatoes, Mashed Potatoes.

**Dinner.**—Pea Soup.

Frizzled Beef, Broad Beans.

Gooseberry Fool.

Coffee.

**Notes.** *Frizzled Beef.*—Fry slices of cold beef in dripping quickly until lightly brown, with finely chopped onion, salt and pepper and cold sliced potatoes. Well brown the potatoes. See that fat is quite hot.

### TUESDAY

**Breakfast.**—Fish Cakes.

**Lunch.**—Eggs in Casserole with Grated Cheese.

**Dinner.**—Fish Scallops.

Chicken in Pot with Carrots and Turnips, Fried Potatoes.

Stewed Greengages and Custard.

Coffee.

**Notes.** (1) *Fish Cakes.*—Make with smoked fillets of haddock. It is cheaper and more tasty than white fish for these dishes.

(2) *Fish Scallops.*—Make these, too, with smoked fillets of haddock. Rub through fine sieve with the potatoes and arrange heaped up in the deep scallop shells. Paint with beaten raw egg and sprinkle freely with breadcrumbs. Serve piping hot straight out of the oven.

### WEDNESDAY

**Breakfast.**—Bacon and Eggs.

**Lunch.**—Fried Sole, Fried Carrots (parboil them first).

**Dinner.**—Moules Marinières.

Fried Fillets of Veal, Spaghetti, Sauté Potatoes.

French Lettuce Hearts sprinkled with Lemon Juice.

Cold Caramel Cream.

Coffee.

**Notes.** *Fried Fillets of Veal.*—Have very thin slices cut at the butcher's. Don't be sparing with the breadcrumbs, to which add plentifully minced parsley.

### THURSDAY

**Breakfast.**—Egg Fritters.

**Lunch.**—Lamb Cutlets, Boiled Cos Lettuce.

**Dinner.**—Artichoke Soup.

Hot or Cold Stewed Gurnet, New Potatoes, Broad Beans.

Devilled Kidney on Toast.

Coffee.

**Notes.** (1) *Egg Fritters.*—Cold hard-boiled eggs cut in halves lengthwise, dipped in batter and fried.

(2) *Stewed Gurnet.*—Buy whole fish. Cut off head and the body into fairly thick cutlets. Quarter fill fish kettle with water, in which put the head and half a dozen large onions cut up, salt and pepper. Boil for 20 minutes; then put in the fish cutlets and simmer for half an hour. Mix well ½ lb. of butter with breakfast-cupful of flour and, when the fish is cooked and whilst the kettle is on the flame, add the mixture bit by bit with wooden spoon; simmer for another quarter of an hour and serve either hot or cold.

Gurnet is a little used fish and in consequence cheap, but it has a delicious flavour.

### FRIDAY

**Breakfast.**—Half Grape Fruit, Fried Fillets Mackerel.

**Lunch.**—Curried Eggs.

**Dinner.**—Red Mullet.

Fried Minute Steaks, New Potatoes, Marrow.

Compote of Fruit, Junket.

Coffee.

### SATURDAY

**Breakfast.** — Milk Egg and Tomato on Toast.

**Lunch.**—(*Assuming family at home*). Rabbit in Pot with broken up Cauliflower and White Beet. Put in two Sprigs of Mint.

Cheese, Fairy Toast.

**Dinner.**—Cold Soup Jelly in Cups.

Roast Veal, Roast New Potatoes, Parsnips.

Asparagus.

Coffee.

**Notes.** (1) *Milk Egg and Tomato.*—Sieve some ripe tomatoes and beat in with eggs and milk. Add salt and pepper. Melt butter sufficient to cover well the bottom of an omelette saucepan and pour in the mixture. Keep gently turning with a palette knife.

4 eggs, teacupful of milk and 2 tomatoes sufficient for 5 persons.

(2) *Rabbit in Pot.*—1½ hours.

(3) *Fairy Toast.*—Very thin slices of bread lightly browned in the oven.

HAVE you ever tried cooking in those French cast-iron pots called "Pot au Juif"? If not, this method will be a revelation to you, for it is economical in gas consumption, no trouble, and the results are really delicious. Take braised steak as an example, cooked with carrots, onions and turnips. Cut the steak into moderately sized pieces, sprinkle salt and pepper to season; scrape the carrots and turnips and cut in quarters lengthwise. Use pickling onions; leave them whole, but peel them. In your pot put four ounces of butter, then the steak in the centre; place all round and on top of it the vegetables, and crown all with three or four skinned tomatoes cut in halves. Put the lid on tightly and put the pot on a gas ring with the barest glimmer of blue flame, allowing an hour and a half for it to cook. Leave it absolutely alone until you are ready to serve it up.

Try a boiling fowl done in the same way, but allow about three hours. Put the fowl in by itself for the first hour and a half; then take the pot off and the chicken out; carve it in portions and take the skin off; put the vegetables in and the portions of chicken on top and put back for the other hour and a half's cooking.

# Nature's *Own* Cleaners

By *Phyllis Andrews*

Here *are* some *of the* fruits, *plants and* vegetables which *can be* utilised *for* cleaning

*Many of the more homely ingredients to be found in our kitchens have valuable cleansing properties*

NATURE provides us with a number of natural cleaners—fruits, vegetables, plants—everyday things which are to be found in every household ready for the emergency of the moment.

Here are some first-aid remedies which you are sure to find close at hand.

### *Lemons*

LEMON juice is wonderful for removing ink stains, and is quite harmless. To take an ink stain out of a carpet while the stain is still wet, cover it thickly with salt and remove with a spoon, applying fresh salt until no more ink is absorbed. Then rub the spot with a cut lemon and rinse with clean water.

To remove ink stains from linen, squeeze some lemon juice on the stain and wash the article carefully.

For iron mould on small articles of linen, soak the material in lemon juice before washing.

Gilt frames may be cleaned by rubbing them with a cut lemon and polishing afterwards with a soft cloth.

### *Potatoes*

POTATO parings can be used for taking bad stains out of knives. Dip the white portion of the potato in fine ash or any household cleaning powder and rub the knife with it vigorously, and the stains will disappear. Wash thoroughly and dry.

### *Soda*

SODA in its various forms is invaluable for cleaning.

One of the worst household troubles is the kitchen sink, because the pipe is liable to get stopped up with grease. To prevent this, place several large lumps of *washing* soda on the plug hole, and pour boiling water over it. Afterwards flush down the sink with cold running water for a few minutes.

*Baking* soda is often used for cleaning bottles, decanters and similar difficult pieces of glass. Fill the bottle nearly full with warm water and add a tablespoonful of soda and some crushed eggshell. Allow this to stand for a few hours, shaking it up occasionally. Rinse first with warm and then cold water, and turn the bottle upside down to drain.

*Navy blue serge can be freshened by sponging with the juice of ivy leaves*

*Warm vinegar and soap is excellent for removing the stains from marble*

*Cucumber slices dipped in milk will remove all traces of unwanted sunburn*

### *Cucumber*

CUCUMBER is well known for cleansing the skin and removing sunburn. Cut thin slices of cucumber, dip these in milk, and rub all over the face and neck.

### *Salt*

SALT is admirable for cleaning a number of things. Straw matting can be made to look fresh and clean by wiping it over with a large coarse piece of cloth dipped in salt and cold water. It should afterwards be wiped dry. The salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

If you get any fruit stains on your table linen, smother the mark with salt immediately the accident has occurred, and the stain will then come out when the linen is washed.

### *Bran*

BRAN can be used for cleaning a damask cushion. Use a piece of flannel to rub in the bran with a light circular movement. Take the cushion in the open air afterwards and beat it thoroughly to remove all the particles of bran.

To clean white fur, heat some bran in the oven until it is fairly warm. Spread your fur out flat on the kitchen table, shake the bran over it generously and knead it into the fur with the tips of the fingers. Repeat this with another supply of hot bran. Take the fur into the open air, and beat on the wrong side to remove all the bran.

### *Vinegar*

THIS is excellent for cleaning marble. Wash the marble with a cloth dipped in warm vinegar rubbed with soap. Rinse off with clean warm water, dry, and polish with furniture cream.

### *Ivy Leaves*

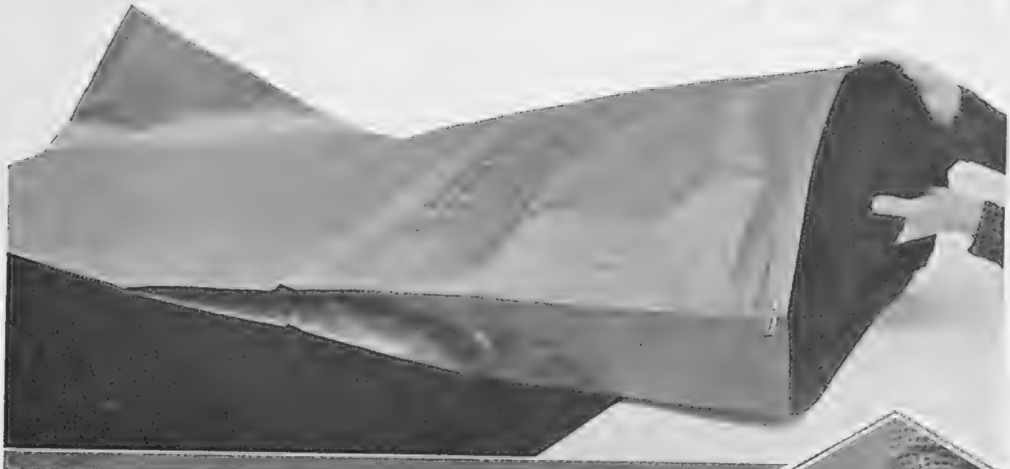
THESE have a special cleansing property which is good for freshening navy serge. Boil the leaves until tender with sufficient water to cover them. Allow this to get cold, and then sponge the shiny portions of the serge with it.

Repeat several times if necessary, and allow the serge to dry in the open air.

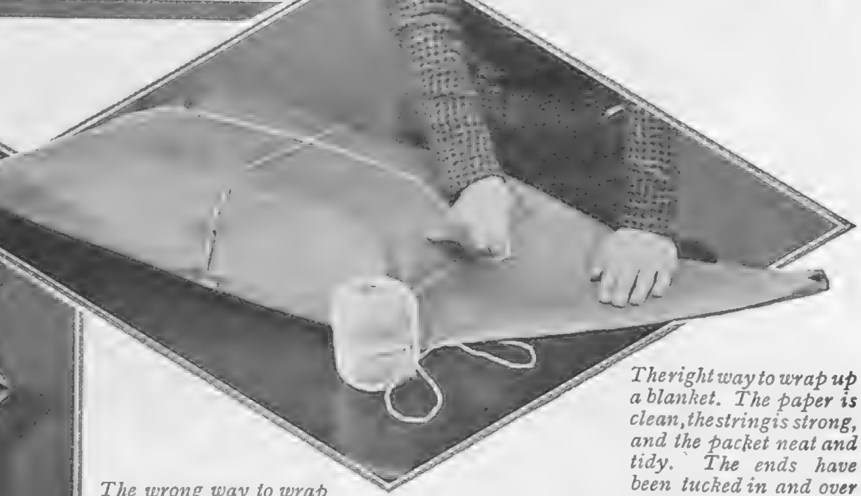
Brush and press the material on the wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth.

# Putting W*inter* Things A*way*

*Fur Coats*
*Curtains*
*Blankets*
*Eiderdowns*
*Woollens*



*The wrong way to wrap up a blanket. The blanket has been badly folded, carelessly wrapped in newspaper; the brown paper is old and thin. The string, knotted loosely, will not hold the parcel after a while*



*The right way to wrap up a blanket. The paper is clean, the string is strong, and the packet neat and tidy. The ends have been tucked in and over*

*The top illustration shows a bag for storing fur coats, fur ties and capes in. The coat is being pushed into the bag. If this is done on a table, it is easier, and the bag stands less chance of getting rubbed. Hang on the hanger, clip over the folds, and hang in cupboard*

THE storing of winter things is a problem every woman has to face at this time of the year. If she does not want moths "to corrupt" she must observe three simple but absolutely essential rules:—

1. Have the articles in question cleaned and well shaken.
2. See that all packages, bags and receptacles for storing are absolutely clean and air-tight.
3. Take out and shake fur coats at least once every two months.

Blankets and curtains should be dry cleaned, eiderdowns washed or, better, cleaned every other season; every year they should be hung in the air, well beaten, shaken and dried before putting away. Fur coats ought to be cleaned at a cleaner's, but they can be cleaned quite successfully at home with fuller's earth or hot bran.

All woollen garments, including jumpers, cardigans, and coats and skirts, should be cleaned or washed. In the case of coats and skirts, it is safest in the long run to get them cleaned. They keep their shape better, if professionally done. Any grease marks round the neckbands of winter coats, coats and skirts and other garments should be taken off by sponging well with petrol. Grease is horribly attractive to moths. Having prepared the way for storing, the next thing is to know how to store.

IN the case of blankets, curtains, and woollens, the procedure is the same.

Shake the blanket well, even if it *has* just been cleaned. Fold it up neatly, insert one camphor ball in every fold, place two on the top and one in the newspaper, which will be the first wrapping. Moths hate printer's ink, and for this reason many women wrap their blankets and curtains only in newspaper. Wrap the blanket in the paper, being very careful to *tuck in and over at both ends*. Tie neatly and firmly, and make another firm and neat parcel (reversing the ends) with the thickest and newest brown paper. Store in a perfectly clean trunk, with a moth ball or two at the bottom. This same method applies to curtains. In every case make the end of the newspaper parcel the *side* of the brown paper one. Absolute safety from intrusion is assured this way.

Woollen underclothes should be washed and well dried; they must be "bone dry" and parcelled up as were the curtains. Fold very neatly, and see that they are all mended before putting them away. Nothing is more annoying than to find buttons off and holes in the garments you wish to put on with the first spell of cold weather.

FUR coats, since they are, presumably, expensive and of value, and unfortunately very attractive to moths, should receive the greatest care and attention.

Cold storage is, of course, the only infallible method of storing furs, and although it is not very expensive, it costs more than the excellent and unbeatable bag illustrated at the head of the page.

The coat must be absolutely clean. Having cleaned the coat, not forgetting the neck, hang it out in the sun, shake it and brush it well, fold and place in the bag on the hanger. Turn the top over twice and clip at either end.

Hang it in a cupboard, but not with other clothes, since the bag is impregnated with pine tar and makes other clothes smell.

Take the coat out of the hanger at least once every two months, oftener if possible. Hang it in the sun, shake, brush and put back in bag.

Before wearing it, hang in the sun or open air to get rid of the smell, which soon wears off.

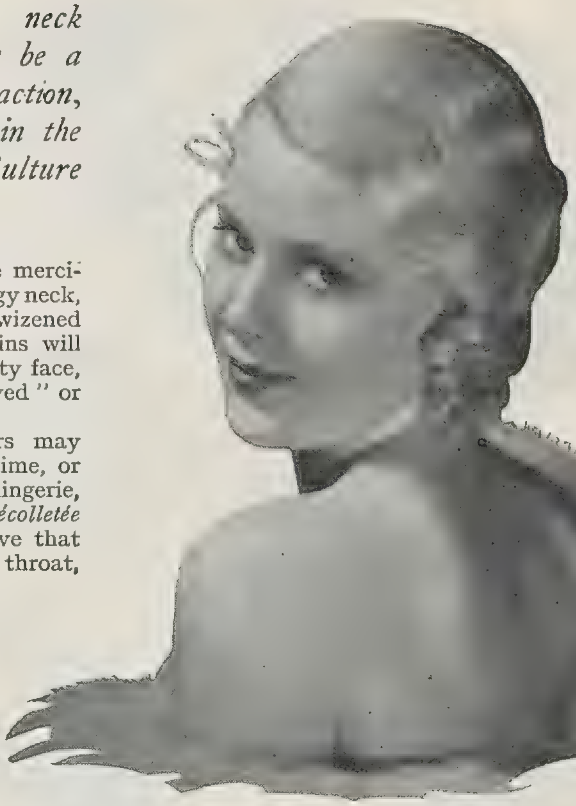
# Décolletée:

### By "Chrysis"

*THE throat and neck and shoulders may be a loveliness and an attraction, and deserve inclusion in the regimen of Beauty Culture*

ORCHIS
YARDLEY

*YARDLEY'S new perfume "Orchis" has rapidly become a favourite with discriminating women*



*MARY CARLYLE is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star who is famed for her beautiful blond hair, white well-cared-for skin, and her charm*

THE neck and throat are merciless "tell-tales." A scraggy neck, with under-nourished, wizened skin, or a brace of chins will destroy the whole effect of a pretty face, no matter how carefully "preserved" or intelligently made-up.

Winter wraps and fur collars may mitigate a little the ravages of time, or neglect, but summer frocks, lingerie, collars and the new markedly *décolletée* evening gowns make it imperative that due attention should be paid to throat, neck, and shoulders.

First, as to the texture of the skin: the neck should be as carefully cleaned with the same good cleansing cream and tonic lotion as the face, and a nourishing skin food should be massaged into the skin at least once a week. The right movements are gentle and stroking, from one side to the other with both hands under the chin, and downwards for the neck itself. If there is a tendency to flabbiness or double chin a special toning-up lotion should be patted in, fairly vigorously. The little patters on a springy steel stem, supplied by one of the big firms for the purpose of patting in their tonic lotion, are useful in this connection.

Occasionally it is well to have a bleaching treatment, preferably at a beauty specialist's, where the strength of the bleaching cream and the time it can be left on will be accurately gauged by the experts. If it has to be done at home, explicit instructions from the vendors should be obtained and strictly followed.

WHEN a liquid powder is used on neck and arms in the evening, it should be as carefully removed as make-up from the face, and the subsequent application of skin food is advisable, as most of these preparations have a tendency to dry the skin.

For improving the shape and poise of the neck, filling out clavicles and reducing double chins, there are specially designed and definitely useful exercises which can be learned from their inventors. I know of at least three firms of beauty specialists in London alone who give particular attention to this branch of beauty culture, and the treatments include nourishing creams, bleaches, tonic lotion, special massage *and* exercises.

THE use of a chin strap in private is often very beneficial. It serves the double purpose of keeping an application of feeding cream or tonic lotion (on a pad of cotton wool) in place, and of holding up any muscles inclined to sag, and maintains the contour of the face. A chin strap may be worn for an hour when a woman is alone, reading or writing her letters, or sewing, when she is most likely to relax and drop her head in a way which is definitely bad for the chin line.

The way the head is carried has, obviously, a marked effect on the throat and the general beauty of the neck. Grace and poise can only be achieved by personal effort (if they are not inherent), but the right exercises will be of assistance.

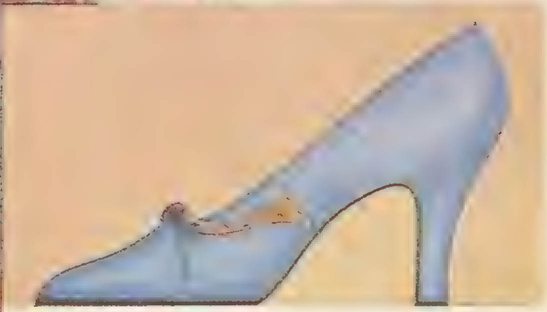
Thin shoulders are difficult to cure because it is often the formation of the bones themselves which gives a scraggy appearance, but feeding creams and exercises to fill out the clavicles and stimulate the fat globules will often cause a great improvement, and intelligent dressing is obviously called for. It is stupid of a woman with a thin neck and shoulders to wear an off-the-shoulders evening dress. Even a comparatively thin shoulder strap at the right place—where the "dip" is—will often disguise an unlovely effect.

It has been said that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts and clothes to reveal our bodies, but the revelation must be discriminating!

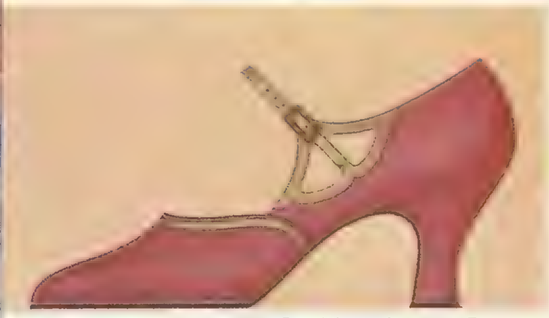
*THERE are few women who could wear this dress with its daring and unusual décolletage as successfully as Norma Shearer*

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING
DUNLOP REINFORCED
DUNLOP PATENT
FORT
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF
C.F.H.719

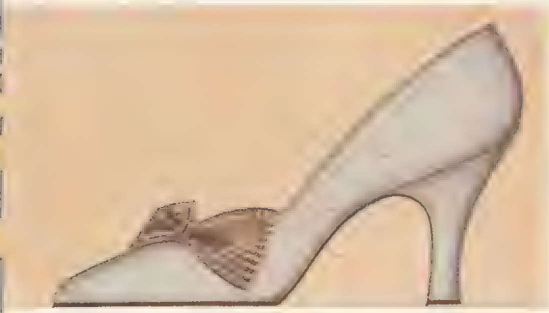
# SUMMER SANDALS



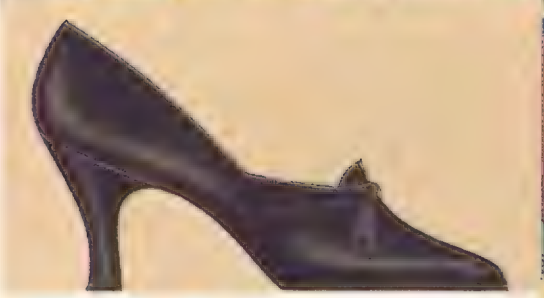
STYLE 8515 . . . Smart Single Eyelet Tie Shoe in Shantung with Pearl Kid fittings. In Beige, Natural, Blue, Red and Green. High or medium heels.
Priced at 12/9 pair



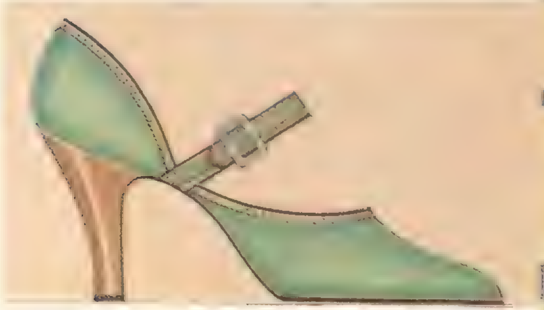
STYLE 8506 . . . Modish Sandal in Summer Crepe with Fancy Leather Facings, Street Sole. In Beige, Red, Blue, Grey and Green.
Priced at 14/9 pair.



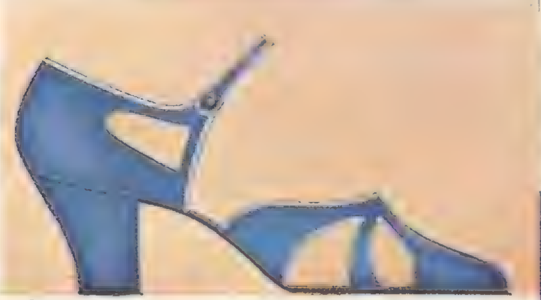
STYLE 8514 . . . Summer Crepe Court Shoe with Fancy Pearl Kid Bow. Medium Louis Heel, Street Sole In Red, Green, Blue and Beige.
Priced at 12/9 pair.



STYLE 8437 . . . "Le dernier cri" of Single Eyelet Tie Shoes. New Grecian cut and low Louis Heel, Street Sole. In Black Crepe and Black Satin.
Priced at 14/9 pair.



STYLE 8508 . . . Summer Crepe Sandal with Broad Bar. Grecian cut with high Louis Heel and Street Sole. In Green, Blue Red and Beige.
Priced at 14/9 pair.



STYLE 8507 . . . One-bar Summer Sandal in Shantung with Street Sole and Cuban heel. Fancy Piping In Blue, Green, Red and Natural
Priced at 12/9 pair.

STYLE 8437 is also obtainable in White Satin or Crepe for dyeing to any shade, at an extra cost of 2/6 pair.

You will find a DOLCIS SHOE SALON almost anywhere in London—Piccadilly Circus, New Bond Street, Oxford Street, etc., etc., also at Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and all large towns and cities throughout the United Kingdom.

ORDERS BY POST . . . These should be addressed to Headquarters: Dolcis Shoe Co., Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.1.

Post Free on request, "The Fashion Shoe," a complete guide to shoe style.

**DOLCIS**

# SLEEP . . .

Maurice Beck

QUIET sleep is associated with a clear conscience. It might also be connected with a clear complexion and bright eyes—those concomitants of health. An alert mind, self-confidence, the optimism necessary to cope successfully with anxieties and difficulties—all these things depend on an adequate amount of Nature's miraculous restorative, sleep.

For a time, in emergencies or for the sake of pleasures, our long-suffering bodies and brains will "do without" sleep or make shift with a minimum amount, but all the time we are overdrawing our account with Nature, and a continuation of this uneconomic procedure will end in physical or mental bankruptcy.

Blessed are those who can sleep untroubled through the night and wake refreshed. The chronic insomniacs are among the most difficult patients doctors have to treat.

The first thing to consider when sleeplessness assails us is the cause. If it is physical it should be possible to effect a cure. I do not propose to deal with actual illnesses as a cause of insomnia. If pain or fever or a troublesome cough are the disturbers, the patient will doubtless be under the care of a medical man who will deal with the sleeplessness as well as the other symptoms. But in people who are not actually ill, but are not "quite fit," digestive troubles and poor circulation are common causes of bad nights.

IF dyspepsia is the suspected cause, the diet should be carefully regulated and the last meal, which must be light, should be eaten three to four hours before retiring. Some people sleep better if a hot drink of some pre-digested food like Benger's or a cup of Ovaltine is taken last thing at night. And there is a *bouillon* called Sedobrol which contains a small quantity of bromide which is an effective calmant.

Some exercise should be taken daily and the internal organs must be kept in active working order. This also applies to those who have poor circulations, and a short, sharp walk last thing before going to bed is often helpful. The exercise and the oxygen absorbed both do their work. There must always be plenty of fresh air in a bedroom, even though the windows are shielded to exclude light. Warm but *light* bed coverings are desirable, and hot bottles should not be despised.

> *"O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,*
> *How have I frighted thee,*
> *That thou no more*
> *wilt weigh my eyelids down*
> *And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"*

It is significant that people who live sedentary lives are more prone to insomnia than the outdoor people, which points to the importance of fresh air and exercise.

When insomnia is nervous it is more difficult to cure. If actual worries are the cause, it may be impossible immediately to remove them, and it may be the work of a lifetime or an impossibility to alter the patient's attitude to trouble and worry. General health should be attended to, and a tonic which improves physical resistance may help to give the mental resilience which will help them to "throw off" the sense of anxiety and to rest.

NARCOTICS should only be resorted to in extreme necessity and under doctor's orders. A mild sedative may help to calm the nerves and "break the habit" of sleeplessness. A simple mixture containing valerian and one of the bromides, prescribed by a doctor, is sometimes all that is required.

Most insomniacs find that if they can break a series of troubled nights by one good night's rest they will sleep better for a time thereafter. Hypnotism and suggestion have been found valuable in this connection. And there is no reason why one should not make oneself sleep in this way if one trains one's will and concentration. Coué used to tell his patients to repeat to themselves the words: *"Je vais dormir . . . je vais dormir . . .,"* until they *did*! Certainly this excludes other, possibly disturbing, sentences and the subconscious ego may accept the reiterated suggestion, or one might go to sleep from sheer boredom! Those who are wakened by the first gleam of light might try the expedient resorted to by a well-known actress of bandaging the eyes lightly with green silk.

A
SILVER
WEDDING GIFT
YEAR

**Mappin & Webb have never been able to offer such remarkable value in Sterling Silver Wedding Gifts. The Canteen illustrated—a typical example—is only possible on account of the present abnormally low price of Silver.**

Polished Mahogany Cabinet fitted with Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks, Rat-tail pattern, and "Tusca" (regd.) handled Stainless Steel Cutlery. Contents :—6 Table Forks, 4 Table Spoons, 6 Soup Spoons, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Table Knives, 6 Cheese Knives, 1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 Sharpener.

£20

*If a visit is inconvenient, a Catalogue of Canteens, etc., fitted with Sterling Silver or Prince's Plate will be sent post free.*

MAPPIN
& WEBB
LTD.

156-162, OXFORD ST., W.1. 172, REGENT ST., W.1.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4, LONDON.

*Manufactory, The Royal Works, Sheffield.*

# T*he* German "Revolution" *in* London:

*By* HANNEN SWAFFER

(*Continued from page* 41)

From the moment the curtains opened the house was hectic with excitement—that is, after the quietness of a few entrances.

After the first act people stood about in the vestibule, admitting, in spite of themselves, that they had never seen such a show before.

You should have seen the excitement when, at the end of the first act, you saw a real rainstorm fall upon a Tyrolean village street, with the Alps behind and a lake in the distance, and hundreds of people scurrying for shelter, under umbrellas, moving with a rhythm that was a new kind of drama for England.

You should have seen the excitement when, at the end of the second act, the old Emperor Francis Joseph was seen coming on the stage to be welcomed by nearly 200 villagers. The ordinary producer would have made it just a silly chorus crowd. Charell had made this scene live. Every person on the stage was a living character. Everyone had a small part to play. It swept the audience off its feet.

At the end there came an even greater thrill, when the revolving stage took a bow, all on its own. It just went round and round, showing, in quick succession, nearly all the scenes of the play.

WHO is this man Charell?

Well, he has the courage to bend to his purpose anything he wants. When he was a young man with Reinhardt, he met Ernst Stern, who designed the costumes for "The Miracle." He saw that what had succeeded in vast spectacle might be used for another kind of show.

He has such persuasiveness that, when he produced "Casanova," he could induce Johann Strauss's widow to give him the rights of all the Strauss music, so that he could take all he wanted and combine it into one.

His family intended him for a business career, but one night, when he saw Nijinsky dancing in the Russian Ballet, and he saw how a brain like Diaghileff's could combine four or five different arts, and blend them into one, he determined that production was his career; that he could do, one day, perhaps, for musical comedy what Diaghileff had done for ballet; what Reinhardt had done for serious plays.

Indeed his similarity to Diaghileff, now gone, is remarkable. He has his determination, his courage of thought, his indomitable persistence on getting something done when he wants it done, and his way of dreaming of the next thing he is going to do.

In those ways Diaghileff and Charell are just alike.

THE artists in "White Horse Inn" all complain that they are submerged by the spectacle. Most of London's actors and actresses who have seen the show complain to me that there is no chance for the actor to shine.

The truth is that too much fuss has been made of "names" in electric lights. Chorus work has become too mechanical. London's scenery was old-fashioned.

The truth is that, for years, instead of saying how clever an actor or actress was, we have been told how much money he or she was getting.

"White Horse Inn" is a triumph of German art.

It means that the Americanisation of our stage is finished, and that the Germanisation of the world's stage has begun. It will be followed, no doubt, by the Russianisation of the theatre; but that has to wait for some years, although, behind the frontiers of Russia, the Soviet theatres are bent to a purpose as ruthless as their Five Years' Plan. Shows which I have seen in Germany for years, and wondered at, and written about, are the kind of thing which will make London producers alter their methods, discard their old ideas, learn how to use light, for instance, adapt modernised art forms so that the public can understand them, and generally give the producer his proper place as master of the theatre.

The English actor is too conventional, as is the English manager. Society snobbery has made him afraid of thinking, if, indeed, he ever condescends to think.

Well, now, the revolving stage era has come to London. All the managers are thinking of revolving stages.

I put it best, the other week, when I made one manager ask another, "Have you bought a revolving stage?" and made the other one reply, "No; I've bought a revolver."

Basil Dean is bringing over revolving stages at £500 that raise the height of the stage only three inches. Somebody else has got a revolving stage that cost £250.

You will be able to buy them at Woolworth's before the year is out.

A MAN wrote to me the other day and said the theatre did not want a revolving stage now, it wanted a revolving auditorium, so that the audience could go round and round and the stage could remain where it had always been—in the centre of the actor's world.

"Oh, I did that," the boastful manager said, in reply to an article in which, a week before "White Horse Inn" was staged, I prophesied that the revolution was to start in a few days. He had done nothing of the sort.

"'White Horse Inn' looks like being the greatest London theatre sensation since 'The Miracle,'" I said.

"I've done that," replied a manager.

"I've done that," replied another.

"We did that here," said a third.

Now, Erik Charell has put not one or two ideas, but scores of them, into the same vast production.

It is cynical to think that it was Sir Oswald Stoll, whom other managers have tolerated in a patronising sort of way for years, who brought this miracle to London.

"Oh, old Stoll's old-fashioned," they used to say. "He cannot keep pace with modern times. The Coliseum is a white elephant."

Well, this time he knew.

SIR OSWALD'S understanding with Erik Charell was that all Sir Oswald had to do was to pay the bills. If Charell wanted a silver tea service, he could have it.

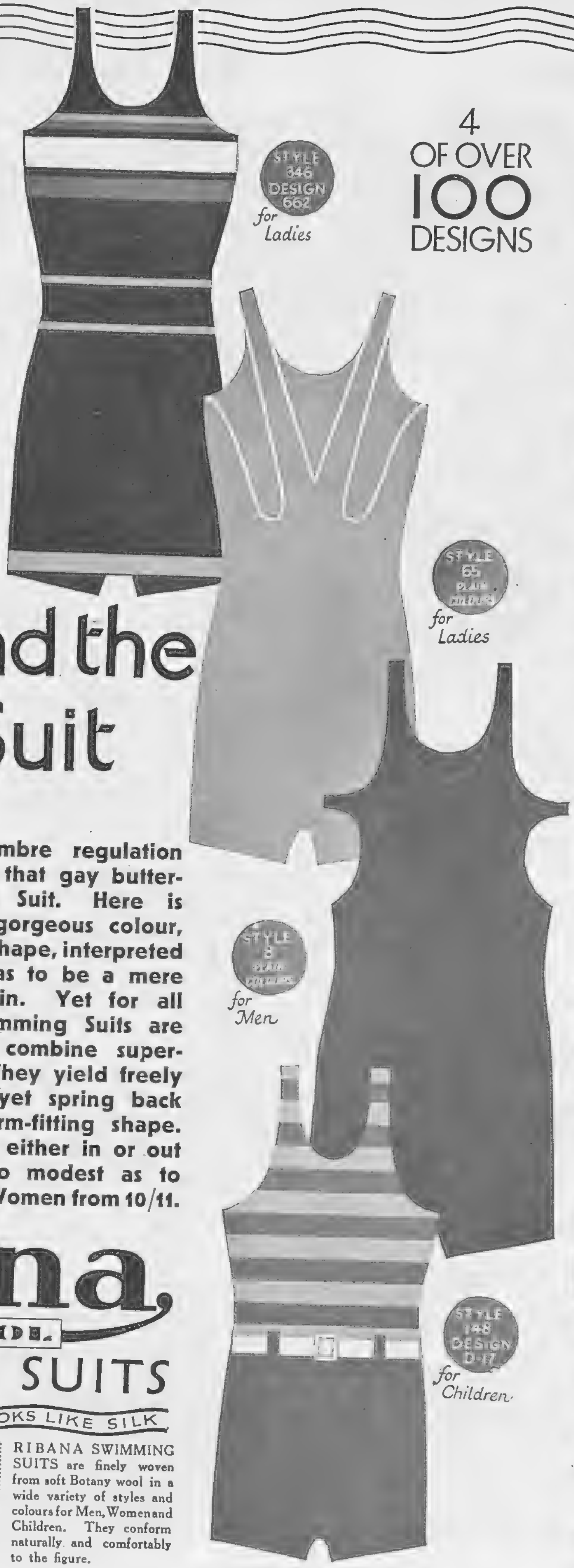
The staff was perturbed. Everyone in the theatre wondered. But Sir Oswald sat there, knowing he was right.

He has always been a man much misunderstood. He dreams in a world of high finance and deep philosophy. He wrote a book on Spencer, and he and Lenin and Shaw are said to have been the only three men who have read Karl Marx all through.

When you want to talk to him about the theatre he comes round to the gold standard. He writes articles on finance that I believe even he cannot understand.

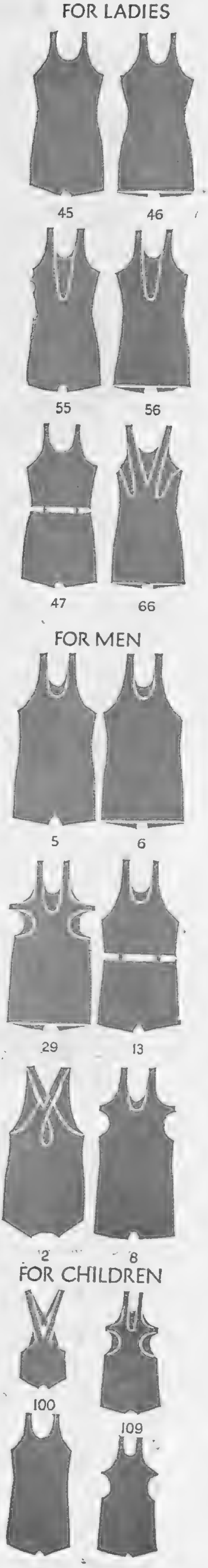
Yet the showmanship he learned in the Parthenon, Liverpool, the tiny music-hall where his mother served the drinks behind the bar and he showed people into their sixpenny seats, and haggled with comedians over an extra pound a week, which he has developed all through his life, was the only showmanship in England which could envisage the musical comedy of the future.

END


STYLE 346 DESIGN 662
for Ladies
STYLE 65
for Ladies
STYLE 8
for Men
STYLE 148 DESIGN D.17
for Children

4
OF OVER
100
DESIGNS

*A few of the many shapes available-*


FOR LADIES
45
46
55
56
47
66
FOR MEN
5
6
29
13
2
8
FOR CHILDREN
100
109
145
130

# Beauty and the Bathing Suit

**From the chrysalis of the sombre regulation Bathing Costume has emerged that gay butterfly . . . the 'Ribana' Swimming Suit. Here is true beauty in Beach Wear, gorgeous colour, exquisite design and form-fitting shape, interpreted in fine Australian wool so soft as to be a mere caress to the most sensitive skin. Yet for all their silky beauty 'Ribana' Swimming Suits are fashioned for service. They combine super-elasticity and great strength. They yield freely to every vigorous movement, yet spring back instantly to their stream-line, form-fitting shape. 'Ribana' is warm, soft and cosy, either in or out of the water—and its cost is so modest as to provide useful styles for Men or Women from 10/11.**

## Ribana

PURE WOOL

## SWIMMING SUITS

THE WEAVE THAT FITS AND LOOKS LIKE SILK

*If you have any difficulty in obtaining Ribana Swimming Suits, send for Style Folder and name of your nearest supplier. Use this coupon.*

**To RIBANA LTD. (Dept. B.2), Leith House, 22, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.**

Please send me, post free, particulars of Ribana Swimming Suits and where obtainable.

NAME ..............................................................

ADDRESS ........................................................

(½d. stamp if sent in unsealed envelope.)

RIBANA SWIMMING SUITS are finely woven from soft Botany wool in a wide variety of styles and colours for Men, Women and Children. They conform naturally and comfortably to the figure.

RIBANA SWIMMING SUITS are sold by all enterprising stores and those good shops where swimming suits are a speciality.

*Garland Ad.*

Get slimmer! Feel fitter!

Eat More Fish!

Keep up your vitality and keep down your weight on fish. Contains everything to nourish, nothing to make superfluous fat. The most digestible of solid foods, throws least possible strain on kidneys and digestive organs. Therefore keeps complexions clearer, appearance younger. Scientific research proves that fish helps to keep arteries healthy avoiding blood pressure.

Fish is the ideal food to enable you to meet the demands of modern life. Ask your doctor; he will confirm this. Make fresh caught fish a daily dish.

EAT MORE FISH

*Published at 6d.—offered you free!*

THE A.B.C. OF FISH COOKING

24 pages—recipes, guide to fish buying, cooking hints, coloured cover, illustrations on every page. New, entertaining, up-to-date, packed with fresh ideas. Shows you the way to become an expert in fish cooking.

*POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY*

*Enclose in ½d. unsealed envelope or send a postcard*

To British Trawlers' Federation, Ltd., Dept. 140 EM
27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Please send me, free and post free, "The A.B.C. of Fish Cooking."

Name ........................................

Address ........................................

........................................

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS 217b

# The Red Haired Clown

(*Continued from page 27*)

the canvas silenced the clown's coarse wit.

The proprietor saw that it was time to act. If he could not win back the crowd at once, there would be small chance of a full house to-morrow. The crowning glory of his show, warranted to draw when all else failed, was the elephant. Hastily improvising a turn by the handsomest women he could command, he called the clown, and bade him fetch in the mighty animal. The clown went at once, but so long was his return delayed that a man was sent after him, who met the great creature pacing slowly through the pelting rain. When they entered the ring from the far side, the proprietor saw that the clown's smile now almost met beneath his chin, causing it to jut out like the toe of a boot with an air that was sinister and menacing. Astride the thick neck, the red-haired man sat rigid and erect. He had cast aside professional merriment, and in place of the grin of a fool wore strange dignity. Despite the paint and motley, the figure that rode that stately giant, black and glistening with rain, seemed to be a spirit of the storm without rather than a paid comedian. The wet elephant brought with him a strong animal smell, exciting in some mysterious way to men's ancestral memories. Tubs and a barrel had been arranged for the elephant to play with; but he swung past them, and strode to the front of the Kaimakam's box, halting so near it that his swaying trunk brushed the gay flags.

Maslum felt for a coin, but, nervous perhaps of the wet beast who stood breathing so near, he dropped it on the floor of the box. Instantly the clown uttered a shrill command, and the thick snaky trunk reached over the barrier, felt about in the dust, picked up the coin, and handed it to his master, who spun it in the air, caught it, looked at it, and held it there. Another sharp word, and the elephant raised his trunk and shook the tent with mighty trumpeting. "God help me!" cried the proprietor, rushing forward as the Kaimakam, dark red with fury, rose to his feet. But the proprietor was too late. With a sudden gesture of horror, the clown flung the money from him, and seizing the neck-rope with both hands, drove the elephant forward, screaming as he urged it upon Maslum.

The Turk reached for his pistol, but had not time to draw it before the firm trunk encircled his body, pinning his arms to his sides; and the proprietor heard the crowd gasp as they saw all three, Kaimakam, elephant and clown, burst through the canvas wall, and rush into the night.

OUT into the wet black night the Kaimakam had gone. For an hour or two the emblem of authority and order, and for a moment of time the symbol of chaos, now he had passed, suddenly as a sprung trap, instantly as a landscape seen by lightning, finally as death. As though the hot tent had boiled over, the crowd poured out on all sides at once, flooding the alley-ways and ducking by hundreds beneath the dripping flounces of the canvas. In all directions men stared into the night, dazzled by the flares, and saw nothing but their neighbours' startled eyes, and the gleaming arrows of the rain stabbing the earth.

The elephant, with the two he bore, had utterly disappeared from their ken, his footsteps melting where he fled. The ragged soldiers gathered round their *Chaous*, forming an island of order amidst the flowing mob, and every member of the circus troupe who could be found was dragged there and interrogated. Who was this elephant man? What was his name? Was he Turk, Jew, Greek, Armenian? "Ah!" said the *Chaous*, "an Armenian who remembers 'Bloody Autumn!'" And he looked forward hungrily to ransacking the Armenian quarter in search of the fugitive. But although they all differed as to the man's antecedents, and could only give his circus title of "Flames," all agreed that he was not an Armenian; more likely a Kurd, they thought, to the chagrin of the *Chaous*, for there were no Kurds in Itbis.

But now that it was established that the clown was not an Armenian, and was moreover a Mussulman, his offence seemed slighter. Some even held that his shrill scream as he had tugged at the neck-rope showed that he was struggling vainly to restrain his mount. Was it not proverbial that elephants were subject to such fits of fury? An Imam, noted for his puritanical orthodoxy, even suggested a virtuous motive. It might well be, he opined, that the animal was infuriated by the fumes of the Kaimakam potations! He looked severely round, and his eye caught the glance of a Dervish who smiled. But it became so firmly established that the clown was an orthodox Muslim and the elephant a rabid abstainer, that the high-hatted Dervish's theory met with less attention than it merited. His idea was that the clown was a Yezidi, a worshipper of devils, and that the elephant was his MASTER! Thus many causes united to delay pursuit until sunrise; and meanwhile the elephant and his living load had won into wild hills where no men dwelt.

THE rising sun glowed rosily upon the snow fields of the *Dagh*.

In some deep clefts winter still slept in summer's arms, snow edged with coloured blossoms; but shallower hollows that were invaded by the sun's full stare grew hot as ovens, and in one such place, a tiny hollow meadow ringed by low thickets, two men lay upon the forget-me-nots watching one another narrowly. Several yards separated them where they lay, and the pistol had passed into the keeping of the clown, whose staring paint seemed in that pure place too odd to be truly there.

Knee-deep in bushes stood the elephant, turning to the men his grave face, and swaying, as always, slowly from side to side.

And now the Kaimakam asked: "What wrong could I have done you, a man whom I had never seen before?"

"What wrong indeed? Think, Bey Effendi, think of the wrongs you have done in your life, and try if you cannot fit one of them to me. Recall to mind those you have hated."

"But I do not know you," muttered the Turk, as he pondered, his weather-beaten face puckered with thought. In his day he had wronged so many! What was the man? Armenian, Greek, Jew? His eyes wandered round the cup-like dell, scanned the thickets, swept up to the snow fields, and returned to the middle of the hollow where crowfoot on the bog spread its white warning to tread warily.

Suddenly he thought of that voice, that thin voice which had irritated him each time the man cracked a joke. How impossible it seemed that this man had ever joked! Was the voice natural, or assumed in disguise, or *unnatural*, the fruit of interference with nature? In the Sultan's palace were many such shrill-voiced men, and their supply had to be kept up somehow.

His gaze returned to the clown's cavernous eyes. Was it possible, he wondered, as he thought of the boy of Ushak, a plump frightened boy, quite unlike this angular, flat-chested man. Yet—who could say what changes might be wrought in two and twenty years, or was it twenty-four?

His memory was failing him, and like to fail still more. He had tried bluster first of all, fruitlessly.

Then vainly had offered bribes, to be scorned and derided. He could not fight an armed man and an elephant. He was too stiff to run. So now he fell back upon truth, a rare weapon hard to wield. "There was a boy," he began, "in Ushak. I got him a place in the Palace. He had cause to hate me."

(*Continued on page 96*)

For Radiant Health
'OVALTINE'
COLD
P.724

The "ROBIN"

Something "different" in waterproofs. An exceptionally smart model of a rubber proofed Zaramac in Indiana, Shantung, Satin, Crepe de Chine, Natural Silk, Jap Silk, etc., in all fashionable colours.

*Made in London by*
ZAMBRENE Ltd.
(*Wholesale only*)
3b Cannon Street, E.C.4.
(Manufacturers of Waterproofs since 1855.)

*Procurable from all leading Stores and Drapers.*

Zaramac
STORMPROOFS
*INSIST ON THE "ZARAMAC" LABEL*

The clown shook his head. "I was never in Ushak. But surely, Effendi, you have wronged more than one!"

THE Kaimakam bit his moustache, but he had not yet done with truth. "I have led a hard life," he answered stoutly. "I have both given and taken blows, and it is true that I have wronged many, but none other in *that* way."

The clown stayed silent for a while, his eyes playing upon the crowfoot on the bog. "The cruellest blows we strike," he said at last, "are not at those we hate. Are there none you have loved and wronged, Maslum?"

It was the first time he had uttered the Turk's name, and the man started. But the Kaimakam's slow mind was pondering over the new question, and he still meant to tell the truth as he knew it. Whom had he loved, he wondered. Not many. He had loved his mother, but not his father. His brothers he had not disliked, and his sister he had almost forgotten. His keenest love and most abiding friendship had been given to Chukri, his companion in boyhood and his brother in arms. But Chukri was dead, killed in the Yaman. "Those I have loved are dead, my mother and Chukri; and of what they may do to me in this world or the next I have no fear at all."

"Is your mother the only woman you have loved?" cried the clown. "Have you never loved a virgin and held her in your arms?"

But the Kaimakam shook his head slowly. "I have been married four times, and I have held plenty of women in my arms, but of all the lot, not one was worthy to serve my mother as a slave."

Once more the clown was silent for a while, and then he said: "Maslum, I will trouble you with but one more question of your loves and hatreds. In the year of 'Bloody Autumn,' did you love no woman?"

The Kaimakam puckered his brow. His peril was forgotten in this fascinating quest of past loves. He took his time, and then replied with honesty, "None that I remember unless it was the little Jewess, and that was hardly love."

The clown rose to his feet and looked intently at Maslum, who stood up to face him. The sun shone upon the Turk's face, and beneath the harshness hard-lived years had left there, pride and dignity stood revealed. But on the painted face of the clown no expression whatsoever could be seen as he cried in his high voice: "I would have forgiven you if you had but remembered me! You had only to speak my name once, even in hate, and you should have gone free! But now. . . ." And as he screamed, the elephant strode forward and swept Maslum from his feet. For an instant he was held aloft, high above the white carpet of crowfoot, and then a huge foot thrust him deep into the boggy ooze, and pressed him down while bubbles of marsh gas gurgled up through the mud. In the moment that he was whirled aloft, Maslum saw the clown tear the motley from his breast, and so died, knowing that his enemy was a woman.

One night, an aged Armenian woman, who lived alone in an underground room in a remote hamlet, heard some one tap upon the trapdoor in the roof. She was rather deaf, and very nearly blind, but the tap reassured her, for it was in the measured rhythm peculiar to her own people. "Come in," she called out, and a woman entered. She had coal black eyes, and short black hair streaked with grey. The old woman invited her to rest, and shared with her the little she had to offer. "It is not much," she said, "for I am all alone in the world, and shall not mind when I come to die. The Turks killed my husband and both my sons in Bloody Autumn, and I wish they had killed me too."

"Have you no daughter?" asked the stranger, in a voice pitched high for the old deaf ears to hear.

"Yes: curse her! I had a daughter, but she fell in love with a Turk, an officer with a fine coat, and gave herself to him, body and soul. I pray to God she may be dead." And the old woman shook with fury. "But," she went on, "the slut got her deserts, for the Turk grew tired of her, and sold her to those who are always ready to buy a woman, if she be but young, and she was carried away to Hindustan to earn money in a city of heathen men." And the old woman wept.

"Would you take her back to look after you if you learned that she had purged herself of her sins?"

"Never!" shouted the old woman, savagely. "Not while I live!" And now she was so fierce that she wept no more.

The wayfarer rose, and took the old woman by both hands, and kissed her. Then saying: "Good-night, Mother, I will remember your sorrows in my prayers," she went out into the darkness of the night.

# Food Prejudices in Children

(*Continued from page 77*)

qualified psycho-analyst can do much to save such distress in small children, and often greatly assists their general nervous stability and development at the same time.

The everyday difficulty of feeding such a child is not usually serious, as a gravy from bone or meat with vegetables makes for excellent nourishment.

On the other hand, that death may enter in a small child's calculations and prove a seriously disturbing factor is often too little appreciated consciously by the adult. A dead wasp, the passing of a butcher's shop, or the reading of a Bible story may start the train of thought. Death to the child can only be interpreted in the term of "gone away" or loss, which equally it can only translate in relation to its own possible death or that of the parents.

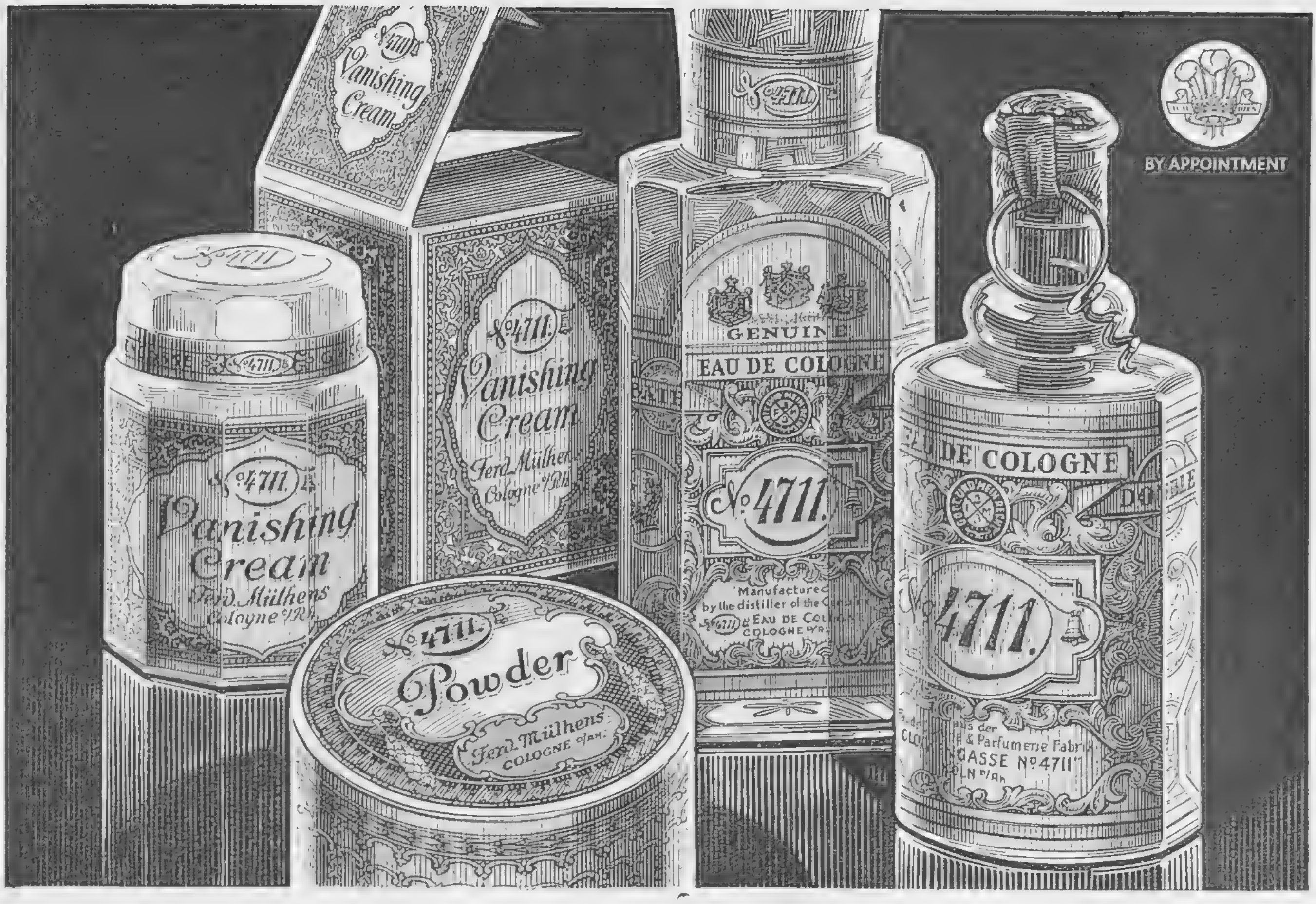
It is not that the child can usefully be oversheltered from such realities, but its reactions to them may be the key to many of its anxieties and troublesome behaviour. Minor food prejudices that we cannot get past by some reasonable substitution or disguising must be for the time being left. In themselves they do not justify our seeking medical advice or taking much notice of them. In the majority of cases if sensibly dealt with they are outgrown in a year or so.

Milk is one of the foods that give parents difficulty with their children on account of its value in the diet sheet. Some children are, however, given an amount of milk to consume that is without regard for the rest of the diet sheet. In a physiologically balanced diet that includes variety in fruit and vegetables, eggs and fish, bone and vegetable broth, and proper quantities of toast, cereals, fats, sugars and other ingredients, a leading medical authority gives one pint in twenty-four hours as sufficient, for children from two to five years.

Weak tea or coffee or the various malted drinks such as Ovaltine may be used to flavour milk for a child, and the addition of water will prevent skin from forming in a cup of hot milk. Crisp cereals may be acceptable with milk if it is kept separate in another cup and the cereals do not become pappy. Ice creams do no harm if not too cold, and there is no justification for keeping children on a monotonous diet with the idea that this is necessary to be good for them. Monotony can literally breed food prejudices and "finickyness." Varied and interesting food, early independence in the business of eating it alone, with proportionately tactful encouragement and promotion to a knife and fork or a table napkin from a feeder are the easiest methods of preventing minor food prejudices from arising.

Last but not least we should guard ourselves from any expression of "finickyness" about our own food, since fewer dislikes are inherited than acquired by even quite a young child from observation of those around.

END


BY APPOINTMENT
No 4711 Vanishing Cream
No 4711 Vanishing Cream Ferd. Mülhens Cologne %Rh.
No 4711 Powder Ferd. Mülhens Cologne %Rh.
GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE
No 4711
DE COLOGNE
No 4711
GASSE No 4711

# Beauty's inheritance

"4711" *Vanishing Cream*

*A perfect beauty cream; the ideal base for "4711" Powder. In pots at 2/-, or tubes 1/-. (Sample tube 6d.)*

"4711" *Eau de Cologne Face Powder*

*In twelve shades exactly graded for every complexion. Price per box 1/-.*

"4711" *Eau de Cologne Bath Salts*

*A stimulating and refreshing fragrance. In bottles at 1/6 and 2/6. Extra large size with gilt metal cap price 3/9.*

"4711" *Eau de Cologne*

*In various sizes from the small watch shape for the handbag, at 2/6, to the large wicker bottle at 52/6. Plain or sprinkler top.*

The bracing freshness of exquisite "4711"—this genuine Eau de Cologne—is as a breath of pure air in a heavy atmosphere. Its delicate aroma, cool and sweet as morning dew, drives away depression, and creates a glorious feeling of well-being. Let the restorative qualities of this soothing fragrance become the basis of your toilet, and "4711" Eau de Cologne glorify your morning bath. Freshen the hands and face throughout the day with a few drops of "4711" in the wash basin, and as a further safeguard to your skin use "4711" Eau de Cologne Cream Soap, Face Powder, Bath Salts, etc., all perfumed with genuine "4711." The same distinctive Blue and Gold Label encompasses all these and a fascinating range of "4711" Toiletries in other fragrant odours.

No. 4711.

**Genuine**
**Eau de**
**Cologne**
**Blue & Gold Label**

Gar: No. 1b.

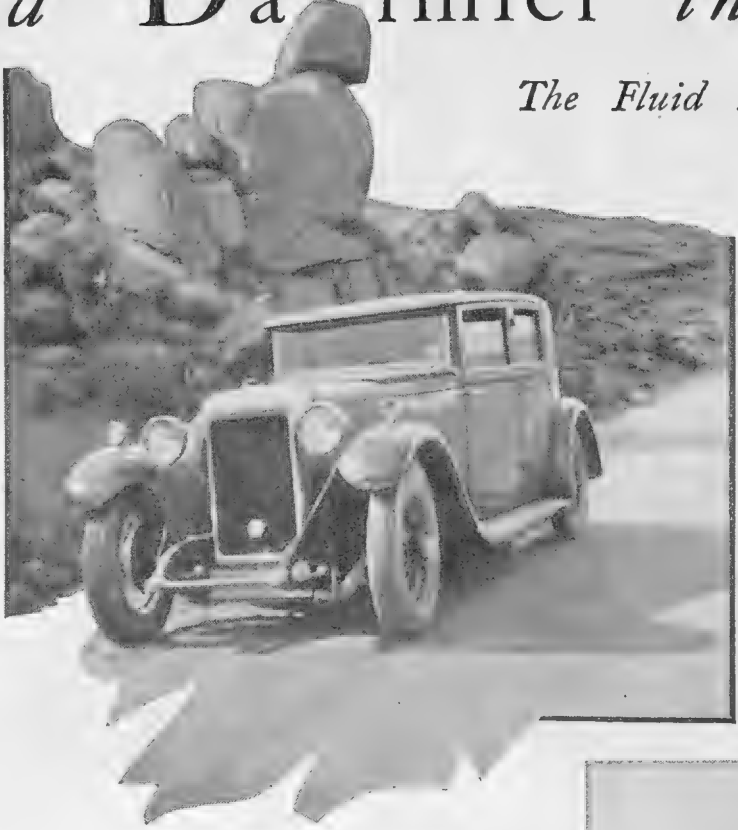
# With *a* Daimler *in* Spain

## *The Fluid Flywheel proves its worth*

### By the Earl of Cardigan

IN selecting Spain as my goal when I set out recently on a Continental tour, I fear that I was guilty of a sad lack of imagination. Not only had I been there before; I had toured a considerable part of that country little more than twelve months previously. The truth was that Spain had so completely charmed me on my former visit that I had taken an oath, for which I did not then visualise so speedy a fulfilment, to return there when the first opportunity should present itself.

In the matter of transport I was rather more ambitious. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Stratton Instone I was able to obtain a Daimler car, fitted with pre-selective epicyclic gears and with the new Fluid Flywheel, which was introduced on a commercial scale only a few months ago. As this device is still comparatively little known, it may be as well to give a brief and, I hope, a simple description of this unique system of transmission.



*ON the road in Central Spain. A great part of the country is wild and arid, and often covered with huge boulders such as are seen here*

To understand the general principle of the fluid flywheel, it is merely necessary to take a plate of thick soup, set it on a polished table, and stir vigorously with a spoon. At a low rate of stirring the soup will revolve while the plate remains stationary. When stirred more rapidly, however, the whole plate will begin to revolve with the power transmitted to it by the swirling fluid. Although perhaps more suitable to "Housekeeping Hints" than to a serious motoring article, this experiment does actually show the manner in which power can be transmitted from an engine to the road wheels of a car through a fluid or semi-fluid medium.

The inefficiency of the soup spoon and plate is, of course, painfully obvious, but we can imagine much greater efficiency being obtained if the spoon were larger and the plate had projections or pockets around its inner edge. In the Daimler transmission system an efficiency of at least 98 per cent. has actually been secured at all speeds in excess of 600 r.p.m. Below that speed the degree of "slip" rapidly increases, until at "tick-over" speeds the power transmitted is virtually nil.

IN practice, therefore, the Daimler can be started and stopped in top gear, and it is literally impossible to "stall" the engine. The effect is that of a supremely skilful driver continually slipping his clutch, but, owing to its fluid nature, causing no undue wear and tear. Indeed, an excellent method of starting this car from standstill is to engage top gear and gently accelerate the engine. No ordinary clutch can give such smoothness. For more rapid acceleration, a change may then be made into third gear, a process which, owing to the epicyclic gearbox, is equally silent and fool-proof. Greater simplicity could hardly be imagined.

I had tested this transmission previously over English roads and had proved to my own satisfaction that it fulfilled all the claims that have been made for it. It was agreed, however, that a much more thorough test could be made by taking a 20/30 h.p. Daimler car abroad, covering a big mileage (actually some 2,500 miles in a fortnight), and including all sorts and conditions of roads. On my outward run, therefore, I did not take the ordinary coast road into Spain *via* Biarritz and San Sebastian, but branched off at Bayonne to find a short cut over the Pyrenees to Pamplona.

MANY people do not realise how formidable a barrier is created by the Pyrenees between the two countries which it divides. In winter only the coast route at either end is open, and even in spring only one other pass is free from snow. The central passes do not open until summer, and thus the only available route in any way suitable for my purposes was that over the Col de Roncesvalles, a shoulder of this great mountain range not far from the western extremity on the Bay of Biscay.

I had hoped for some strenuous climbing between St. Jean Pied de Port and the frontier, but in this I was disappointed, for the boundary line at this point is well down on the French slope of the mountains. Soon after entering Spain, however, the road began to work its way upwards in a seemingly endless succession of "hairpins," until at last we were level with the snow line at 4,000–5,000 feet. At no time did the amount of slip arising from the fluid flywheel exceed its scheduled 2 per cent., and the epicyclic gearbox also gave proof of its efficiency in enabling me to make some hundreds of changes more rapidly and with less fatigue than would otherwise have been possible.

The following day, in which I drove from Pamplona to Segovia over roads which were mostly indifferent and sometimes definitely bad, provided a further test which was almost as severe. We crossed the Sierra de Guadarrama, a stretch of wild and mountainous country with snow lying on the peaks and sometimes even bordering the road.

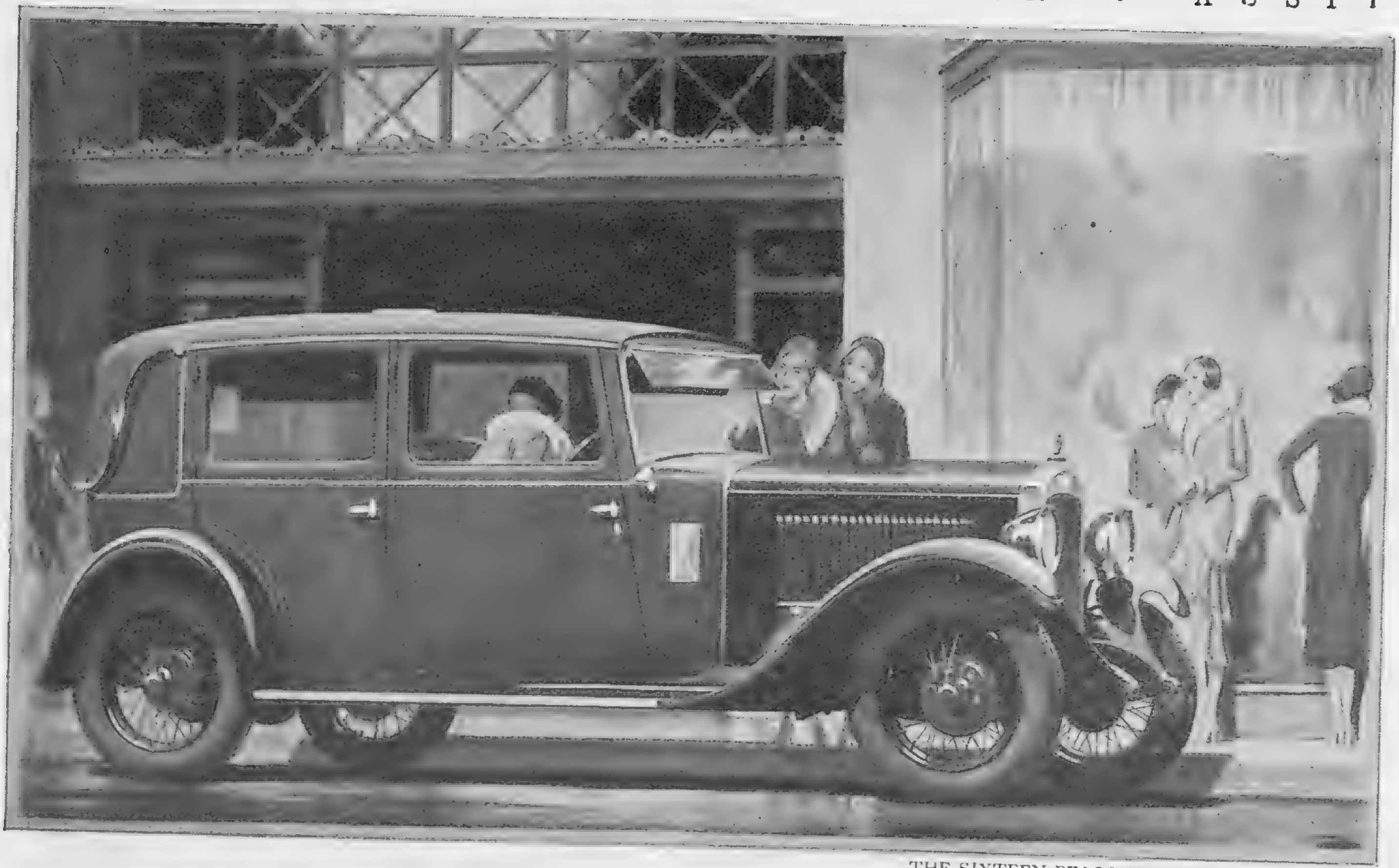
After this we travelled chiefly on main roads, which, however, were not always as good as I had expected. Where the surface permitted, our cruising speed was generally between 50 and 55 m.p.h., and I remember one stretch of road in France of which we once covered 45 miles within the hour—a feat which, except in a racing car, would be utterly impossible under home conditions. Altogether, with the bare minimum of attention, the Daimler underwent a most strenuous fortnight, and one which would most certainly have shown up any weak points, had these existed, in the new transmission system.

*A MOUNTAIN village in the north of Spain. The cliff in the background is pierced by many caves, a number of which are still inhabited*

Not only did the fluid flywheel behave faultlessly; the car as a whole proved itself to be excellently suited to high speed Continental touring. The springing was distinctly good, the steering very light and with ample lock, and the engine sufficiently flexible and lively to take even "Pyrenean hairpins" comfortably in third gear. The whole of the Col de Roncesvalles was climbed without a single drop to "second." It may therefore be said that those who still think of the Daimler chiefly as a luxurious town carriage are definitely many years behind the times.

(*Continued on page* 101.)

AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN



THE SIXTEEN BEACONSFIELD FABRIC SALOON

# If the bonnet of every Austin were riveted down . . .

*The Sixteen Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (as illustrated)*

**£335**

*(At Works)*

*Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop Tyres. Burnham Coachbuilt Saloon £335. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6-window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-Seater £310. Sunshine Roof £10 extra. Twelve (4 cylinder) models from £275.*

Provided that provision were made for the periodic addition of engine oil, it would scarcely affect the Austin owner at all. So little occasion does he have to raise the bonnet, that he gets into the habit of taking for granted that what is under it will function month after month—year after year—without his aid or interference.

Which is readily understood. For Austin cars are built that way . . . to stand up, uncomplainingly, magnificently to treatment that might well break the heart of less soundly designed, less dependable cars.

In the latest Sixteen saloon models this fine engineering is wedded to new coachwork of pleasing lines and equally fine craftsmanship. Yet prices are lower than ever!

Here are saloons unique among cars of their price—equipped as you, yourself, might specify in a car built for your own especial needs—with divan comfort, folding tea-tables, folding foot-rests and arm-rests . . . briefly, cars that thoroughly justify, in their performance, appearance and appointment, a considerably higher price than the £335 you are asked to pay.

Write for literature—better still, see your nearest Austin dealer.

# AUSTIN

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

The Austin Motor Company, Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

# COMFORTABLY ROOMY
## BUT CONVENIENTLY COMPACT

*The New Ford 24 h.p. Cabriolet, £210 at works, Manchester (14.9 h.p. £5 extra).*

ADMIRABLY economical yet aboundingly efficient! You can spend more money. You cannot buy more value than is embodied in the New Ford. Ingeniously designed, honestly materialled, soundly constructed—every feature dictated by really scientific considerations, the New Ford appeals just as surely to the expert engineer as to the eager newcomer to motoring.

Your nearest Ford Dealer will count it a privilege to demonstrate its capabilities, over a route of your own nomination.

Tireless to the Driver, restful to his companions, low in running-cost, ace-high in performance, the New Ford puts 100 per cent. motoring within the grasp of the most economically-inclined.

Completely equipped cars from £180, at works, Manchester. Ask your nearest Ford dealer for a trial run today.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
88, Regent Street, London, W.1. Trafford Park, Manchester

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

(Continued from page 98)

# Those "*Inevitable*" Accidents

*TWO Ford cars, and their drivers, meet at a favourite hostelry in the Berkshire Downs, where old-time fare can be obtained*

BY the time this article appears in print the summer touring season will be in full swing, the roads will be crowded with a mixed assortment of vehicles and drivers, and the usual summer crop of accidents will no doubt ensue. A great many of the sufferers will, of course, be merely the victims of their own rashness and lack of precaution, but a great many will be the innocent parties who have been placed in apparently hopeless predicaments through no fault of their own. For the latter, one's feelings cannot fail to be genuinely sympathetic, yet in many cases they are tinged, I think, by a pardonable curiosity.

Regarded from the innocent party's point of view, how many of these accidents were actually unavoidable? When Mr. Brown came round the corner on his wrong side, was it really impossible for Mr. Smith to avoid a collision? When the old lady stepped in front of Mr. Jones's car, could not Mr. Jones have foreseen that she would be looking in the wrong direction? While freely admitting that it is easy to be wise after the event, it does sometimes appear that the innocent party has been rather lamentably innocent.

Being naturally interested in such matters, I have always made a point of enquiring as fully as possible into any accident which I happen to hear of, and I have been surprised to observe how few of them appear in actual fact to have been inevitable. In a great many cases one is told, "The car skidded, and there was nothing I could do." This is a manifestly false statement, although no doubt the speaker believes it to be true, and is genuinely incredulous when told that skids can be corrected. The most fruitful source of accidents, in fact, appears to be the conjunction of a careful driver endowed with an excess of simple faith, and either a reckless fellow motorist or an unexpected and awkward situation.

### *This Month's Motoring Hint*

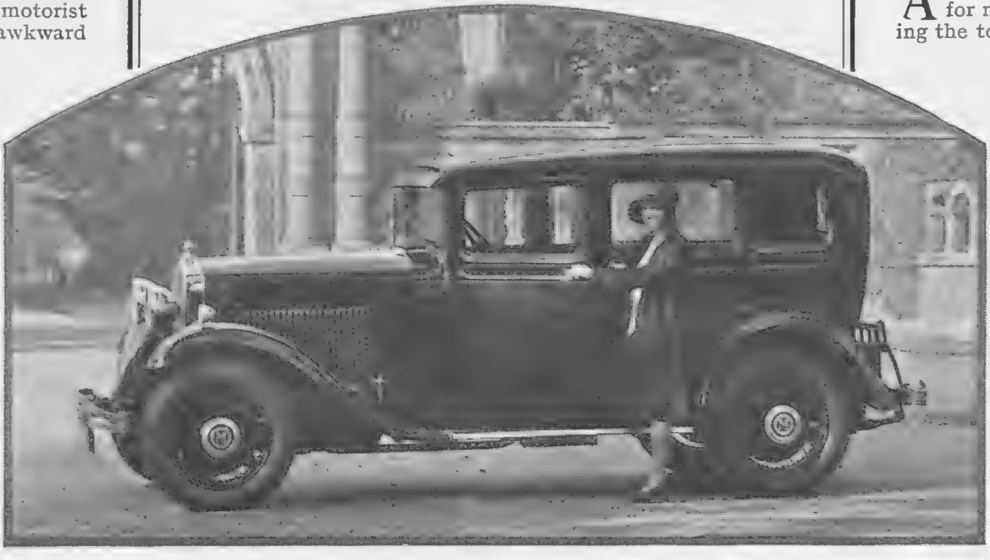
#### Hearing Trouble in Advance

A GREAT deal of mechanical trouble can be avoided by the motorist who has a keen ear and some powers of deduction. It is comparatively rarely that a car breaks down without giving some audible warning that trouble is brewing.

In order to train one's ear to detect and analyse unusual sounds, it is first of all necessary to distinguish between periodic and casual noises. A noise which has a definite period, a steady squeak-squeak-squeak, is always more serious than a casual noise which occurs at indefinite intervals. The latter can wait, whereas the former should receive immediate investigation.

It is easy, by "coasting," to ascertain whether a periodic noise comes from the engine or transmission—i.e., whether it varies with the speed of the engine or that of the car. A more precise diagnosis depends partly on keenness of ear, but even more on what may be described as "detective ability." A favourite method of Mr. Sherlock Holmes was to test, first of all, the more likely explanations. If these failed him, the truth would eventually appear by a process of elimination. The same may very well apply to the problems of the motorist.

IT is a hard thing to condemn a quality of which the poet speaks so highly, but I do believe that a great many accidents could be avoided if motorists would entirely abjure their simple faith so long as they are at the wheel. In France, for instance, cars are driven much faster than in England; considerate driving is extremely rare, and yet accidents occur comparatively seldom. I attribute this very largely to the fact that the French motorist always expects the worst of other drivers, and thus is very seldom either disappointed or taken by surprise.



*THE Morris "Isis," Saloon, price £340. This car is chromium finished, and Triplex glass is fitted throughout*

When driving in France, on my recent tour, I deliberately forgot all the motoring etiquette that I had ever learned, went ahead whenever my electric horn could clear the road for me, and got into the gutter when it failed to do so. The result was eminently satisfactory.

In England we suffer from the fact that 90 per cent. of our motorists are considerate and careful, and that three-quarters of our pedestrians and cyclists are reasonably intelligent. There is a grave danger of our failing to make sufficient allowances for the remainder. If we do not, as in foreign countries, sound the horn loudly at every corner, we should at least be mentally prepared for the car which *may* be approaching on its wrong side, or for the cyclists who *may* be riding four abreast.

In forestalling accidents, a knowledge of psychology can also be most valuable. Canine psychology is well worth studying, for it is not difficult to detect the type of dog which is liable to dash suddenly across. Child psychology is not dissimilar. The child with its back to you, or the one playing with a ball or whipping-top, is the most frequent source of danger.

The psychology of adult pedestrians is, of course, more complex, but that of the motorist ahead of you is fairly easy to discern. Hand signals, where these are given, are invaluable as an index to the character and ability of the driver, and the vague flap should always be taken as a danger sign.

A GOOD motto, therefore, for motorists to adopt during the touring season is the old one concerning the fool who lurks round every corner and in every street. It is not necessary to drive at 10 m.p.h. in order to avoid him, although there are still a few motorists who seem to cling to this expedient. It is sufficient to ask oneself the question: If this driver, or that pedestrian, should prove to be the proverbial fool, what exactly am I going to do about it? So long as one has an answer to this question, the risk of accident will be remote.

**Maddening Moments**

The Burglar

**Crash . . . bang . . . crash . . . Fearfully Peter crouches in the corner of the pantry. He is torn between horror at the thought of what is happening upstairs and passionate regret at the chance he has lost. To have got so far and bungled the thing. Simply sickening! There they are on the floor —golden brown and tempting, his delicious scrunchy "Ovaltine" Rusks—and for all the good it does him they might be in the Sahara. He wonders whether to eat one quickly before the family arrive. No good, here they are. Golly, they all look scared to death. Must have thought he was a burglar. Even Uncle Bob looks furious. Seems like a pretty bad show this. It's a bit hard on a chap not even to have had one bite . . . especially when they'll punish him anyway . . .**

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

*Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.*

R8

# T*he* Blue Pacific

(*Continued from page 21*)

fathoms deep, but clearly to be seen. She was crusted over with coral, coloured coral and sea fans, and I could see her guns, so thickly coral-coated that they looked like sausages. She must have been very old. I judged that from the height of her poop, but how old, who can say ?"

Who can say ?

You can hear that echo-question in the wind in the palm trees and in the long hush of the island beaches, and the murmur of the spouting reefs where the surf never is at rest.

Not only at Ambrym, but thousands of miles away you can hear it, for this whole sea speaks with the same voice ; a voice that never ceases, and never will cease till the oceans are no more.

You can hear it as you stand on the wharves of San Francisco and look across the Bay for the schooner fleet that has vanished ; for the *Casca*, for the *Dancing Wave*, for the *Morning Star*, for the hundred others trading in copra and sandalwood, pearls and *bêche de mer*, of which it may be said : They sailed for the Islands, but now they sail no more ; they were beautiful, they were swallow-swift, and clear to be seen as they came through the Gate, for the air of the Bay was unstained by steamer smoke, and its waters unfouled by the tanker. It was morning. A morning that has gone, taking its sailors and its silver miners and its old schooner captains—where ?

" Who can say ? "

You can hear it in the Carolines where the star-fish lie on the sands once trodden by Louis Becke, and on that headland from which men last sighted the topsails of the *Leonora*.

Dear Louis Becke ! what happier harbour have you found at last ; and Bully Hayes, what profit from your scoundrelism ? Who can say ?

But there is one question to which the answer comes clear, forthright, and in a concrete form.

When man has vanished and all his ships have passed away, what ship shall sail these seas ?

I have in mind the ships that have already passed. The high-pooped ships of Drake ; the ships of La Pérouse that vanished leaving no trace ; the whalers with their stump top-masts and trying-out works ; the sandalwood schooners and the tall Cape Horners, storm-battered and salt-crusted, that used to tie up at Long Wharf in the days when Bone kept his groggery at Raffertys, and Shanghai Brown his sailor's boarding-house in 10th Street.

I HAVE in mind the old ratty timber ships plying to Seattle and beyond, and those mysterious disreputable jackass barques, true witches of the sea, ready for any game from barratry to the telling of a South American President's fortune by running cases of Viterli rifles, ammunition and pepper-pot revolvers. The shark schooners that used to ply to Magdalena Bay, now the gun practice ground of the American navy ; the Stockton River boats with their stern wheels and cursing captains.

Like a dream all these have passed away. I have in mind the ships of the moment ; tankers up from Ventura, the iron grain ships and the great mail steamers that come honking through the Gate, lifting the echoes with their sirens and rocking the ferry boats with their wash.

These too shall pass, and there will come a day when the ships of man having vanished, the ship of God alone shall remain.

You can see it, and you can see it in London, for just as they keep the Oseberg-skibet of the Vikings in the museum of Oslo, so in the museum of the College of Surgeons of England they keep the pearly nautilus, caught long years ago in a bay of Malaita. No ship has ever approached in beauty this ship launched in the dawn of creation to glitter surely, at last, in the sunset of time. Rare as a rainbow and as immortal, it is still to be glimpsed by happy chance, in some island bay, this ship of pearl—glimpsed, for at the least water echo telling of man the destroyer's approach it submerges.

A moment ago it was, and now it is not—nothing of the dream remains but a train of silvery bubbles rising through the water like the breath of happy laughter.

One just the more of this blue and jesting sea ; one more vision derisive.

End

# Tragedies *and* Comedies *of* History

(*Continued from page* 37)

his mistresses. They smuggled messages out of their cells by means of candles, replacing the wicks with thin wisps of paper. They bribed the laundresses to let them write messages on the cuffs and necks of their shirts. They did everything but escape.

The Man in the Mask must have wondered at the strange noises of the protestant ministers, but before he had time to accustom himself to his new surroundings and the pleasant warmth of the Mediterranean sun, he was called on to go on his travels again. This time Saint Mars was going to the Bastille, the great State prison.

He had earned the great reward of a trusted gaoler.

The Man in the Mask went with him, but this time he had not to endure the torture of a hermetically sealed coach. He was allowed to ride in a litter, with the velvet mask drawn closely over his face. His passage to the north was the occasion of the greatest curiosity, but no man was allowed near the prisoner of mystery, who eventually arrived outside the Bastille on the afternoon of September 18th, 1698, in the company of a group of armed horsemen. His hair was now quite white and his body shrunk to the bones. He walked with hesitation and uncertainty.

He stumbles from his litter through the gates of the grim prison and is never seen by the world again.

FIVE years afterwards, on November 19th, 1703, he dies quite suddenly. He is buried under a false name and his body is consumed with quicklime so that it speedily disintegrates. All the miserable effects from his cell are burned with fire and every trace that he ever lived is removed from the earth. It is recorded that the burial cost the sum of 40 francs.

But who was this man in the mask concerning whose identity history is silent ? They say he was a bastard son of Charles the Second of England who knew too much about his father's secret negotiations with Louis XIV. Another theory seriously maintained he was a scion of the royal house of France who was allowed to marry and whose descendants established the house of Buona Parte (Good Part) in Corsica and so founded Napoleon's family. One dilettante maintained the mysterious prisoner was Molière and another that he was a son of the royal courtesan, Louise de la Vallière.

His identity must ever remain a mystery. I fancy that for all the pother which has been made, the man in the mask was in reality a person of no consequence, that his stringent confinement was one of the millions of bits of bad luck which dog the tale of history. At least that supposition is as good as any and just as conclusive. We have at least the authentic story of the Man in the Mask. It makes one of the tragedies of history. And if it was accidental or unimportant, it simply joins the long list of devilries which mankind has seen fit to add to the story of the world.

End

# *These* fashionable *and* fascinating Salads!

## *—health experts, for once, say: "be à la mode."*

THESE, indeed, are "salad days," and modern women agree with modern dietitians that it is a *salad* a day that keeps the doctor away. The new salads, to be sure, are very different from the old-fashioned variety. You find the most unexpected ingredients—apples and lettuce, nuts and grape-fruit, celery and pineapple, even chopped meat and grated cheese, intermingling in the happiest of harmonies and combinations. And with these new health-salads of vegetables and fruit it was sheer genius that first started the vogue of using HEINZ SALAD CREAM — the one dressing with just the right "tang" for fruit. You can buy it at any grocer's at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½ a bottle.

*Send name and address to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., London, N.W.10, who will send you a Recipe Folder of new salads.*

HEINZ
SALAD
CREAM

### *Asparagus in aspic*

Aspic Jelly White Grapes
Asparagus Heinz Salad Cream

Cook asparagus in usual way and allow to cool. Fill border mould with aspic jelly and in it place the best asparagus heads (upside down of course). Chop the rest of the asparagus, skin and seed the grapes and mix both thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream. Turn out mould when cold and fill centre with this preparation (as in photograph above).

### *Grape-fruit, lettuce and walnut salad*

Lettuce Walnuts
Grape-fruit Heinz Salad Cream

Separate and arrange lettuce leaves on plates. Peel grape-fruit as orange, removing white pith. Cut into rounds and arrange pieces like the petals of a flower on the lettuce. Pour Heinz Salad Cream over grape-fruit and place shelled walnuts in centre, as in photograph on left.

### *Cherry, lettuce and walnut salad—*

Ripe Cherries Lettuce Hearts Chopped Walnuts
Crystallised Ginger Watercress Heinz Salad Cream

Stone the cherries. Wash the lettuce, separate the leaves, dry them in a clean cloth or salad basket and arrange on salad plates. Mix the cherries and chopped walnuts with the Salad Cream and arrange on the lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with a very little finely chopped crystallised ginger and decorate with the watercress.

*ENJOY YOUR SALAD DAYS THESE THREE NEW WAYS!*

**Experienced players stipulate**

HOOD
SPEED SHOES

**THE SHOE THAT ADDS SPEED TO YOUR GAME**

For Men and Ladies—in a variety of styles at popular prices.

3/11, 4/11, 5/11, to 12/6 per Pair.

Send to the Sole Distributors (Wholesale), C. W. Randall & Co., Ltd. (Dept. T.2.), 143, Shoreditch High St., London, E.1, for the name of the nearest Retailer and a free copy of

"FOOTWORK IN TENNIS"

an extremely interesting and instructive illustrated booklet by leading players.

# Smoke Screen

(*Continued from page* 51)

He smiled again as if to himself. I began to like Follett.

I said as casually as I could : " You know best, Follett, where Elizabeth was that night between the time she left Marjory's and the time she reached home."

He looked up quickly. " She was at Greylands, of course—my country place. You all know that, don't you ? "

" What are you going to do about it ? " I asked.

He smiled, and in an instant I knew why women found him so terribly attractive. He had, in a darker, more secret way, what Maurice Chevalier has so obviously.

" Ring up the husband," he said quietly, " and tell him what a damn fool he is."

" That won't go down with Tony Sage. He'll want proof, all good and proper. He is that sort of man. Besides, I fancy he wants to divorce Elizabeth—he wants a divorce much more than he wants proof of her fidelity, if you know what I mean."

He reddened deeply. " I'll ring him up," he said, leaning towards me and looking straight in my eyes. " And I'll tell him to damn well get on with it. And I'll give him all the proof he wants, though I have to lie to do it."

" And then ? "

" And then—you see—I'd have what I want more than anything else in the world."

" Elizabeth ? "

He flashed at me a sudden, excited sort of smile. " Elizabeth," he agreed.

" You'd have the ghost of the Elizabeth you know, if she were separated from her boy. All the love that's been pent up in her all her life has found an outlet in that child. I know the sort of life Elizabeth has had. He has been the only warm, living thing in it."

Follett brooded over the burned-out cigarette which he held in his hand. Minutes passed. The clock ticked and the muted sound of London's traffic rumbled far below. He walked impatiently to the window and back again presently to the fireplace. I could only guess at the nature of the conflict behind his eyes. He was a young man of the disciplined variety, one of those who at eighteen were second-lieutenants in Flanders and at twenty-one were wise with a generation of wisdom.

" Where did you say Sage was ? "

" With his people in Kensington."

" Know the address by any chance ? "

I had dined there several times, so I knew. I told him. He turned over the leaves of the telephone directory until he found their number. He lifted the receiver.

" Western 29435," he asked, and in the interval he said to me : " You're sure you know what you're doing and what you're saying ? You're sure you are right about Elizabeth and the boy ? "

" Positive," I assured him.

He sat at his desk with the telephone in his hand—a lean, long-legged, supple figure of a man, with a dark face that was wholly preoccupied and remote.

" Yes," came the jerky, one-sided conversation. " Mr. Sage—if you please—Follett."

Another pause. He whistled softly while he waited, then in a moment he was taut again and on his mettle.

" Ah—good-morning, Sage. This is Follett . . . oh, nothing much . . . just been hearing some of the rumours that are afloat. . . . Good lord, no ; why should I ? . . . Well, don't be such a damn fool, man. You're talking like the Family Lawyer. . . Save you quite a lot of time and money. . . Of course, your solicitors would tell you that, they've got their bread and butter to earn. . . Cut out the jargon, Sage ; you can think for yourself, can't you ? . . . Of course, she did. . . We were only half-a-mile from the house when the thing conked out. . . What would you have done—left her to spend a strictly pure and moral night in a hedge ? . . . Oh, yes, I will. . . Well, look here, Sage, Elizabeth slept in my mother's dressing-room. If I had wanted to reach her room I should have first had to go through my mother's. She, incidentally, is a very light sleeper. Similarly, if Elizabeth had come to mine. Now are you satisfied. . . Well, I don't suppose you gave her a chance, did you ? . . . Accused her of gross immorality, no doubt, before both feet were over the threshold. . . Well, think that over. . . Give it to your precious solicitors to think over, too, and don't be such a swine, man."

He banged the receiver up. His face was pale and his fingers were trembling as he lit a cigarette.

" Have you got the whole morning on your hands ? " he asked me.

I had, I told him.

" Well, be a nice sort of King's Messenger, and go and tell Elizabeth all that I've been telling him. Just to let her know where she stands."

" But was it true ? " I asked.

He stared at me for a moment. " Of course it was," he said slowly.

All Elizabeth did when I told her was to turn her back on me, walk over to the window and stand there for a long time. When she turned, her eyes were all swimming and shiny. She asked no questions and neither did I.

Then presently she said : " The torches that those burglars carried that night can have revealed nothing to them like the things that have been revealed to me because of them. Extraordinary how things are woven and knit together, you know, Roger. Burglars come, and because of that Tony finds out enough to see a loophole through which he might escape unscathed from a marriage that has become thoroughly irksome. Mark the unscathed. It's terribly important to Tony and all his beastly relations. But I find out something too. You know he said he was going to the Munros to play bridge ? "

I nodded. I had remembered something about it.

" And," she continued, " he didn't telephone Marjory's until about four o'clock, which was the time he discovered the burglary. He 'phoned immediately, of course."

" Yes."

" Well, when I had time to think all this over I said to myself, ' Why so late ? The Munros never play after twelve o'clock. In the country, you see, one gets to know all one's friends' habits. Awful drawback to intrigue."

She was nervous and excited. She spoke rapidly, except when she fell into the flippant comments which are the mannerisms of her kind.

" I was pretty desperate," she went on. " There was the babe, you see. Think of Tony's mother ' bringing up ' John. That day I had lunch with you and had an appointment at three—d'you remember—I had to see a private detective whom I had set on Tony's track. My womanly intuition, don't you know. It never fails a gel when she really has her back to the wall."

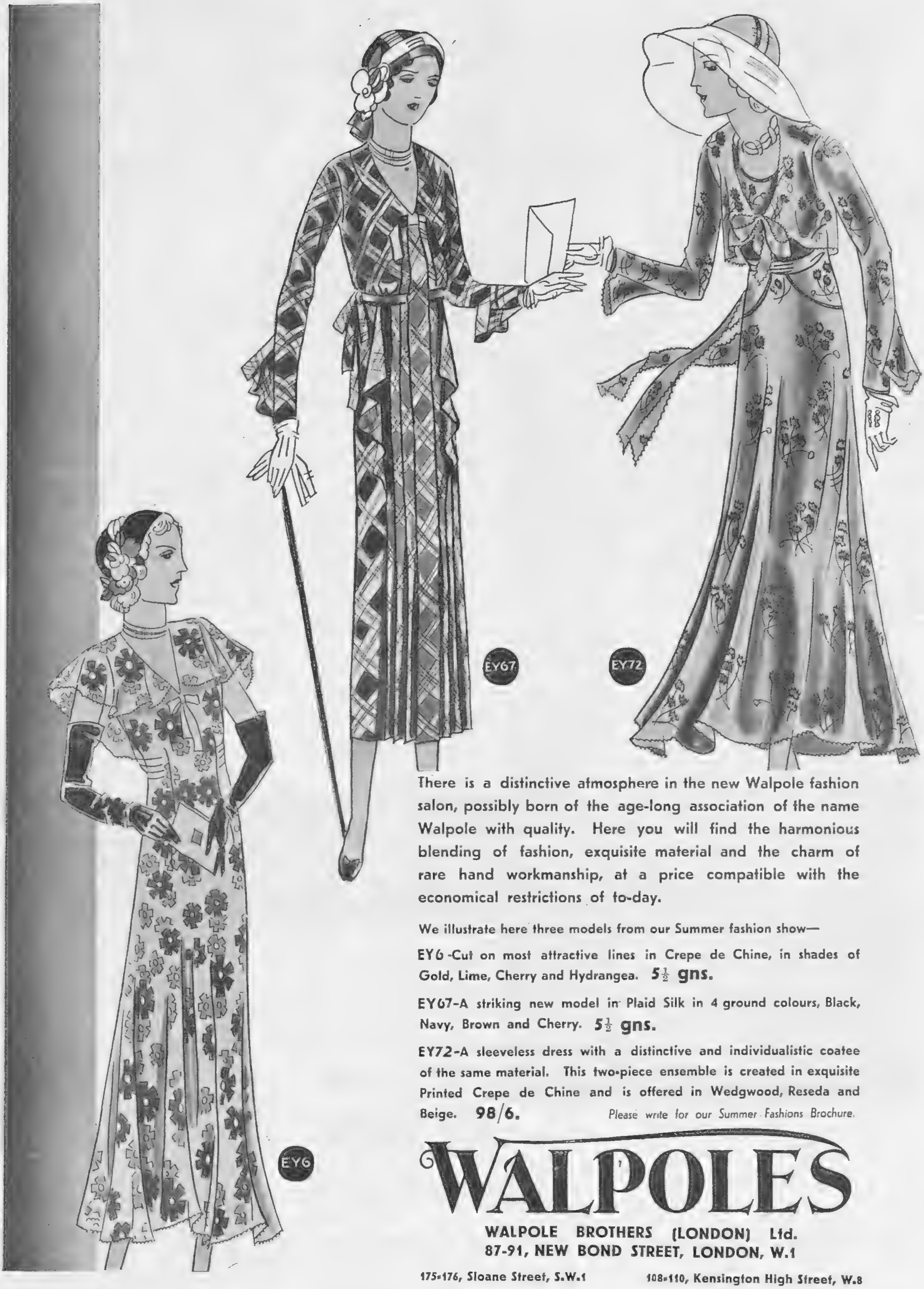
" But you hadn't . . ." I tried to interpose. (And then her eyes began to dance.)

" Oh, yes, I had," she said solemnly. " Well, anyway, this man has found out all sorts of things. The immaculate Tony, reared in the Cromwell Road, Eton and Cambridge ; Sage, Swensen, Sage & Co., has been having an affair with a little girl in the Frivolity chorus ! Can you imagine it, Roger ? That's the Cromwell Road for you ! All the best *fin-de-siècle* tradition. Takes her out to supper and gives her champagne ; then takes her home to her little pink flat. I'm sure it's all pink and girlish. Don't you think it's too marvellous ? "

Marvellous. I didn't think so. But the meanings of adjectives these days are beyond me.

" So," she continued rapidly, " I say to Tony : ' Let there be a divorce by all means, but let me do the divorcing.' Not that I would care who divorced who so long as this miserable marriage

(*Continued on page* 106)



There is a distinctive atmosphere in the new Walpole fashion salon, possibly born of the age-long association of the name Walpole with quality. Here you will find the harmonious blending of fashion, exquisite material and the charm of rare hand workmanship, at a price compatible with the economical restrictions of to-day.

We illustrate here three models from our Summer fashion show—

**EY6**-Cut on most attractive lines in Crepe de Chine, in shades of Gold, Lime, Cherry and Hydrangea. **5½ gns.**

**EY67**-A striking new model in Plaid Silk in 4 ground colours, Black, Navy, Brown and Cherry. **5½ gns.**

**EY72**-A sleeveless dress with a distinctive and individualistic coatee of the same material. This two-piece ensemble is created in exquisite Printed Crepe de Chine and is offered in Wedgwood, Reseda and Beige. **98/6.**

*Please write for our Summer Fashions Brochure.*

# WALPOLES

**WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) Ltd.**
**87-91, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1**

175-176, Sloane Street, S.W.1
108-110, Kensington High Street, W.8

of ours was brought to an end. To me the only thing that matters in it is John; and, Roger, I'd almost as soon jump in the river with him as hand him over to Tony's mother. As long as I have my John, Tony may have the front rows of every chorus in London."

"And what about Follett?" I asked irrelevantly.

Elizabeth stared long and thoughtfully into the fire. When she turned to me her eyes were like the eyes of the Elizabeth of six, wide with an odd sort of wonder, deep and brown like a lily-pool.

"I just don't know," she said gravely. And I saw how it was with her.

NEARLY a year after all this I was reading the evening paper in my own especial chair in the club. A man came in whom I have known all my life except the first few years. I said, "Hello!" He said, "Hello!"

"Haven't seen you for months," I said.

"No; I've been in Cannes," he said.

So we began to gossip. Among other things he said, "Saw Elizabeth in Nice about a month ago with her brand-new husband."

"Oh, Follett?"

"Yes."

"They're on their honeymoon," I said. "Elizabeth's boy and his nurse are staying with me until they come home."

"I used to know Follett's mother very well," he said presently. "Charming woman."

"Indeed!"

"I often go to see her now—to talk over old times."

"To Greylands?" I said casually, though I had never heard of the place until the night of Elizabeth's disappearance.

"Greylands? Lord, no. That's the boy's place—Elizabeth's new husband. His mother wouldn't live there. She doesn't like England. She has a flat in Paris."

Like a flash I was back in Follett's flat that morning listening to his telephone conversation with Antony Sage. "To reach her room I should have had to go through my mother's."

"But she visits Greylands?" I asked, moved by a strange and deep curiosity.

"Never," he said. "Never goes anywhere. She hasn't stirred out of Paris for five years."

END

# Desire Beside *the* Stream

(*Continued from page* 17)

kindly reflections of the true male—of which species Henry Molford was, in their new judgment of him, no example.

"That is what I am going to ask you all; what am I to do?" said Henry.

"Do, sir!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Do, my poor friend!" cried the Vicar, with a look restraining the impetuous soldier.

"Kick this swine out, sir!" bawled the Colonel.

And all regarded Frank, sitting on the little chair against the ultimate wall, his livery of snow an ironic comment upon his true character. But the man was dreaming. The man was patently not listening to them. His imagination was away in fields that were—to judge from the smile playing on his mobile mouth—Elysian.

No man caring to see a secret Elysian smile on the face of another, it is probable that here Colonel Bushes would have attempted to do his vocabulary justice; but the next words from the outraged husband stayed him.

"You do not realise the position!"

"Position, sir!"

"Position, my poor friend?"

"It is most awkward."

"Awkward, sir!"

"Please do not let there be any awkwardness in my house," said a sweet voice, and the guilty woman stood among them, smiling her nice deprecating smile. She had cut the half-dozen more roses needed to complete her usual pretty morning task, and going over to the tray of vases she began to arrange them.

"I have never known the Aurora Carbuncle so fine as this year," she said, holding up a lovely red rose in her delicate fingers. "I think I shall get the first prize at the Flower Show."

Even while the superficiality of her thought staggered the minds of the Vicar and Colonel Bushes, they found themselves thinking also what a sweet woman this was; doing the flowers and pottering about in the womanliest way. But all women present—except Bessie, so exceptionally sweet and calm as she went on doing the roses—turned upon Henry a brief look of pity. "Poor miserable fellow," they were doubtless thinking, "had I had him I would have tried to make something of——"

Then even these quick reflections were shattered by Bessie, who turned for a moment at her vases, remarking kindly:—

"Good morning, Frank."

Even her voice roused the man but faintly from his dreaming. He rose almost automatically from the little chair.

"Good morning, madam," said he respectfully; and sat down again.

Colonel Bushes stood between the fellow and Bessie.

"Come, sir!" said he, "what are you thinking about?"

Frank roused once more from his dreaming, and stood up.

"Luncheon, sir," he replied.

An incredulous silence struck the meeting, only Lady Widdower crying:——

"And quite right too!"

With a classic movement of his arm—watched by Cousin Lizzie—Frank glanced at his wrist watch.

"Your guests are all staying for luncheon, madam?" he enquired respectfully; and it was obvious that his mind was away among plovers' eggs, early asparagus, forced strawberries, mushroom omelettes, foam of *soufflées*, and other delicious affairs.

"I hope so, Frank," said Bessie graciously. "It would be so nice," she added to her relations; and even to Henry.

The Colonel was about to allege that not a mouthful of such accursed food would be eaten by him in this house to-day, when Frank presented his dream in very palatable form.

"It is very short notice, madam, but I will manage. As you know, I prefer to have notice of guests. You will excuse me from participating at the moment in discussion of this other little matter, sir?" he said, addressing Henry. "I have not a moment to lose. I want to get to my kitchens. I should not like to feel myself discredited. I think," he said—on fire—"that dressed crab, with my own sauce—you remember it, my lady?" he said, addressing Lady Widdower; "preceded I would say by consommé—I will take for it the old brown sherry that I have used before; or possibly the Madeira. I do not know yet. I think, then," he said addressing the Colonel, "my *entrée* will take a curried expression. Yes. The *entrée* will explain itself in curry. A *poussin* with an iced salad; and next I would suggest a *soufflée*—cheese?" he said, looking enquiringly round him and meeting the assenting eyes of the legal Molford. "Cheese *soufflée* then." He turned now to Cousin Lizzie, and in great trepidation she realised that this strong and—by all evidence—rapacious male was giving her his whole regard.

"You, madam, will not take the curry," said he. "Not with your throat; oh no! no! no! I will think of that. For you I shall have my *morceau de veau parfaite* or even my *pâté complet*."

"My throat!" exclaimed Lizzie, blushing, starting, and with her old provocative yet defensive smiles again breaking. "My throat!"

"We could hear you all up the drive, madam," said Frank, and with an attentive look at her, and another attentive look at his wrist watch, he left them.

His exit gave great pleasure to four pairs of eyes, for he was even more graceful from behind than from in front.

Bessie had not watched the exit, because her flowers were absorbing her; and saying: "On the whole, I think I'll mix a little lily-of-the-valley in," she went out once more into the garden.

"In her state of mind she will cut herself with those scissors," said the Colonel, and moved swiftly forward as if in pursuit. But—

"Theodore!" cried his wife and he paused.

"I will go! I will go!" said the Vicar, passing the Colonel on his way to the windows. But—

"Mainwaring!" cried his wife in a voice he did not often hear from her, and he, too, came back.

"It is astonishing the amount of attention Bessie's getting!" said Cousin Lizzie, but her laughter was a little artificial.

It could have been observed that the faces of both Mrs. Bushes and Mrs. Bowling were warmly flushed.

"Bessie has been an astonishingly fortunate woman," continued Cousin Lizzie. "Some women are fortunate without doing a single thing to deserve it; not a single thing. You must forgive my saying this of your wife, Henry."

"I can forgive anything," said Henry wretchedly but capaciously.

"Oh! not anything, surely!" cried Lady Widdower, Mrs. Bushes and Mrs. Bowling; and tears rose in their eyes. "Not anything! There is a limit!" they said.

"You would not forgive Bessie!" cried Cousin Lizzie.

Henry began to speak, and failed several times. At last: "My duty," he muttered, "my marriage vows."

"You will forgive her!" said Cousin Lizzie; and quite suddenly Mrs. Bowling began to weep. And then Mrs. Bushes began to weep, for it was horrible to think of the guilty woman getting so enjoyably away with it.

"Flora!" cried the Colonel.

"Gertrude!" said the Vicar.

But once started, these two fine women found it too hard to prevent themselves from crying out the kind of grievances that have festered in the hearts of at least half the wives in the world.

"When I think of how I've done my duty, and always sacrificed myself to make our home hap-pap-pap-pappy——"

"When I remember how I've given up everything, and never a word of thanks or appreciation——"

"No one ever worries about me cut-tut-tutting myself with s-s-scissors——"

"And the way her clothes are always b-b-better——"

"And First P-p-prizes every F-flower-show——"

"And all her relations are always governors or gods or something——"

"It m-m-makes a woman think there's no such thing as ap-ap-appreciation in the world——"

"And l-l-love affairs at her age——"

"When if I had ha-ha-half her chances—"

"I wouldn't t-take them——"

About here the Colonel and the Vicar—assisted by the logicality of the legal Molford—succeeded in stemming this torrent of very justifiable pain and sorrow, but not until Cousin Lizzie—for the girl was highly strung to a degree—had burst out crying too.

"My dear Flora——"

"My dear Gertrude! Come! come! you do not need me to tell you—or I would do so—that the price of a virtuous woman is above rubies."

"Rubies will do!" sobbed Mrs. Bowling.

"Yes. Rubies will do!" cried Mrs. Bushes

"Rubies will d-d-do!" screamed Cousin Lizzie. The girl was practically in hysteria.

For so long has man got away with paying no reward to virtue

(*Continued on page* 109)

# This overnight cleansing will make a difference in the morning

Morning mirrors never flatter — yet surely your skin is lighter in tone . . . . softer and smoother in texture . . . . almost a child's again in its innocence of make-up, its absolute cleanliness. Cyclax Special Lotion — painted on overnight — has got right down where soaps and creams can never penetrate; freed the cells and tissues from the accumulated poisons of years; drawn all the acid that collects in the pores to the surface, ready to be washed away with soap and water; given your skin a ***fresh start*** with the most thorough cleansing it has ever had. That is why this Special Lotion is the basis of the whole Cyclax treatment. The very first application makes a difference— ***and there is no type of skin*** that cannot be made clear and smooth and ***young*** this simple way.

58 SOUTH MOLTON
ST. LONDON W.I.

# CYCLAX

PARIS, BERLIN,
AND NEW YORK.

**CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION**

Draws all acid waste matter out of the skin, leaving every pore clean. Excellent for removing blackheads, sallowness and sunburn.

**CYCLAX SKIN FOOD + +**

Braces and nourishes the tissues. Also Special "O" Skin Food for dry skins; Special "E" for relaxed chins and throats; "Baby" for very sensitive skins.

**CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK**

(Slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and relaxing of the skin. Eradicates lines.

**CYCLAX POWDER + + +**

Is made in 7 shades, or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring.

**CYCLAX SOAP + + + +**

Easily removes make-up and Skin Food.

**CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION**

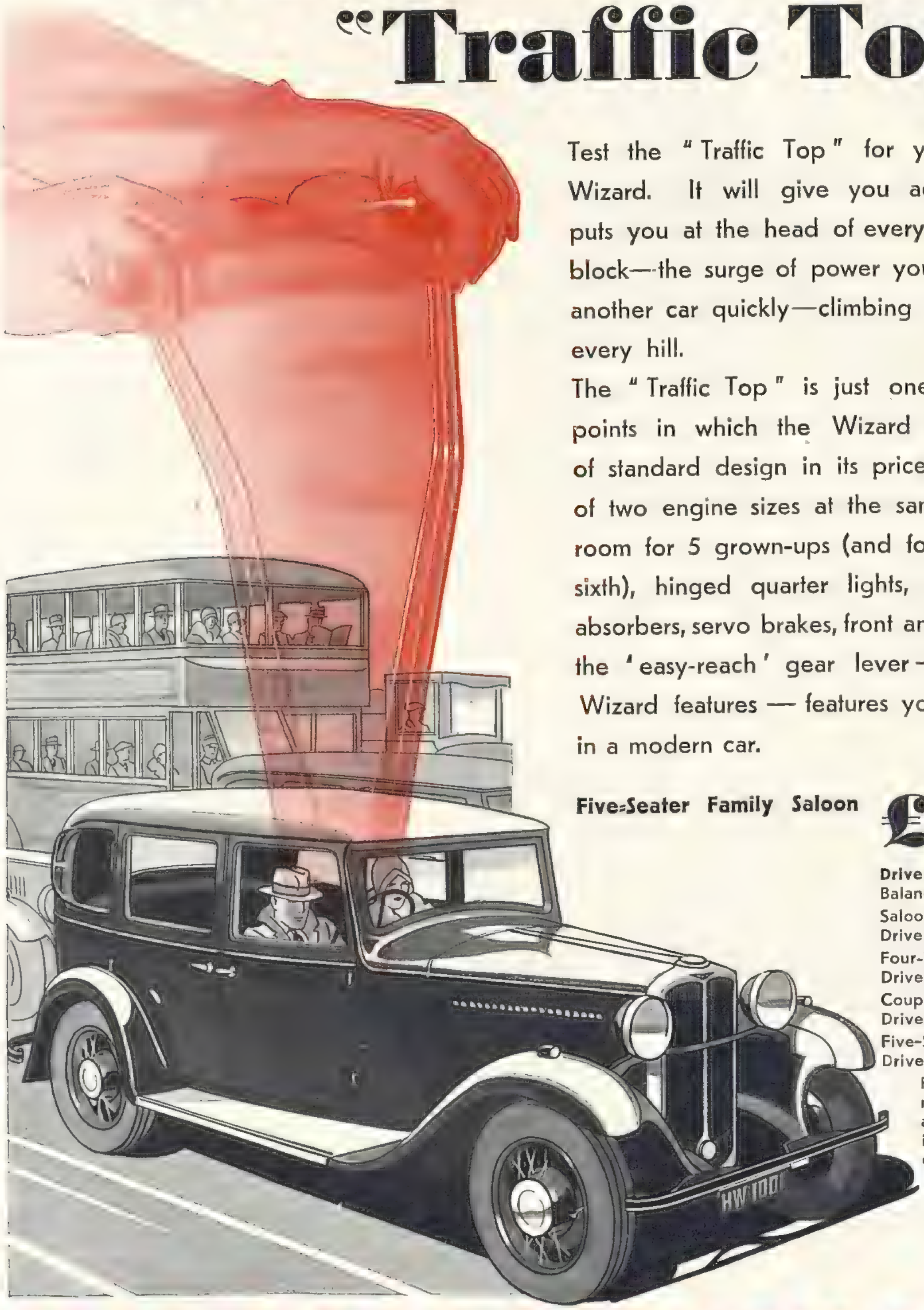
Gives a smooth velvety finish under powder.

**CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION**

Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. Instantly removes all trace of dust and make-up.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
'THE ART OF BEING LOVELY'
— BY FRANCES HEMMING

# What is this "Traffic Top"?



Test the "Traffic Top" for yourself on the Wizard. It will give you acceleration that puts you at the head of every breaking traffic block—the surge of power you need to pass another car quickly—climbing that flattens out every hill.

The "Traffic Top" is just one of the many points in which the Wizard is in advance of standard design in its price class. Choice of two engine sizes at the same price, ample room for 5 grown-ups (and for an occasional sixth), hinged quarter lights, hydraulic shock absorbers, servo brakes, front and rear bumpers, the 'easy-reach' gear lever — these are all Wizard features — features you should expect in a modern car.

**Five-Seater Family Saloon** **£270**

**Drive away price £67-10**
Balance in monthly payments

| | |
|---|---|
| Saloon de Luxe - - | £285 |
| Drive away price - | £71-5-0 |
| Four-Door Sports Saloon | £299 |
| Drive away price - | £74-15-0 |
| Coupé Cabriolet - - | £299 |
| Drive away price - | £74-15-0 |
| Five-Seater Tourer - | £270 |
| Drive away price - | £67-10-0 |

Provision is made on all models for the fitting of a **second** spare wheel, if required, at a slight extra charge.

# HILLMAN WIZARD

## The car of the moderns

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY. London Service Station: Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8. London Showrooms & Export Dept.: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

**Every Hillman owner should read "Modern Motoring." Price 4d. monthly from all bookstalls. 6/6 per annum post free.**

on the mean grounds put forward many, many centuries ago by one who—however convenient his specious theories have been to his own sex—was undoubtedly a person of no generosity or sincerity—that the Colonel and Mr. Bowling—and even the legal Molford—were for awhile reduced to answering by mere inarticulate sounds. So that they were relieved, indeed, when the guilty woman caused a *divertissement* by entering again with a pretty bunch of lilies-of-the-valley.

"I hope there has been no little unpleasantness," said she solicitously, "because I want you all to enjoy the luncheon, which will be the last Frank will serve up in this house."

"Ah, splendid! splendid to hear that!" said the Colonel warmly; and the Vicar, looking gently at Henry, added: "You see, my poor friend, your wife has realised the necessities of the situation. You were very right to forgive."

"Do you mean," asked Cousin Lizzie, starting up from her chair—the girl was a busy thinker and the hectic pace of her mind had often caused her to be misunderstood in a quiet neighbourhood—"that Frank is free—available—to be engaged ——?"

"Frank is giving up work for a little while," Bessie replied, "and has accepted an invitation from me to remain here awhile as our guest."

Henry was observed trembling violently in his chair, trying to speak; and it was obvious that this was news to him.

"Come! come!" said the Vicar.

"May I ask, on behalf of Henry," said the Colonel sternly, "exactly when such a regrettable invitation was given and accepted?"

However, it did not need Bessie's reproving look at him to make him aware of the crudity of this question; and he did not repeat it.

"Come, Aunt, come Gertrude and Flora; come, Lizzie darling," continued Bessie, "let us go and see the garden; and then let us go and powder our faces," she went on, looking attentively at their complexions, "and then it will be time for luncheon, won't it?"

THE males of this devastated family were then, most desirably, alone.

"Now, then," said the Colonel.

"The situation has become untenable by the revelation just made," said the legal Molford. "Accustomed as I am to sordid revelations, this invitation that has been given shows me more clearly than ever that there are murky corners of the human heart into which even I have possibly never penetrated."

"You will have to remove this fellow or divorce your wife," said the Colonel, beginning his walk again, "or possibly both. She would wish, no doubt, to leave this neighbourhood for a while, and take a nice flat in Town where. . . . Oh yes! you must divorce Bessie."

"Opposed as I am to the thought," Mr. Bowling began, walking rapidly south and back as the Colonel walked north and back so that they were quite like two lines of express traffic running on parallel roads, while Henry sat between them. "Yes, opposed as I am to the thought ——"

"I will not divorce Bessie," Henry replied.

"Then let's have a go at the fellow," said the Colonel, beginning to turn back the cuffs of his coat as he travelled fast over the carpet.

"No," Henry replied, "it would offend her."

"Then what will you do?"

"I have suddenly thought as I sat here and listened to you all, that it is my duty to forgive," said Henry.

"Forgive, sir! Forgive!"

Henry began a line of reasoning, used by many a woman before him: "I love the home," he said, "I am a great home bird. After all, she has given me all I have—and she was perhaps tempted. That man led her astray. It is always the man's fault. I will sit tight and win her back; at least I will sit tight. She does not really love him. Besides, if I go, what can I do? The world is full of competition everywhere, and I'm faded a little. I have given her the best years of my life, gladly. They always come back; 'always,'" he continued, "I have made up my mind to forgive all, for the children's sake."

"What children?" said the Vicar sternly, and as they passed Henry, hurrying respectively north and south, they looked at him very keenly. For there were no children.

"I spoke symbolically," said Henry hastily, and after a short while they believed him.

"I see your point," said the Colonel, "You have a lovely home and the messing is superb. Not a doubt of it. If you don't forgive her, you may be sorry for it."

"Yes, very sorry for it," added the legal Molford, full of family concern.

"And there's the trout," said Henry.

Traffic paused as the Colonel and Mr. Bowling came to a standstill and looked deep into each other's eyes.

"The trout, Colonel!"

"By gad, Vicar; there's the trout!"

"Frank shall never, never have the trout stream," said Henry, and the most mulish look they had ever seen on so amiable a face informed it now.

COLONEL BUSHES and Mr. Bowling resumed their walking, while their brains began to work upon the material aspect of the terrible affair. So pleasantly had the neighbourly years passed, so excellent had been the dinners over which Henry presided as host, so good was the cellar, so divine the fishing, so rich the shooting, so entirely desirable was it that this *ménage* should remain in their midst—even, and this thought crossed the minds of these two men of the world although their best instincts soon repudiated it, were Henry supplanted unthinkably by Frank—that the main factor in the shattering case was not easily grasped and held all in a moment. But Henry's words now made them seriously reaware that the whole was in the possession of the guilty woman, and that indeed Henry had a tough struggle to preserve, not only the sanctity of his home, but the home itself.

These realisations in no way made them judge the frail woman adversely; but rather, envisioning the dinner table, the cellar, and above all the trout, were they established in their conviction that she was a woman of fatal charm who suffered from being misunderstood.

Soon they heard Henry speaking again:

"I know, Bushes, that we have not seen eye to eye, and that I have never yet converted you to the fly . . ."

"Worm for me!"

"Worm shows a very noble fish up as a glutton," said Henry, flushing, "and sometimes I have been inclined—good-tempered as I am—to forbid you my waters."

"Sir!"

"No, sir, that has never happened," said Henry, "I spoke of just a passing temptation which I resisted. And even now I don't want to condemn you . . ."

"Please refrain," the Vicar exclaimed warmly, backed by the legal Molford.

"Quite," said Henry bravely, "I was only trying to speak to you as a fellow fisherman although our creeds differ. Now you know how I have managed the stream; you know my methods of fattening; you know my system of food-nurseries; you know how I have always loved my home and the trout stream. All my best years have gone to it, and my looks aren't what they were, I know. What I want you to realise is how I have kept up the stock in spite of Bessie's Cousin Lizzie."

A roar stopped Henry for the moment.

The Colonel entered upon quite a full—if arguable—description of Lizzie to which Henry listened smiling and then even laughing—in spite of his agony of trouble—and from which Mr. Bowling turned aside to conceal his virile pleasure. For he, of course, having long ago put all gorgeous sinfulness hopelessly behind him, was barred from making any colourful use of the English vocabulary.

It suffices just now to say that the gist of Colonel Bushes' remarks were that if Lizzie were considered Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale by the fish world, her name in the fishing world was what may here be called mud.

"She and her Fish Sanctuary!" exclaimed the legal Molford when Colonel Bushes had finished; and even his hardened face was bitter.

"It is sickening to look over at her water," said Henry. "Time after time my trout get through her net, and I feel sure the old ones tell the young. All yesterday I was watching them, all in the highest spirits, fat great trout taking the fly just for sport, or jealousy, or curiosity, or some by-motive like that. There had been a great hatch of fly, and the excitability of the fish was immense. Purely wayward, for you know that she feeds them continuously. All day I fished with a dry Alder——"

"Pooh, sir! Hammering your water."

"We must try to keep calm," said Mr. Bowling hastily. "I myself will own," he confessed, blushing a little, "that, from being a clear-water wormer, I became a wet fly-fisher after talking with a Scottish fly dresser, who dressed me in *the* most delicate way an Iron Blue nymph."

"Pooh, my good sir!"

"Not at all," said the legal Molford, joining in. "For pure artistry you cannot beat the work of the Scottish fly dresser; he is inimitable by any amateur, sir."

"I do not agree, sir. And I would like to see this stream in the possession of a good worm fisher, sir."

"Colonel! Colonel!" said the Vicar. "This is not the time to speak like this to our poor friend."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the Colonel humanely, recalling Henry's trouble.

"He has asked us here to give our advice," added the legal Molford.

"Yes," said Henry, "now that I have decided to forgive Bessie, it is a question of my attitude towards that dreadful fellow who, it seems, is to remain in the house."

"The situation is unprecedented, sir," said the Colonel, but more kindly, "of course, you will not eat with him."

"I do not know about that," said Henry, recalling the considerable pleasures of Bessie's table.

"If I might suggest—*if* I might suggest," said Mr. Bowling, "I have a great belief in the fundamental nobility of human nature; and I think that if you sought him out in his own quarters this afternoon—before he becomes one of yourselves, so to speak—and appealed to him as man to man, the position might be eased."

"I should certainly advise you, sir, to meet him as man to man."

"I will."

"But not till after luncheon," the Colonel added, with a thought for the curry.

"No, no; not till after luncheon."

At this point the guilty woman returned, leading her ladies through the garden, and talking with splendid *savoir faire*. They passed through the morning room on their way to powder, save Lizzie, who lingered about, as was her habit when she sighted persons of the male sex at rest; although, of course, if pursuit were indicated she was never inactive.

"I must tell you," said she, smiling, "that the President of the Fishers' Amalgamation has written to me, trying to arrange to meet me."

All turned their eyes from her in silence, which she knew cloaked their nearly unbearable longings.

"He may think," said she, "that I believe he wants to discuss fish; but I know what he wants; and I have a great mind to accept the invitation for the opportunity of striking him in the face."

A heavy sigh burst from the Colonel, apart from which the silence—albeit faultlessly courteous—was maintained.

"He wants what other men want," she continued. "He wants my body; and I shall strike him in the face."

With this

(*Continued on page* 110)

*Call it "slow poisoning"*

**if you would realise what pyorrhœa is!**

Tender gums that bleed easily are the earliest signals of Pyorrhœa. And Pyorrhœa is a slow poison that gradually infects your whole system. From a hale man, it makes you an invalid—polluting your bloodstream, enfeebling, poisoning every organ in your system.

This very day, start using Forhan's For the Gums. Used in time, and used regularly, it will prevent Pyorrhœa, check its progress. It was made—by a dentist—expressly for that purpose. Brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums twice daily and massage your gums regularly with a little on your fingertip. Especially if you are nearing the danger age of 40, use Forhan's For the Gums. Don't wait for Pyorrhœa to strike. Prevent it.

STATISTICS SHOW THAT AMONG PEOPLE OVER 40 (AND MANY YOUNGER)
4 OUT OF 5
SUFFER FROM PYORRHŒA

**Forhan's**
*For the Gums*

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

expression of lonely purity—glorious to hear in so lax a world—the girl ran out.

It is insufficient to say that luncheon was a dream both for poets and epicures, but the tribute must serve. At three-thirty every guest had left, and Henry was seeking Frank.

Henry seemed to recall hearing that Frank had asked for a large and lonely attic room in preference to the small quarters where former cooks had been snugly housed, and when he reached the door and knocked, and Frank's insouciant voice cried, "Come in," Henry, with a simply horrible churning sensation in his stomach, saw why.

He stood on the threshold of a room devoted to what has rightly been titled the Blameless Sport.

This man was a fisherman.

THE shelves, holding a perfect fisherman's library; the pictures on the walls of notable fishermen knee-deep in Scottish lochs fishing salmon; the photographs of notable fishermen with their incredible catches; the glass-lidded case of spinners; the creels of varied sizes; above all, the multitude and variety of the rods that so beautifully patterned the simple walls—all this smote Henry Molford as if a sword had cleaved him.

Frank himself sat at the table, busy with something in a small pannikin, but he rose courteously as Henry entered.

He was now, it will be recalled, a guest in this house.

"Ah, Molford," said he, smiling. Henry did not reply.

"Nice to see you," Frank added encouragingly. "Come right in."

Henry stepped forward.

"How was luncheon?"

"Good," said Henry with quiet dignity, but trembling.

"As it was the last, I wanted you all really to enjoy it."

"Frank," said Henry, nearly overcome by fear—for Colonel Bushes' words, "I would like to see the stream in the possession of a good worm fisher," rang loudly in his head, and he knew that the support of this plain soldier would instantly veer to a faithful wormer rather than remain with a dry-fly man if it came to the point—"Frank, you are a fisherman?"

"Yes, Molford."

For a very short while Henry shirked asking the crucial question; stepping to the wall and touching a rod of aching beauty.

"A greenheart," said Frank, "made by Harlow."

Henry tried to moisten his dry lips with the tip of his dry tongue: "You have had it painted a sweet blue, I see, and v-v-varnished."

"Yes, but I shall not do so again; I find the colour adds weight to the rod."

"Do you indeed?"

"Here, Henry," said Frank, taking to first names at once—for, after all, was he not likely to know this family even more intimately ere his purpose was achieved?—"here is a split cane rod built to my specification by Pardy of Pall Mall, and it has certainly proved my theories about the limitations of the trout's vision."

"A k-k-knotty point."

"Knotty! Have you seen my little volume on 'Trout and the Colour Sense'? Here it is."

Frank took down a book the richness of whose charming binding would have delighted any æsthete, and handed it to Henry.

"Thank you. Thank you indeed. You must kindly aut-tautograph it f-f-for me."

"A pleasure."

"Frank," said Henry, from a dry mouth, still postponing the crucial question in favour of another which anyway he had considered essential in this man-to-man talk, "how did you become a cook?"

"Well, Henry," answered Frank simply, "I like good living, and not seeing any prospect of being able to provide for myself the food that an

(*Continued on page* 112)

**'An afternoon's shopping with you simply does me in! How do you keep going?'**

**'Well, darling, I don't want to be personal, but there's nothing – er, superfluous about my figure . . . . thanks to Vita-Weat!'**

*Cartons 1/6 and 10d.*
*Packets 6d. and 2d.*

# Vita-Weat

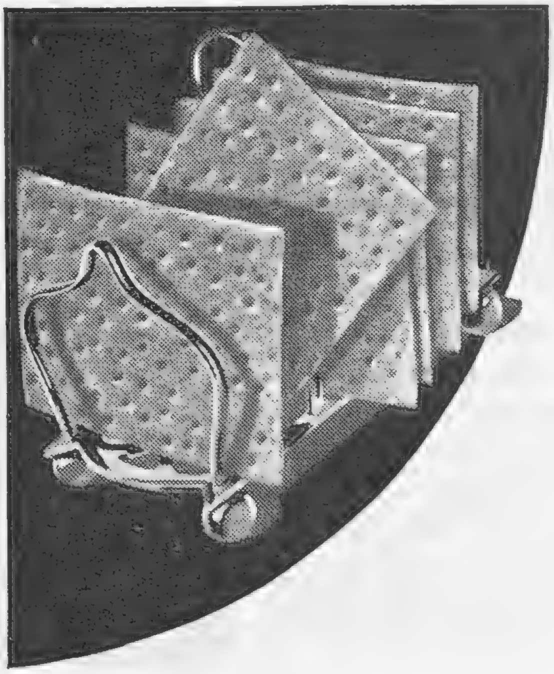
REGD.

## THE BREAD OF NEW HEALTH

*Kept fresh & crisp in new moisture-proof packing.*

What is the cause of those—er, superfluities? Too much food and not enough nourishment; in particular, too much unconverted starch. Now in Vita-Weat, the wholewheat British crispbread, the starch granules are thoroughly disintegrated — easily digested and as easily assimilated. So Vita-Weat doesn't strain your digestion, can't clog your system, and never runs to fat. Vita-Weat gives you, in short, all the nourishment of the whole wheat berry in a form that *does* nourish you. Eat it at *every* meal.

*A Free Sample will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., Drummond Road, London, S.E.16*



**Made by**

**PEEK FREAN**

**MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS**

ARE YOU NERVOUS OF A CLOSE UP?

MILTON
ANTISEPTIC

If you are wise, no. Why should you be? Personal freshness and absolute security from any undesirable odour can be completely achieved this way:— A small piece of cotton wool soaked with Milton full strength and dabbed under your arms or wherever you are aware of personal perspiration, each morning and evening, or after your bath, will safeguard you. The most tender skin cannot be irritated. Milton is a deodorant which will not fail you — try it.

THE TWO-FOLD WORK FOR CANCER
calls for further Extensions

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the first special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer **treatment** and **Research.** It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. In addition to the accommodation for operable cases in the early stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for inoperable and advanced cases who may remain for life.

*A Corner of one of the Laboratories.*

Please send Cheques, crossed Coutts & Co., to the Secretary

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

epicure can really enjoy, I early decided—in fact, soon after I left Mughouse——"

"You are Mughouse!"

"I am Mughouse. And you?"

"Mughouse!"

This bond—although apt not to be all that men try to think—caused Henry's saliva to flow more comfortably again.

"But you were before my time, surely," said Frank. He did not mean to be unkind, but his eyes were eloquent as they rested on his rival's face, etched by Time, and on his thinning hair, once luxuriant.

"That is a very cruel thing to comment on, Frank," said Henry. "I know I am a great deal older than you are, and your youth and beauty give you an advantage, but when you know more about life you will perhaps be sorry to think how you tried to shatter mine. I have come here to have a heart-to-heart talk with you and to tell you that I will never divorce Bessie. No, I am devoted to my home, and I will not give it up."

"Would you hold a woman against her will? Oh, Henry, are you not more modern than that?"

"No, Frank, I am not modern. I am old-fashioned and proud of it, and I believe in love and the sanctity of the home, and I won't give up the second best trout fishing in England for anyone."

"You won't, won't you!" said Frank, going devilish.

"Do you love her as I love her?"

"Yes, Henry, I do. And I want a trout-stream too."

"You came here, with the advantage of your youth and beauty against my fading looks, to rob me of my wife!"

"I own candidly that that was and is my intention," said Frank, best Mughouse.

"Oh! *Oh!* But do not think I will not fight to the last to preserve my rights."

"I am terribly sorry for you, Henry, believe me. But——"

"One day you also will fade."

"Sit down, Henry, and have one."

Unnerved as he was, Henry yet perceived that it was a bottle of the old liqueur whisky of which Frank had robbed the cellar. And thinking—very prudently—that he had better drink all he could with so uncertain a future before him—he accepted a glass of the nectar, neat. It did good, and heartened him to the crucial question upon the answer to which—instinct told him—much might depend.

"Frank, I wish to know something: are you a wormer?"

"Certainly not!"

"Give me another," said Henry, faintly smiling, and holding out his glass.

"Thank God, Frank," he said, quaffing it.

"Do I look like a wormer?"

"You can never tell." Able to reflect more rapidly now that the rare old whisky had done some gentle work, Henry recalled that, though all possibility of sympathy between the Colonel and Frank was out of the question, there remained the proclivities of Mr. Bowling.

"Are you a wet-fly?" he breathed.

Frank indicated the pannikin in which—Henry saw with a sinking heart—he had been soaking a nymph in glycerine. But the next moment Frank's reply reassured him.

"I experiment now and again; but I detest the practice."

"You are dry, then?"

"What else can a decent fellow be?"

Two dry-fly men took a third tot.

"That man Bushes," said Henry, wishful to keep Frank and the Colonel apart, "is a wormer."

"He worm fishes that stream?"

"He does. And moreover I have seen him take an unfair advantage of a fish."

"I will stop that!"

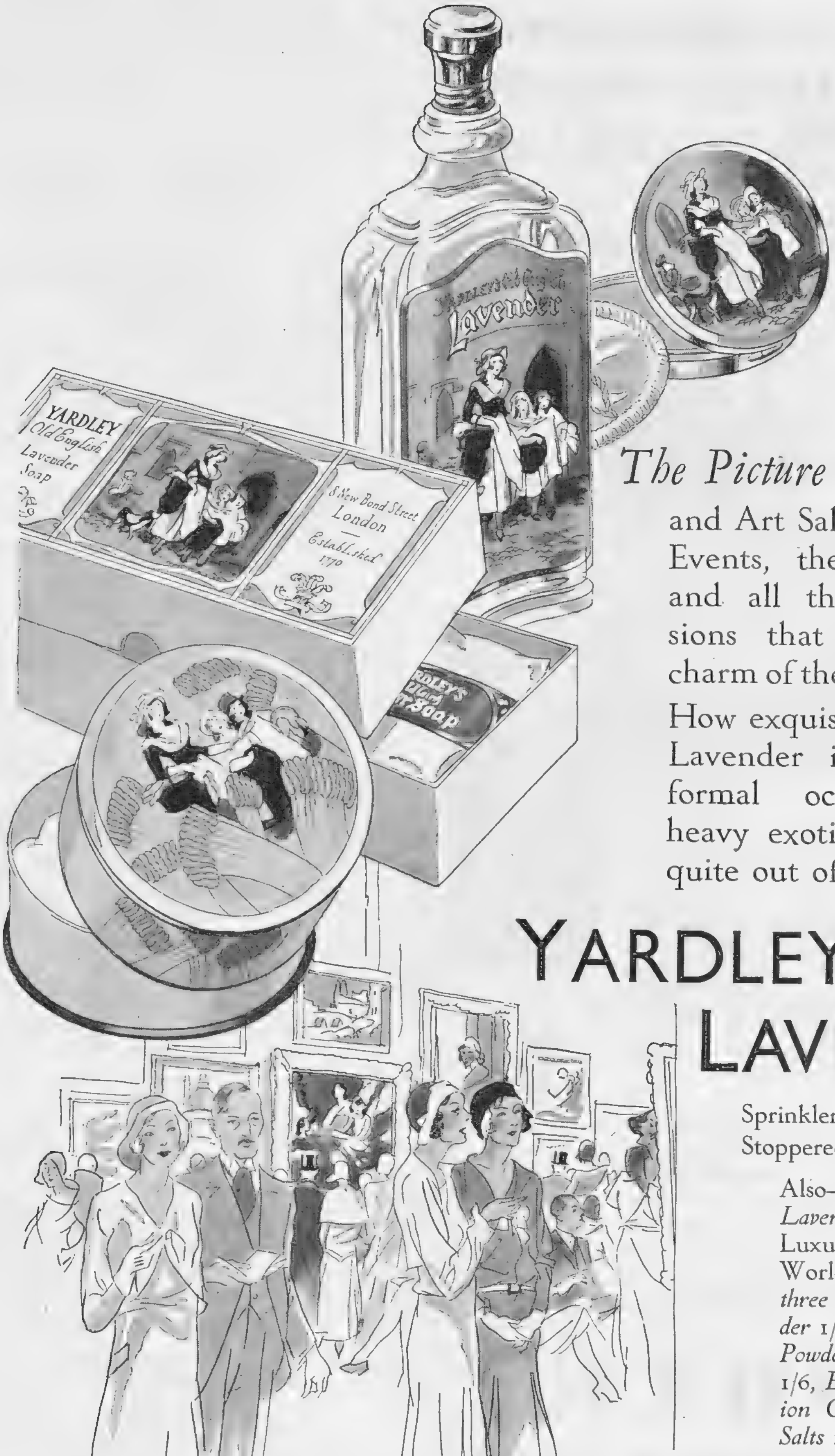
"You will stop what?"

"Unfairness to fish in my stream."

"Your stream?"

"As near as makes no difference."

Here it is almost certain that Henry, feeling to the full (*Continued on page* 114)


Yardley's Old English Lavender
YARDLEY Old English Lavender Soap
8 New Bond Street London
Established 1770
Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

*The Picture Shows—*

and Art Sales, the Sporting Events, the Bridge Parties and all those little diversions that make up the charm of the London Season. How exquisite the Yardley Lavender is for these informal occasions — when heavy exotic perfumes are quite out of the picture.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

Sprinkler Bottles 2/6 to 16/6
Stoppered Bottles 6/9 to 70/-

Also—
*Lavender Soap*—'The Luxury Soap of the World'—2/6 *a box of three tablets, Face Powder* 1/9, *Compact Face Powder* 2/-, *Face Cream* 1/6, *English Complexion Cream* 3/-, *Bath Salts* 2/6, *etc.*

YARDLEY
33 Old Bond St.
LONDON

Of all Chemists
Coiffeurs and Stores

**She remembered her first Morley Stockings**

She was pretty sceptical about silk stockings usually. Sometimes they washed and wore beautifully; more often they didn't—you just had to take a chance. But not apparently with Morley's. They came up just as lovely *every* time. Could there *really* be all that difference between one make and the others? But it's not only the make that's different—it's the *making.* Only stockings that are *knitted* to fit—not merely shaped—will keep their trimness through wear and washing.

Only the most skilful handling, the most careful testing and re-testing of every thread will produce that pliant elasticity of texture, that smooth lustre of silk fresh spun from the cocoon. On Morley frames silk stockings are made as well as silk stockings *can* be made—constantly lovely in shade and finish, perfectly fitting always

The Flying Wheel

*Made in Britain—Worn by the World.*

**MORLEY**
**SILK STOCKINGS**

*Made by I. & R. Morley, Manufacturers Hosiery, Underwear & Gloves*

*Service Advertising F.S.1121*

the weight of youth and beauty against him, might have in despair left the attic room, although developing fresh tenacity later after a good rest and cry and cup of tea; but quite suddenly Fate took a wholly unexpected turn.

"I want to know, Henry, why you speak of the stream as only the second best in England."

"It is second best."

"What! Those enchanting five miles of magnificently stocked water only the sec——"

Henry laid a hand in pure astonishment on Frank's knee.

"Frank! Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Bessie has only two miles—down to the stile across the footpath where there are six May trees on either side."

"What!" said Frank, putting down his glass, his jaw dropping.

"The best part of the stream is beyond the stile and the May trees."

"Who owns it?"

"Cousin Lizzie."

"What!"

"Lizzie. She has made it a fish sanctuary and, Frank, every trout in my stream knows."

"She nets it?"

"Nets it? She'll build a dam if the Fishers' Amalgamation can't persuade her against it."

"I have never heard of anything so vile! So foul!"

"Exactly."

"Henry," said Frank—Mughouse men being known as busy both in thought and action—"I realise you've had a good deal to put up with, emotionally speaking, and I want you to forgive my thoughtless cruelty. For I have been cruel. And I don't believe I could ever make your wife as happy as you have made her. Perhaps it is too big a task for me after all."

He held out a hand and Henry grasped it. They shook hands several times, and had another tot.

"Trust me, Henry, to persuade your wife back to you before I have been long in this house on my new footing."

"Oh, Frank! It's a fine gesture."

"I'll make it. But tell me something of Miss Rollop. Why has she never married?"

"She always runs away."

"From whom?"

"No one."

"No one has ever pursued?"

"No, Frank."

"From the mere glance I have taken——"

"Frank," said Henry, taking his hand gently, "if ever a woman needed the influence of a good fellow it is Lizzie Rollop."

"You think so?"

Henry's thoughts were like opening flowers.

"Frank, often I've dreamed of a day when some good fellow—a dry-fly man—would marry Lizzie—have another tot, Frank—and what days we two would have fishing those five miles of water——"

"Yes," said Frank, but he had gone pale, and perhaps the whisky was too strong for him, for he appeared nauseated.

"I suppose she often throws tit-bits to the trout herself?" said he, conquering the qualm.

"You can see her feeding them every day."

"She would continue it after marriage, I expect."

"Why, yes, Frank. Perhaps."

"How deep do you reckon the stream to be, Henry?"

"Deepish, about there. Twenty feet."

Mughouse men are always taught to take a long view of any problem that besets them.

"I don't think it very safe, Henry," said Frank in a clear, direct voice, "for a nervous woman to stand on crumbling banks, leaning over a deep stream. Do you?"

Henry thought carefully for a while; but shook his head.

"She is a strong swimmer."

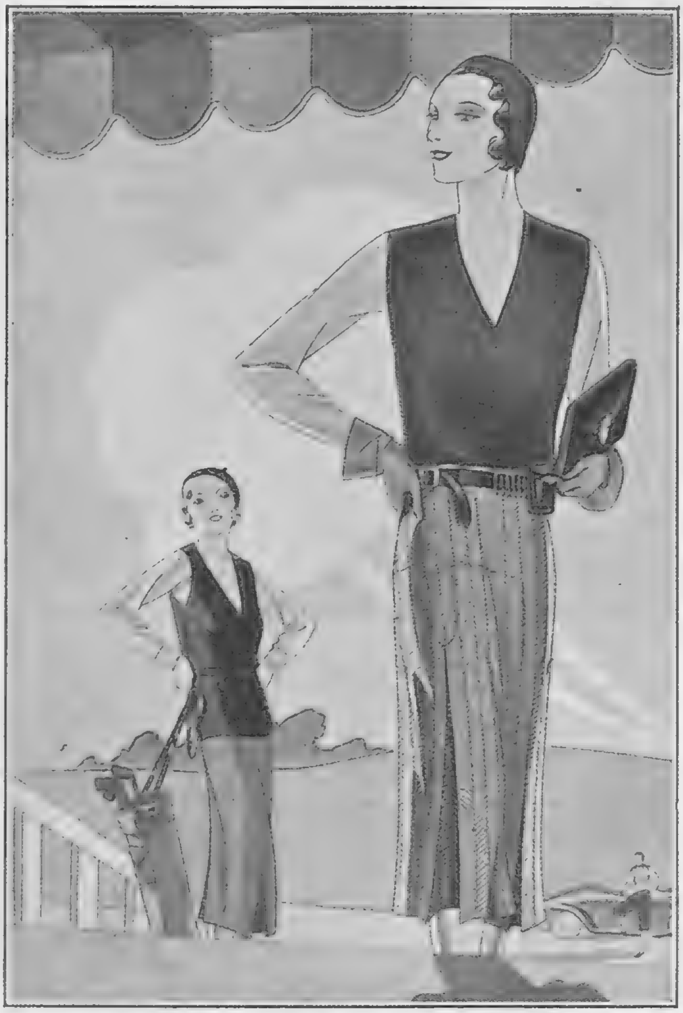
*(To be concluded next month)*

# SLEEVELESS JUMPERS in LEATHERCRAFT SUPER SUEDE

## Are the Coming Vogue for Summer, Sports, and Resort Wear

ABERDEEN—Messrs. Esslemont & McIntosh.
„ Messrs. Watt & Grant.
ABERDOVEY—Messrs. D. Hughes & Son.
ABERFELDY—Messrs. Anderson & Son.
AYR—Mr. Geo. McCartney, 53, Newmarket Street.
BANFF—Mr. Peter Milne, 27, Low Street.
BANBURY—Messrs. Judges, High Street.
BARNSLEY—Lilly Pearl, 9, Huddersfield Road.
BARRHEAD—Messrs. J. Bissett.
BARROW-IN-FURNESS—Messrs. Pass & Co., Ltd.
BATH—Messrs. Walter & Ling, 3, Milson Street.
BEDFORD—Dust Bedford, Ltd., High Street.
BELFAST—Messrs. Brands, Ltd.
BEXHILL-ON-SEA—Messrs. Lewis Hyland.
„ Madame Evelyn Davis.
BIDEFORD—H. F. Elliott, 75, High Street.
BIRMINGHAM—Francis Durward, Edgbaston.
„ Messrs. Heslop & Penrose, Moseley.
„ Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Frank Wilton, Five Ways.
„ Anna Goodrick, Ltd.
„ Sportswear and Country Kits, Piccadilly Arcade, New Street.
BLACKBURN—Miss G. Golden.
„ Madame Mabel Stephenson Ltd.
„ Nottingham House.
BLACKPOOL—Madame Louise, Ltd., The Strand.
„ Messrs. Parry & Parker.
„ Messrs. Sweet & Clarke.
BODMIN—Messrs. Westlake & Son, Fore Street.
BOLTON—R. Whitehead & Son, 4/10, Deansgate.
BOURNEMOUTH—Messrs. Brights.
„ H. L. Curtis, Queen's Park.
„ Messrs. Plummer, Roddis.
BRADFORD—Messrs. Busbys, Manningham Lane.
„ Messrs. Novello, Ltd., 2/4, Westgate.
„ Messrs. Brown, Muff & Co.
BRIDLINGTON—Messrs. Bray. The Promenade.
BRIGHTON—Messrs. Barrance & Ford.
BRISTOL—H. & W. Taylor, 56, Baldwin Street.
„ Messrs. Brownlows, 26, Park Street.
„ J. Taylor, College Green.
BUDLEIGH SALTERTON—My Lady's Shop.
BURTON-ON-TRENT—Messrs. Tarvers, Ltd.
BURNHAM-ON-SEA—Messrs. Clarence Smith.
BURNLEY—C. B. Nicoll, 15, Manchester Road.
CAMBERLEY—Madame Augusta, 46, High Street.
CAMBRIDGE—Messrs. Arthur House.
„ Messrs. R. Sayle & Co., Ltd.,
„ George Stace, Ltd., Petty Curry.
„ Messrs. H. J. Gray & Sons, Ltd.
„ Joshua Taylor, Sydney Street.
CANTERBURY—Messrs. Martins.
CARDIFF—Messrs. Roberts, Kingsway House.
CARLISLE—Samuel Jesper, The Border House.
CARNOUSTIE—Wm. Taylor, 24, High Street.
CHELTENHAM—Messrs. Ayris, The Promenade.
CHESTER—Messrs. Brown & Co., Eastgate Row.
„ Messrs. Williams, Ltd.
CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS—Madame Mary Minn.
CIRENCESTER—Messrs. F. Boulton & Sons.
CLIFTONVILLE—Messrs. Bobby & Co., Ltd.
CORK, IRELAND—Messrs. John Dowden, Ltd.
CROYDON—Messrs. Grant Bros., 14, High Street.
DARLINGTON—John Grisdale, 10, High Row.
DEAL—Messrs. C. Russell & Son, 12, Victoria Road.
DERBY.—George Rose, Ltd., St. Peter's Street.
DONCASTER—Messrs. Plant, 3-4, Baxter Gate.
DORCHESTER—Messrs. Ney, 7, West High Street.
DUMFRIES—Messrs. Barbour.
DUDLEY—Messrs. F. W. Cook & Son.
DUNDEE—Draffen & Jarvie.
EASTBOURNE—Messrs. Bobby & Co.
„ Messrs. Miller & Franklin.
„ Edwin Strange, The Tailor.
„ Messrs. Cameron & Co.
EDINBURGH—The New Glove Shop.
„ Messrs. Stevenson & Sons.
„ Messrs. Forsyth, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Greensmith, Downes, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Jenners, Ltd.
ELGIN—Messrs. Caroline, 4, Commerce Street.
EXETER—Messrs. Bobby & Co., Ltd., High Street.
„ Messrs. Colsons, Ltd., High Street.
„ Messrs. Collins, 258, High Street.
FALKIRK—Messrs. Mackinlay & Thomson.
FALMOUTH—Mr. J. L. Cornish.
FOLKESTONE—Messrs. Bobby & Co., Ltd.
GIRVAN—Perry Scott.
GLASGOW—Messrs. Daly & Co.
„ Messrs. R. W. Forsyth, Renfield St.
„ Messrs. McDonalds, Ltd.
GLOUCESTER—Messrs. Bon Marché, Ltd.
GODALMING—Messrs. Silvers, 72, High Street.
GREENOCK—Messrs. Shannon.
GRIMSBY—Elvery Bolton, 32, Victoria Street.
„ Smith & Sons, Victoria Street.
HALIFAX—Messrs. Wilkinson & Freeman, Ltd.
HANLEY, STAFFS.—"Lucille," 24, Lamb Street.
HARROGATE—Messrs. Greensmith, James Street.
HASTINGS—Messrs. White & Norton.
HELENSBURGH—Madame Miller.
HEREFORD—Messrs. Greenlands, Ltd., High Town.
HUDDERSFIELD—Irwin Brook.
„ Madame Lucette.
„ Messrs. Rushworth, Westgate.
HULL—Anderson & Co., 91, Whitefriargate.
„ Madame Marie Shores, 24, Anlaby Road.
INVERNESS—J. Forbes.
I.O.M.—Messrs. A. M'Naught & Co., Castle Douglas.
IPSWICH—Messrs. F. Corder & Sons, Ltd.

Wind and Weatherproof in 45 Beautiful Shades.
Leathercraft are recognised as World Leaders in the Tailoring of Suede and Leather for Sport and Fashion Wear.
Obtainable at all the Better Class Fashion Shops.



*MODEL "A" as sketch*

Fitted at waist with Fine Wool Band to tuck in. Lined Celanese to match. In 45 Exquisite Colours. Price from **32/6**

Scotch Tweed Man Tailored Skirts to tone. from **2 Gns.**

*MODEL "B"*

Hip Length Belted Models. Lined Celanese to match. from **2 Gns.**

Both models can be had with the New Open Ended Zippers to slip on like a coat, which dispenses with the necessity of putting over the head, at **35/6 & 2½ Gns.**

Golf Belt with Wallet, **10/-** Suede Beret, **10/6**

*Send for Free Catalogue, Cuttings and Price List to*

IPSWICH—Messrs. Gardiner & Co., Tavern Street.
„ Messrs. Smith & Harvey, Butter Market.
„ Messrs. Bantoff & Higgs.
KINGS LYNN—Catleughs, Ltd.
„ "Eve," 62, High Street.
KEIGHLEY, YORKS—Keighley & Wilkins.
LYTHAM, LANCS.—Messrs. E. H. Mumford.
„ Madame Higginson, Ltd.
LEAMINGTON—Messrs. Bobby & Co., Ltd.
LEEDS—Messrs. Legg & Millard, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Marshall, Ltd., Bond Street.
„ Messrs. Thornton & Co., Ltd., Briggate.
LEICESTER—Joseph Johnson, Market Street.
„ Messrs. Adderley & Co., Ltd.
„ Messrs. G. Nephew & Co., Ltd.
„ Messrs. Herringtons.
LINCOLN—Messrs. C. J. Fox & Co.
„ Messrs. Jack Millhouse, Wayside, Tattershall.
„ Madame Short, Lindum House.
LIVERPOOL—Messrs. Bon Marché, Church Street.
„ Messrs Hussey & Co., Bold Street.
„ Messrs. G. H. Lee & Co., Ltd.
LLANDUDNO—Marie et Cie, Gloddaeth Street.
LOCKERBIE—Messrs. Jenny Maclean.
LONDON—Army & Navy Co-operative Soc., Ltd.
„ Messrs. Derry & Toms, Kensington.
„ Messrs. J. Lewis & Co., Ltd.
„ Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove.
„ Messrs. Selfridge & Co., Ltd.
„ Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Whiteley, W.2.
„ Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, W.1.
„ Leathercraft, 169, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
„ Leathercraft, 42, Berkeley Street, W.1.
LOUGHBORO—Madame Well.
LYNTON, DEVON—Messrs. Gunns.
MACCLESFIELD—Messrs. Woodman & Boothby.
MAIDSTONE—Messrs. W. Morling, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Blake.
MALVERN—Messrs. Cox & Painter, Warwick House
MANCHESTER—Messrs. Affleck & Brown, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Finnigans, 123, Deansgate.
MANSFIELD—"Esme," 22, Albert Street.
„ Miss Mabel Smith, The Wool Shop.
MARKET DRAYTON—Henry Hobson.
MARKET HARBOROUGH—Madame Gertrude.
MONMOUTH—Messrs. Lugg & Russell.
NAIRN, SCOTLAND—Messrs. Burnett & Forbes.
NEWARK, NOTTS—R. J. Hambling.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—Messrs. Fenwicks, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Henry Murton, Ltd.
NEWMARKET—W. E. Ashford.
NEWPORT, MON.—Messrs. Taylor & Sons.
NORTHAMPTON—Messrs. Shepherd & Manning.
NORTH SHIELDS—Messrs. R. Bolton.
NORWICH—Messrs. Greens, Ltd., Haymarket.
„ Messrs. Garland & Sons.
„ Messrs. R. G. Pilch, Brigg Street.
NOTTINGHAM—Messrs. Dixon & Parker, Listergate.
„ Messrs. Griffin & Spalding.
„ Messrs. Leon & Co., 28, King St.
PAISLEY—R. Cochrane & Sons.
PENARTH, S. WALES—Messrs. Howell Bros.
PETERBOROUGH—Miss Bailey.
PITLOCHRY—Messrs. Macnaughton, Drapery.
PLYMOUTH—Messrs. Dingle & Co., Bedford Street.
„ Messrs. Spooner, Ltd.
PRESTON—Messrs. Lingards, 45/6, Fishergate.
PERTH—Frazers.
READING—Messrs. Heelas & Co., Ltd.
ROCHDALE—Chas. Schofield, 105, Drake Street.
ROCHESTER—Messrs. Leonards, Ltd.
ROTHERHAM—Messrs. David & Price.
SALISBURY—Messrs. Clark & Lonnen, Ltd.
SCARBOROUGH—Messrs. Marshalls.
„ Messrs. W. Rowntree.
SHEFFIELD—Messrs. Price & Co., London House.
SIDMOUTH—Messrs. John Field & Son.
SOUTHAMPTON—Messrs. E. Mayes & Son.
SOUTHPORT—Messrs. E, Robins, Ltd
„ Messrs. Bobby and Co., Ltd.
„ Messrs. Cannell, Lord Street
SOUTHSEA—Messrs. Handleys, Ltd.
„ Messrs. Brights Palmerston Road.
„ Messrs. Knight & Lee.
„ Messrs. Rowe & Edmonds, Ltd.
ST. ANDREWS—Greensmith & Downes.
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA—Messrs. J. R. Taylor.
STIRLING—Messrs. Palmers, Ltd., 44, Port Street.
STRANRAER—Messrs. Thomson.
SURREY—Messrs. Gosling & Sons, Richmond.
SUTTON COLDFIELD—Madame Kathleen Yarnold.
TAUNTON—Messrs. Clausel, 2, High Street.
TORQUAY—Messrs. Williams & Cox, The Strand.
„ Messrs. Bobby & Co., The Strand.
„ W. Usherwood, 14, Fleet Street.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS—Edwin Strange, The Tailor.
ULVERSTON—May Duff.
WATFORD—Messrs. J. P. Taylor, 67, High Street.
WELSHPOOL, MON.—Messrs. Downing & Strudwick.
WEST KIRBY.—Messrs. Jones & Co., Ltd.
WHITEHAVEN—Messrs. Lucas & Cussons.
WHITLEY BAY—R. Bolton.
WIGAN—H. T Brand, Markland House.
WINCHESTER—Messrs. Clifton & Sons.
WINDSOR—Messrs. Caleys, Ltd.
WOLVERHAMPTON—Messrs. F. W. Bradford & Son.
„ Neville, Chapel Ash.
WINDERMERE—Beatrice Herbert, Ltd.
WORTHING—John R. Hubbard, 14, South Street.
WORCESTER—Messrs Simes.
YORK—Messrs. R. W. Anderson 33, Coney Street

# LEATHERCRAFT of MALVERN

*Also at*

42 BERKELEY STREET
PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

PICCADILLY ARCADE
NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM

169 SLOANE STREET
LONDON, S.W.1

### *Britannia & Eve's*

# Northern Foursomes

## At Woodhall Spa

### *Holders hold on: A Week of Records*

By Eleanor E. Helme

*The spaniel puppies receive homage from (left to right) Mrs. Raymond Cooper, Miss Nancy Nuttall, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Ernest Hill at Woodhall Spa*

*The winners for the second year in succession: Mrs. Bradshaw (left) and Miss Rudgard, with Mrs. Hotchkin, who presented the "Eve" Challenge Cups*

MISS RUDGARD and Mrs. Bradshaw, by winning the Northern Foursomes promoted by BRITANNIA AND EVE, when they were already the holders of that event, have created a pleasant precedent. So far, nobody has won any of the match play foursomes in two successive years, although Mrs. Croasdale and Miss Higham came near to it by winning in '26 and being runners-up in '27. But that famous Lancashire pair were nothing like backmarkers giving quantities of strokes. This year at Woodhall Spa, Miss Rudgard's side, like Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett, who won at Southport and Ainsdale two years ago, gave over half a century of strokes away and received only one.

There is no doubt about it, they are a very fine pair. Miss Rudgard has length, an astonishing amount of it. She has great power of recovery out of bunkers, and on her inspired days she is a very fine putter, even if the critical find something about her wrists a little too wobbly to give them complete confidence. Mrs. Bradshaw is the typical ideal partner, short possibly as length goes nowadays, but the exact reverse of destructive and a most accomplished putter. Her putt on the 18th, when they beat Miss Hartill and Miss Enid Wilson, was twenty yards if it was a foot, and never, from the moment when she hit it, did it appear possible that the ball would finish anywhere but within an inch or two of the hole. Actually it struck it and lay dead.

If the 1931 Northern Foursomes will go down in history as remarkable for setting up a record by providing a win for the holders, it will also long be remembered for the number of matches which went beyond the 18th hole, no less than a round dozen of them, to be exact. It will further be remembered for seeing a hole done in one, Mrs. Halcombe, of Sheffield and District, holing her tee shot at the 5th in her match with Mrs. Dyer against Miss Alan and Mrs. Hardicker; a match which went to Miss Alan's side at the 19th hole. There was another "one" achieved in the consolation competition, of which more in a moment. This time it was by Miss Nan Baird, the ex girl champion, who was playing with the Lincolnshire champion, Miss Dorothy Marshall.

(*Continued on page 118*)

*Sisters and semi-finalists: Mrs. A. H. Bloomer and her sister, Miss N. Watson, with the runners-up, Miss J. R. Snook and Miss D. F. Snook. The Snook sisters, receiving three strokes, lost the final by 3 and 2 after a gallant fight*

*Mrs. Philip Johnson and Miss A. B. Dunmore all keyed up for the magic word "go" at Woodhall Spa*

*Sitting it out: Mrs. Jack Cotton and Miss Benshaw cheerfully endure the ordeal of waiting on the first tee for the starter's orders*

*Britannia & Eve's*

# Spring Medal Foursomes

## At Wentworth

*Miss Rudgard's Fine Performance: A Good Year for Sisters*

*Miss Dorothy Pearson was partnered again by Miss Enid Wilson. This strong pair nearly repeated their victory of last year*

*Mrs. A. J. Jenkin, Mrs. V. Gibson, Miss E. C. Tippetts and Miss K. L. Oliver discuss their handicaps*

*A group of the prize-winners at Wentworth. Left to right: Miss D. Pearson; Miss Joyce Wethered and Mrs. Dudley Charles; Mrs. Toye and her sister, Mrs. Walter Payne, who won the handicap aggregate with 153; Miss P. Cotgrave and Miss G. E. C. Rudgard, the winners*

*Mrs. John Mellor (Sunningdale) driving from the first tee*

*A welcome glimpse of Miss Joyce Wethered approaching the home green from the rough on the East Course*

THE year 1931 seems bent on breaking records in every possible direction, and Miss Rudgard will have to be installed as record-breaker in chief. To win the Northern Foursomes, which she already held, was one great performance; to win the Spring Medal one week later was another, and to do both of these things when a few weeks earlier she had also won the London Foursomes makes the whole trio of wins really astonishing. Nor can Miss Rudgard say humbly: "My partner did it for me," because in each case she had a different partner, and although all were good ones, she herself pulled her weight very fully in all three. Interspersed with these was her inclusion in the English team at Ranelagh and her return of 70 on the second day, which won the second scratch prize and scored for England.

Wentworth was a delightful venue for the Spring Medal Foursomes, and though the day was not of the best, conditions underfoot were perfect, and those who remembered what the weather did there two years ago, when casual snow was one of the problems, felt that they were indeed lucky.

The Spring Medal Foursomes are one of the few events at which Miss Wethered may annually be expected—an occurrence which alone casts a glamour over them. She was the first winner of the cups, and though she has never repeated that, and though at Wentworth she actually played indifferently for nine holes in the morning, and for once failed to inspire her partner, Mrs. Dudley Charles, the pair of them put up a great effort after lunch to secure those cut-glass jugs on which both had set their affections. It has to be owned that they only won the scratch on the Centre, or short, course, because Miss Rudgard and Miss Cotgrave, having taken the Challenge Cups, were ineligible for anything more. But they were only one stroke behind Miss Rudgard's pair with 76, and the card represented almost perfect golf, except at one hole. Indeed, at the prize-giving it was quite monotonous to hear "Miss Cotgrave and Miss Rudgard ineligible" as a reason why almost anybody else had been permitted to take prizes, for, as well as the scratch aggregate of 158 (four strokes better than that returned by the holders, Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Dorothy Pearson), Miss Cotgrave and Miss Rudgard also headed the handicap aggregate list, tieing with Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Toye at 153 net, and the tie would have gone to Miss Cotgrave's side by reason of their better net score on the East, or long, course !

THE luck of the draw, which sends couples to play on the long course in the morning and the short in the afternoon, instead of *vice versa*, is held by some players to be a help, by others a hindrance. Both Miss Rudgard and Miss Wethered had the long course in the morning, which made things all the more interesting, because it was possible to calculate what Miss Wethered must do to catch her rival without hypothetical questions of how the difference of course would affect both. At lunch time Miss Wethered was six strokes behind, and actually (*Contd. on page* 118)

"Oh sweetness of content!"
· Granville ·

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

With or Without
Cork Tips

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

N.C.C.27.

## Spring Medal Foursomes

lost one more on the afternoon's effort. Miss Wilson and Miss Pearson, on the other hand, had got their morning troubles over on the short course, and were leading there with 80. They made a very fine effort in the afternoon, when the conditions of wind and rain were atrocious, by returning an 82 on the East, which took the prize for that course without any question, and brought them up into the position of second for the cups with a total of 162. The third place for the cups went to Miss D. Pim, the Irish International, and Miss Kathleen Garnham, who did so well this spring with Miss Fishwick's party in America, with 88 in the morning on the long course and 77 in the afternoon on the short.

As at Woodhall so at Wentworth, it was fashionable as well as successful to play with your sister. Miss V. and Miss M. Kerr, from Sheringham, carried off the handicap on the East course with an excellent 83—5=78, extremely good going as theirs was an afternoon round on that course when the conditions were most difficult. The younger of these two sisters, in particular, is a very promising player who does good work for Norfolk. Then Mrs. Walter Payne and her sister Mrs. Toye, as before mentioned, took the handicap aggregate with 153, as well as heading the handicap on the centre course with 80—8=72, just half a stroke better than Miss Pim and Miss Garnham, who took that prize owing to Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Toye choosing the handicap aggregate. Mrs. Ian Millar and her sister, Miss Strohmenger, kept up the sister tradition by being second for the handicap on the East, 88—9½=78½.

It is sometimes thought that foursome play is a thing apart, but it was instructive to see that the good players who headed both the handicap and the scratch lists, were just those players who have been doing well in other important events. Only distinguished golfers won at Wentworth. Miss Pearson and Miss Wilson, as well as so nearly holding on to their cups, showed that it had been no fluke which made Miss Wilson beat Miss Fishwick in the North *v.* South match earlier in the week, nor Miss Pearson beat Miss Wilson in the Wilton Shield the following day, nor Miss Pearson win the scratch on the second day at Ranelagh with 69. It all hung together and showed that Miss Pearson is one of the young players to be reckoned with very seriously this year, just as she was in 1927, when she was runner-up in the Open. Her 69 was not so brilliant as Miss Diana Fishwick's 66 at Ranelagh the day before, but the conditions were more difficult.

Neither of Wentworth's courses are easy to score on. It was noticeable that even winning cards, particularly on the short course, were not immune from sevens nor sixes. The second hole on the short, in fact, extracted six from most people, whilst on the East course one pair of ex-International champions playing together actually indulged in a nine at the first hole. Perhaps one of the best individual efforts of the day was Miss Wilson and Miss Pearson's 39 home on the long course and Miss Rudgard's 36 home on the short.

## Northern Foursomes

(*Continued from page* 116)

Any event at Woodhall is sure to be extraordinarily enjoyable; that goes without saying, so that enjoyment cannot be taken as a memorable feature of 1931, although it was an all-pervading one. But there was one other unique feature, a thunder and snowstorm in the course of the final, the thunder so terrific that play had to stop, on a principle of safety first, until it was over.

We cannot arrive at the final, however, without first dealing with the earlier rounds. The big wins of the first day both fell to Yorkshire pairs, for Miss Wragg and Mrs. O. Jones gave six strokes and won by eight

(*Continued on page* 120)

# ‘*The* LUXURY *of* TASTE— not the *Luxury of Costliness*’

*Table Ware is one of the many forms of glass at which Lalique excels. Illustrated above are the Decanter "Engraved Figures" and Wine Glasses from the "Selestat" series.*

OF course you know that the name of René Lalique stands for all that is newest and loveliest in modern glassware. But you should also know that the possession of such exquisite glass need involve no extravagant expenditure. Breves' Lalique Galleries offer a widely comprehensive choice of Lalique Glass—for table use, for decoration, for wedding presents and personal gifts—in clear or coloured glass—in sets or single specimens. See this beautiful collection soon—or write for a copy of "The Art of René Lalique," an illustrated book which will be sent post free for 1s. 6d.

## BREVES'
## *Lalique*
## GALLERIES

2 BASIL STREET, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.3
Close to Knightsbridge Underground. Lift to Galleries. Phone: Kensington 1028-7471.

EVERY GENUINE SPECIMEN OF LALIQUE GLASS BEARS *ONE* OF THESE SIGNATURES

R. LALIQUE FRANCE | R. LALIQUE *France*

*R. Lalique France*

---

# MAKE-UP

DEMEYER

*in harmony with your* NEW CLOTHES

NEVER was make-up so important as it is this season. The new costume colours—so unusually combined—require special thought in the selection of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. Without being artificial Elizabeth Arden shows you how to apply make-up so that you look surprisingly well in colours you never dreamed of wearing before

*First of all,* your face must be perfectly clean. Never apply new make-up over old make-up. Remove all powder with Cleansing Cream, and then freshen the skin with Skin Tonic. Be sure every trace of cream is removed. Otherwise the make-up may smudge

### FIRST—THE FOUNDATION

A good foundation not only creates a smooth base for powder, but soothes the skin. If your skin is dry, use Ultra Amoretta. An oily skin is benefited by Lille Lotion. For the average skin—a truly lovely base is Amoretta Cream

### THEN THE ROUGE

Cream rouge, skilfully applied, looks completely natural and lasts throughout the day. If you are very fair, try Light Amoretta or Light Rosetta. Medium Amoretta suits the average skin. Darker shades are American Beauty, Dark Amoretta and Dark Rosetta

Venetian Rose Colour, a clear liquid rouge, is becoming to a fine transparent skin. It should be used, too, on a skin with a tendency to eruptions

### BEFORE YOUR POWDER

And now, just before your powder, one last ingenious touch, a drop of Noshine for your nose. Pat it lightly on and while it is still damp apply your powder. It gives the velvety finish that lasts all day. It is lovely for foreheads, too, now they are so completely exposed

### PUFF . . PUFF . . PUFF

Powder from your neck upwards . . smoothly, lightly. Look out for accumulations around eyes and nose . . or the hairline. Finally, go over the cheeks with a very gentle downward stroke

With eleven subtle shades in the exquisite Ardena Powder and seven shades in the popular Flower Powder, there is a perfect tone for every skin

### FINALLY . . YOUR LIPS

Now . . a hint of colour on your lips. Be sure your lip-paste tones in with your rouge. Upper lip first . . following the natural outline, then the lower lip. Work the colour in smoothly and apply very little . . just enough for an accent

*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere at these prices:*

Venetian Cleansing Cream, 4/6, 8/6
Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic, 3/6, 8/6, 15/6
Ultra Amoretta, 4/6, 8/6
Lille Lotion, 6/6, 10/6
Amoretta Cream, 4/6, 8/6
Venetian Rouge Amoretta, 7/6, 8/6
Venetian Rose Colour, 4/6
Noshine, 4/6
Ardena Powder, 12/6
Venetian Flower Powder, 6/6
Venetian Lip Paste, 3/-
Venetian Indelible Lip Salve, 4/6, 10/6

## ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK    ELIZABETH ARDEN LTD
25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1
*Telephone: Gerrard 0870*
PARIS    BERLIN    MADRID    ROME

(*Copyright Reserved*)

*Dalecarlia*
*is expecting you*
*on June 23rd*

Bonfires are blazing from the mountain tops. Creeping across the lake are innumerable boats filled to the brim with gaily-dressed Dalecarlians. Tall maypoles have been set up on the village greens. Little orchestras are tuning up, and men and women, girls and boys are linking hands for the dance. It is Midsummer Eve in Dalecarlia! A few minutes walk from your hotel, and you are strolling about in the 16th century among the throng on the green. Two days from the station, and you are back again in London. A holiday in Dalecarlia is as easy as that!

*Free illustrated booklets and full particulars of Dalecarlia and any other part of Sweden which interests you may be had upon request to: The Swedish Travel Bureau, 19H Coventry St., London, W.1; The British & Northern Shipping Agency, 5 Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.3; or leading travel agencies*

SWEDEN

## Northern Foursomes

(*Continued from page* 118.)

and six; Miss Judith Fowler and her sister, Mrs. Raymond Cooper, gave eight strokes and won by the same margin. In that round the holders gave nine and won by five and three. The next morning, two out of the first three matches went to the 20th hole, and a third to the 19th. That 19th was one of the best matches of the whole week, for in it Mrs. Percy Garon and Miss Joy Winn, giving four strokes, just got home from Miss Nan Baird and Miss Dorothy Marshall. The young pair played most plucky golf, and Miss Baird seemed to show herself a really first-class golfer.

Another youthful pair, Miss Audrey and Miss Billie Holmes, also went to the 19th that morning against a famous couple, Mrs. Heaton and Miss Corlett, but they did even better than Miss Baird's side, for they won. Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw were given their toughest fight that morning, for, with ten strokes to give, they were only able to win two and one from Mrs. Shipley and Miss Beazor although they were out in 37. The 20th hole winners were Miss Howarth and Miss Noble, Mrs. Mein and Mrs. Heathcote, and Mrs. Drew and Miss Winder.

That afternoon we had the extremes of matches, one to the 21st hole, in which the two Miss Fishers from Abbeydale beat Mrs. Hopper and Mrs. Crooks, to whom they were giving four strokes, and a nine and seven win for Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, who were giving ten. The next morning saw another of the big matches, Miss Hartill and Miss Enid Wilson playing Mrs. Garon and Miss Winn. That, again, went to the 20th before Miss Wilson could win. Mrs. Garon really played superbly, but even her accuracy and the increased length which is hers nowadays could not make up for Miss Winn's putting paralysis. The holders had a great fight against the Woodhall Spa pair, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Royston Mills, who, with the aid of ten strokes, took them to the last green. And there was another 20th hole match before Miss Alan and Mrs. Hardicker could beat Mrs. Bason and Miss Whitfield. Mrs. Bason has competed in every Northern Foursome which has been played, a record which must surely bring her into the prize list before long.

MISS HARTILL and Miss Wilson gave no quarter to the Misses Fisher on the Thursday afternoon, but Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw had all they could do to give six strokes to Mrs. Freeman Robinson and Miss Neill, who took them to the last green. In the semi-final next morning it was a nineteenth hole business for Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw before they could beat Miss Hartill and Miss Wilson, which they mainly did because of Miss Rudgard's fine recoveries and Miss Wilson's inability to get the little chips near to the hole.

The Misses Snook, one of whom, Miss Jessie, is entirely new to competition play but has such a delightful style that she ought to have a golfing future before her, won the other semi-final against more sisters, Miss Watson and Mrs. Bloomer, by two and one. They held on bravely in the final, but Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw, by virtue of much greater experience, were able to win by three and two, giving three strokes.

The consolation competition took the form of single medal rounds, competitors taking out as many cards as they liked for scratch and handicap prizes, the latter most generously given by Major Hotchkin who added this kindness to his many, including that of lending the course. Players took out cards with the greatest enthusiasm, with the result that the Alexandra Hospital and the Gentlewomen's Home at Woodhall each benefited to the extent of £4 17s., whilst the prizewinners were: scratch, Miss Lobbett with 81 and Mrs. Cautley 82; handicap, Mrs. Knox-Gore 74 net, Miss M. F. Sanderson 75, and Mrs. Everard, after a tie; sealed conditions prize won by Miss L. Bradshaw.

END

# "Don't bother, Simmons . . . I'd rather take the 'Minor' . . ."

"I find she's handier and safer for me than the big car. Cars are like horses and the Minor comes of good stock. She takes after her big brothers *Isis* and *Oxford*—runs like a lamb at anything up to fifty, and simply slips through the traffic and leaves it standing. A little car but a thoroughbred—built like a big one. Every stable needs a Minor."

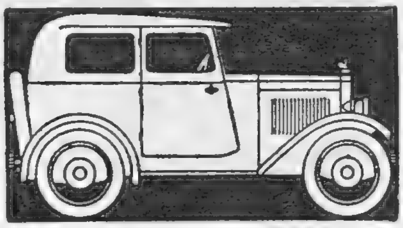
Every Minor gives approximately 45 m.p.g., and has a comfortable speed of over 50 m.p.h. Write "MINOR" on a post card, add your name *and address* and post it to Enquiries Dept., Cowley. You will receive catalogue, full details of guarantee and service facilities.

**PRICES S.V. MODELS**

(8 *h.p. Side-valve engine.* £8 *tax*)

| | |
|---|---|
| Coachbuilt Two-seater ... | ... £100 |
| Coachbuilt Tourer ... | £112 10s. |
| Fabric Saloon ... ... | ... £114 |
| Coachbuilt Saloon (folding head) | £119 |

*Triplex glass, Dunlop tyres and full detailed equipment standard. All prices ex Works*



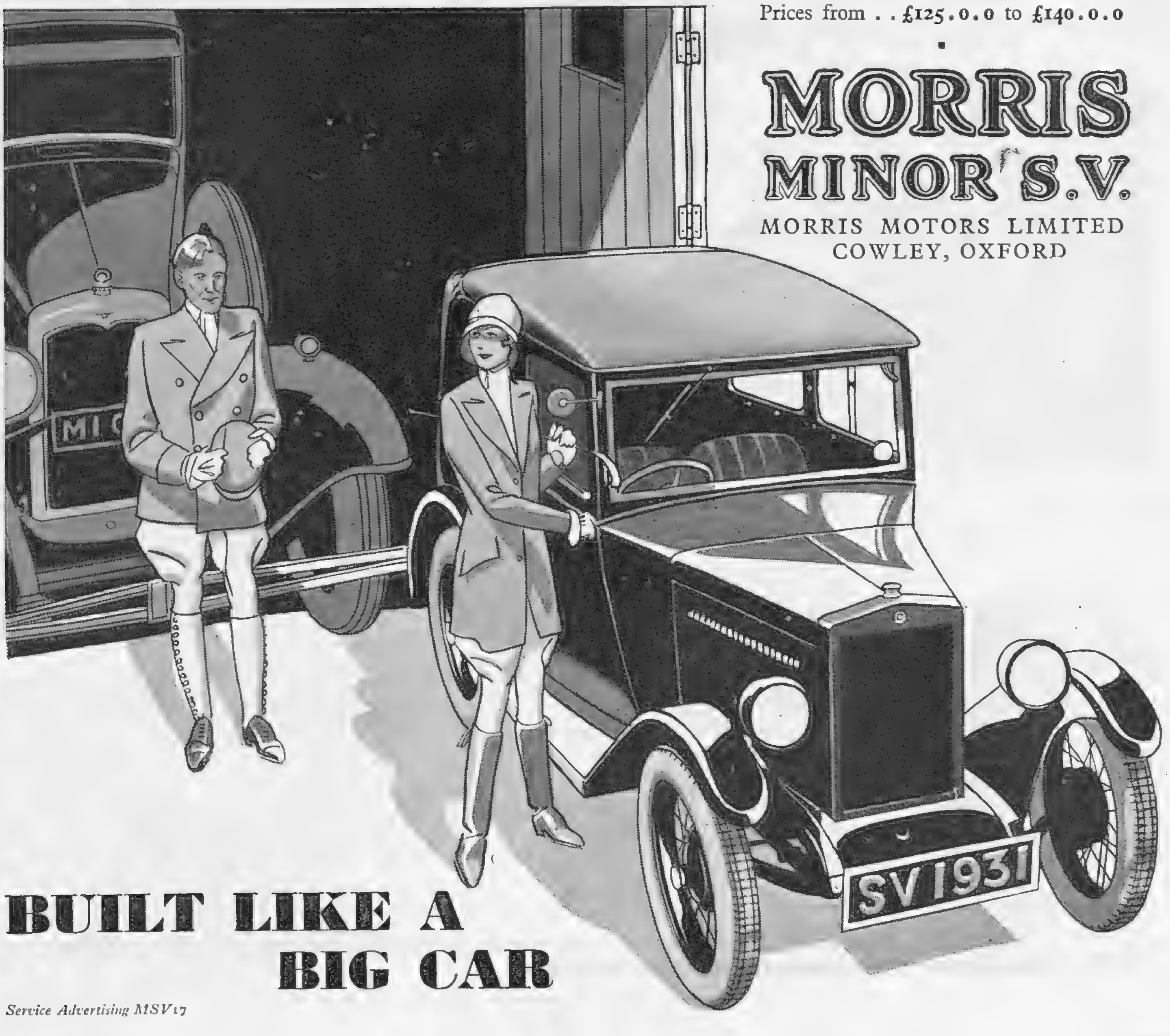
**O.H.V. MODELS**

(8 *h.p. Overhead-valve engine.* £8 *tax*)

Prices from . . £125.0.0 to £140.0.0

## MORRIS MINOR S.V.

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED
COWLEY, OXFORD



## BUILT LIKE A BIG CAR

*Service Advertising MSV17*

Quality Tells
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm. Sanderson & Son Ltd
LEITH

"THAT this Whisky has been appreciated by Buyers is plainly evident in the Firm's growing trade, not only in the Home Market, but in every Export Market of the World as well."—*Wine Trade Review*

WM. SANDERSON & SON, Ltd.
Distillers, LEITH.
*Estd. 1863.*

Keep things sunnyside up
with the aid of
**Cat's Head Paints,**
**ENAMELS & STAINS**
Specially prepared for home decoration and supplied, ready for use, by leading Ironmongers, Oil and Colourmen, Stores, etc.
LOOK FOR THE CAT'S HEAD

# Turning *the* Tornado Inside Out

(*Continued from page* 23)

None whatever were reported in January or December. As was expected, the late afternoon, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m., was the usual time of the disasters, though some tornadoes were sighted shortly after the noon hour and some were formed almost as late as midnight.

By far the most interesting part of the published facts concerning the Kansas tornadoes was a personal account by a Mr. W. Keller, who looked up into the inside of a tornado. Mr. Keller is a farmer near Greensburg, Kansas, and was in no official way connected with the tornado observations in progress. But his experience was so unique that the Weather Bureau officials asked him to record it in writing. They knew Mr. Keller to be a respected farmer, a man of keen intelligence and fearless courage, and so could take his observations without questioning their authenticity.

"It was on the afternoon of June 22, between 3 and 4 o'clock," writes Mr. Keller. "I was out in my field with my family looking over the ruins of our wheat crop, which had just been completely destroyed by a hailstorm. I noticed an umbrella-shaped cloud in the west and south-west, and from its appearance suspected that there was a tornado in it. The air had that peculiar oppressiveness which nearly always precedes the coming of a tornado.

"But my attention being on other matters, I did not watch the approach of the cloud. However, its nearness soon caused me to take another look at it. I saw at once that my suspicions were correct, for hanging from the greenish-black base of the cloud was not just one tornado, but three. One of them was already perilously near, and apparently headed directly for our place. I lost no time, therefore, in hurrying with my family to our cyclone cellar.

"The family had entered the cellar, and I was in the doorway when I decided that I would take a last look at the approaching tornado. I have seen a number of these things, and have never become panic-stricken when near them. So I did not lose my head now, though the approaching tornado was indeed an impressive sight.

"The surrounding country is level, and there was nothing to obstruct the view. There was little or no rain falling from the cloud. Two of the tornadoes were some distance away, and looked to me like great ropes dangling from the clouds, but the near one was shaped more like a funnel with ragged clouds surrounding it. It appeared to be much larger and more energetic than the others, and it occupied the central position of the cloud, the great cumulus dome being directly over it.

"As I paused to look, I saw that the lower end, which had been sweeping the ground, was beginning to rise. I knew what that meant, so I kept my position. I knew that I was comparatively safe, and I knew that if the tornado again dipped I could drop down and close the door before any harm could be done.

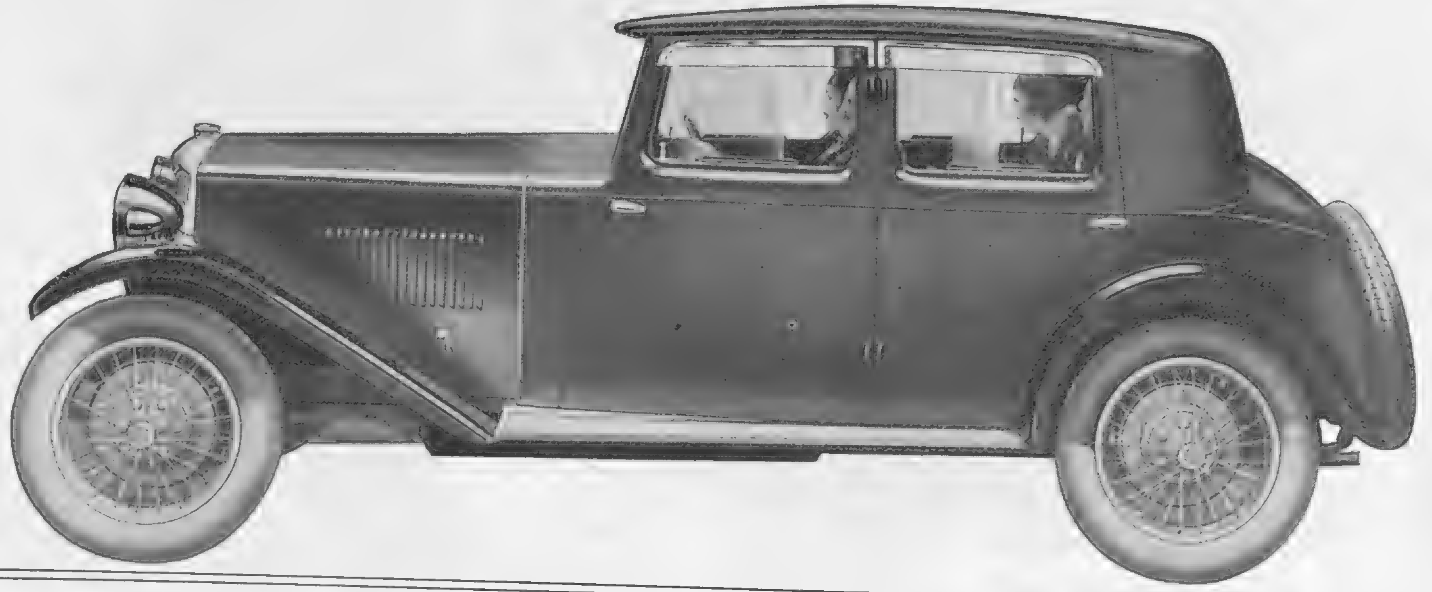
"Steadily the tornado came on, the end gradually rising above the ground. I could have stood there only a few seconds, but so impressed was I with what was going on that it seemed a long time. At last the great shaggy end of the funnel hung directly overhead. Everything was as still as death.

"There was a strong gassy odour, and it seemed that I could not breathe. There was a screaming, hissing sound coming directly from the end of the funnel. I looked up, and to my astonishment I saw right up into the heart of the tornado.

"There was a circular opening in the centre of the funnel, about 50 to 100 feet in diameter, and extending straight upward for a distance of a least one-half mile, as best as I could judge in the circumstances. The walls of this opening were of

(*Continued on page* 124)

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

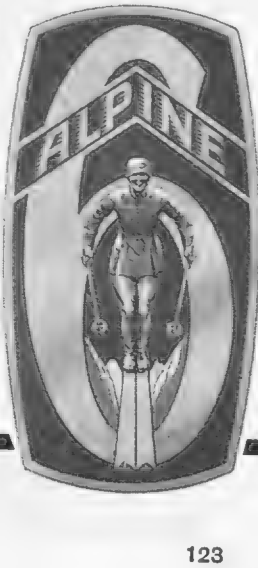


# The "Alpine Six" and—its Badge!

The "Alpine Six" strikes an entirely new note in motoring and may generally be described as representing a successful combination of the characteristics of the Riley 9 and the Riley Six. Of moderate dimensions throughout, yet possessing ample body room for four adults and luggage, its ease of control is remarkable, and with the outstanding efficiency of the new Six Cylinder Riley Engine the ultimate result is a vehicle which excels in flexibility, exceptional top-gear hill-climbing ability, high speeds and remarkable smoothness.

And with all these proven qualities no design other than that adopted in the Badge with which it is identified could be more appropriate—that Badge in fact is the finishing touch to an outstanding achievement in the history of Motor Car Construction.

If you would like to know more about this latest of all Riley productions write us, or any Riley Agent, to demonstrate.



THREE MODELS.
Fabric Saloon, Half-Panel Saloon and Open-Tourer — all £365

RILEY (Coventry) Ltd., COVENTRY
& 42 Nth. Audley Street, LONDON, W.1

rotating clouds, and the whole was made brilliantly visible by constant flashes of lightning, which zigzagged from side to side. Had it not been for the lightning, I could not have seen the opening ; not any distance up into it, anyway.

" Around the lower rim of the great vortex small tornadoes were constantly forming and breaking away. These looked like tails as they writhed their way around the end of the funnel. It was these that made the hissing noise. I noticed that the direction of rotation of the great whirl was anitclock-wise, but the small twisters rotated both ways,—some one way and some another.

" The opening was entirely hollow, except for something which I could not exactly make out, but suppose that it was a detached wind cloud. This thing was in the centre and was moving up and down.

" The tornado was not travelling at a great speed. I had plenty of time to get a good view of the whole thing, inside and out. It came from the direction of Greensburg, which town is three miles west and one mile north of my place. Its course was not in a straight line, but it zigzagged across the country, in a general north-easterly direction.

" After it passed my place it again dipped and struck and demolished the house and barn of a farmer by the name of Evans. The Evans family, like ourselves, had been out looking over their hailed-out wheat, and saw the tornado coming. Not having time to reach their cellar, they took refuge under a small bluff that faced to the leeward of the approaching tornado.

" They lay down flat on the ground and caught hold of some plum bushes which fortunately grew within their reach. As it was, they felt themselves lifted from the ground. Mr. Evans said that he could see the wreckage of his home, among it being the cooking stove, going round and round over his head. The oldest child, a girl of 17, being the most exposed, had her clothing completely torn off. But none of the family was hurt."

In early days there was some confusion among weather observers as to the exact difference between a hurricane, a cyclone and a tornado. They are all wind-storms of great violence, and may be roughly defined thus :—

*Hurricane.*—Great storm of wide extent lasting for days.

*Cyclone.*—Any revolving wind-storm. Scientists always refer to any revolving storm as " cyclonic."

*Tornado.*—Small, but intense storm covering small area, its great destructiveness caused by the velocity of its revolution.

END

# T*he* Islands

(*Continued from page* 13)

in Messina. Over the *pesce bollito* I said that, yes, I was from England, which brought the whispered confidence from the jovial one that he wished to heaven he were back there—Frith Street—*si*—seven year—but that they refused to give him a passport—why ?—because they suspected he was not a full supporter of the Government. " And I do no politics, *signor*, never." And it was three years for attempting to emigrate clandestinely.

Over the roast goat (and the last diner having left), I said that, no, I was not travelling for agreement, but was trying to get on to the Duce's islands to write about them.

At once the jovial one's expression entirely changed. Of course ! I was one of those *agents provocateurs.*

" Now, listen. I'm not what you think. Here's my passport. And here are some letters I received yesterday from London. I quite understand your fear, but if you know anything about these islands—how to get on to them—can one square anybody ?—do you know someone there ?—you'll be doing me a favour. And here, take this."

" *The Islands !* "

He said it just like that ; as had I proposed an outing to Hell, a Sicilian's Hell, which differs notably from the Nordic or American concept.

" You will never get near them, and if you do without permission they'll keep you."

Came the cheese ; and the nervous one, after glancing over his shoulder, proceeded :

" WE dare not speak of the Islands. It is prison at once. They are the Duce's own plan. They are terrible. The *confinati* who return tell of it. But not many. Italy is a whisper place and when they tell they go back another five year. Or to prison. But there has been escape, *si*. One, two. And they can tell. A doctor he escape few time ago. Swim, *si*. Now it is much terrible than before he escape. So now *confinati* have agree not try escape any more because it bring things much worse, *si, signor*."

I don't think that waiter said much else ; I give him principally as the embodiment of that universal mistrust and fear, provoked throughout Italy to-day by mention of the Islands. They are a banned subject.

The following morning, at Milazzo, what was largely to be anticipated, transpired. I arrived in a peacock green and pale gold dawn. I parked my kit and strolled towards the little steamer "Etna." It was much too early. Perhaps a score had assembled—officials, militia and soldiers returning from leave, a few civilians I judged to be in commerce, the post, and one or two women who, by the way they slunk away, were probably wives visiting their deportee husbands—when things began to whistle and steam. I held my guide book open at Lipari, which was spoken of as attractive in spots and well worth a day. Exports : sulphur and pumice. Pop. : 13,000. Hot springs. Volcanic surface. Known in mythology as the home of Æolus, King of the Winds. " The wind blows with such velocity most of the year that the old houses tremble. Much dust makes progress difficult. On many days the inhabitants cannot venture out of doors, but in summer, although the heat is stifling, the vegetation is rich." I was asked for my permit.

" Tourist."

Swift exchange of glances, words.

" Your passport ! "

I extend the tattered relic of four continents. The fatal word " journalist " is perceived. (I vow that my next passport shall be marked " stockbroker.")

" On holiday," I anticipate.

My passport is handed back to me by a pimply youth (I had almost written Black Head), who, in one and the same gesture, turns his back.

On the way to the railway station I rid myself of the binoculars to the benefit of a puzzled local.

STILL, there are ways and means of penetrating the story of the Islands. Remember that Sicily is surrounded, at brief distance, by these colonies of *Confino*. Take a map and you will see them. Lipari, Ponza, Ustica, Favignana, Tremiti, Pantellaria, Lampedusa—the Sicilian air is impregnated with their tale, if one may only gaze at the volcanic eruptions from the sea-bed that they are—two on the north side, Stromboli and Vulcano, are still active.

The Islands may be said to have assumed their present rôle consequent on the Bologna shooting at the Duce in 1926, by a boy of fifteen who was lynched on the spot.

The Special Tribunal was set up after that. This is a purely Fascist court presided over by a general of militia with four colonels as aides. Cases are heard *in camera* and prisoners —if they are invited to attend at all—may be obliged to choose their defending counsel from among Fascist officers present. Hardly anyone is ever acquitted ; they are not meant to be. The " trials " are really more in the way of form than anything else. Sentences usually run from one to five years, for the Islands, and up to thirty years solitary confinement in the worst cases of alleged treason or plotting against the lives of King or Duce. But we are not concerned with that side. In a large number of cases political prisoners destined for the Islands are simply handed a document, in prison, with their sentences already inscribed. And off they go. In chains.

The deportees hail from educated, intellectual circles. That cuts no ice at all, however. In the eyes of the régime these men are potentially the most dangerous in the State. They refuse to accept Fascism. They do more. Covertly, they talk or act or plot against it. They have not been content to maintain closed lips like forty million other Italians. It is a saying in Italy that in many cases deportees have merely *thought* their minds ; that has been enough. I shall not detain you with the notion that it is not dissimilar to a high percentage of expressive, articulate England being carted off to the Outer Hebrides, with special reference to such places as St. Kilda. The Islands were, as mentioned, Mussolini's very own invention. Others in his position have been only too glad if nuisances or critics would make themselves scarce in foreign countries. Not so the Duce, who wishes no further accretion to the already formidable army of *fuorusciti*, mostly located in France. Nor did he desire to break these opponents *à outrance*, in felons' cells—perhaps he remembered how once he suffered himself for the right to hold convictions. There should be a half-way house where these stubborn misguided ones could review the whole matter at their leisure, with the possibility of their some day entering the fold, while at the same time they remained safely out of the way. A kind of purgatory. The severest trials, yet in a curious atmosphere of personal liberty. Deportees may live " out "—if they can find a room. They may have their wives and families—if they can afford them. They may earn wages—if they can find work. They may do what they like by daylight—if they can find anything to do. They may have money sent to them by relatives—if they don't mind having it doled out by Fascist guards. And so on.

IT is hard to say exactly how many deportees are at present strewn among the Islands. Something between three and four thousand. Batches are constantly coming and going—the latter " pardoned " by the Duce, but not infrequently finishing up in prison when they return to Italy, where they are watched like no ticket-of-leave men ever were.

The two extremes are probably Lampedusa and Lipari. The former is a barren, low rock, with one tree, and which one passes on the way to Malta. Its inhabitants—the lowest Levantine sailor-folk—number 3,000 and fish off Spain half the year. At home they get sponges. There are—or used to be—two or three hundred deportees on Lampedusa, with its one wretched village street, and these men have to bear the elbowing of as many of the worst criminals in Italy, Lampedusa being also a penal colony. The deportees—doctors, lawyers, writers, deputies and the like—have their own hutments (there being no question of outside living locally), but have to submit to the constant menaces of the criminal fraternity, which only receives 10d. a day, most of which goes on a heady island wine containing up to twenty per cent. alcohol. Very foul conditions of vice prevail among the convicts, who also, when they come by money sent by gangs in Italy which have brought off coups, indulge in long-drawn-out orgies with sordid island women. At Pantellaria and Ustica there are also convict colonies cheek by jowl with the deportees, making life a misery. The convicts are all free. It is impossible to avoid them in so confined a space. Monotony,

(*Continued on page* 127)

# Quite a new flavour!

YOU never tried a jelly quite so delicious as this. It's a wine jelly at a price you can afford. Not just a "wine flavoured" jelly, but a real wine jelly with all the subtle, distinctive bouquet of the rich black wine grapes of Sunny Spain.

Try it to-day! See how it pleases your family, grown-ups and children alike. See how it tickles even an invalid's difficult fancy. And remember there is no purer jelly made!

## *Try These New Recipes*

Wincarnis Wine Jelly is delightful served plain, and it lends itself wonderfully to a whole host of new dishes, such as

### Banana Jelly

Take 1 Packet Wincarnis Jelly, 6 Bananas. Dissolve the jelly in sufficient hot water to make a little less than one pint in all and leave it to cool. Slice the bananas. Pour a quarter of the jelly into an oiled mould and when set arrange slices of banana on it, one overlapping the other. To keep the banana slices in position pour on about 2 tablespoons of jelly. When set firm pour in another layer of jelly and arrange bananas on it as before. Let it set and use up the rest of the jelly and bananas in the same way.

### Wincarnis Sago Mould

Take 1 packet of Wincarnis Jelly, 3 ozs. fine Sago and 1½ pints of boiling water. Wash Sago and sprinkle into boiling water. Boil till all the grains are quite clear. Take off gas, put in jelly and stir until dissolved. Pour into oiled mould and turn out when set.

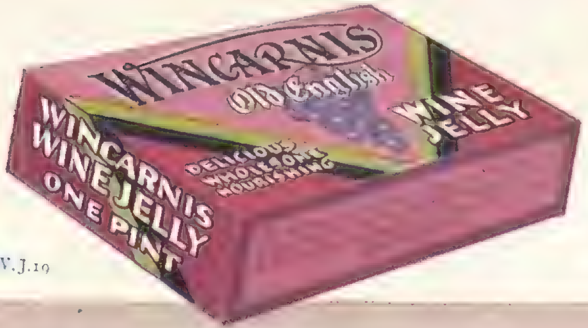
### Wincarnis Blancmange

Take ½ packet of Wincarnis Jelly, 1 smallest size tin unsweetened condensed milk. Dissolve jelly in saucepan with 1 gill of hot water—don't let it boil. When quite cold, add 1 gill or the small tin of unsweetened milk, and pour into the oiled mould.

# WINCARNIS
## Old English
# WINE JELLY

*7½d. a packet at all good Grocers' and Chemists'*

*In case of difficulty send direct to Coleman and Company Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, mentioning the name of your Grocer.*



Ⓒ W.J.19

**Schweppes**

**GINGER ALE**

*In clear golden sparkle and lively character Schweppes Ginger Ale is a veritable non-alcoholic champagne.*

dirt, lack of intellectual intercourse, espionage, *agents provocateurs*, wretched living accommodation—of all these things returned deportees complain, but perhaps most bitterly of this contact with murderers (there being no death penalty for murder in Italy). On a place like Lampedusa there is precisely one thing to do: wait for the mail when the little steamer can brave the high seas that run in this part of the Mediterranean. Deportees have to report twice daily to the police or militia and to be indoors all the year round from sunset to sunrise. "The Cross of St. Antony" (a form of trussing) may be their lot if they lapse, or some kindred Fascist punishment. The guards vary. Some are human enough, while utterly disdainful (would not these deportees take their jobs (the Militia) away from them, if they could?). But sometimes when the Black Shirts in their deadly monotony have drunk too much they are wont to stage frame-ups and then there's the deuce to pay. They burst into hutments, alleging that the inmates are planning to seize the island or some such farrago, and proceed to beat up and lash the anti-Fascists. On other festive occasions Fascist guards will go the rounds and insist that deportees shall sing *Giovinezza* (the Fascist hymn) or give the Roman salute. For long an attempt was made to force deportees to give the latter regularly. But it had to be given up.

NOW that the "dole" has been reduced by half, great hardship must eventuate in a large number of cases where money is not available from home. By an odd twist, the Government will not allow mere friends to send help. If you sent five pounds to-morrow to your best friends on Lipari, it would be returned. One must be a close relative. As all letters go through the censorship, all money is taken out and given in driblets to its consignee so that the latter may never have enough to seduce the locals or others further afield for the purpose of planning an escape. The net cost to the State of a deportee is now £23 p.a., or £115 for the full term of five years! The only items found for the deportees are lodging in hutments and medical attendance—the latter so indifferent that a big death roll is invariably the rule, notably from consumption, in view of the biting blasts and the heavy rains which persist on the Islands. In order to make both ends meet at all, one must have money from home. Of work to be found locally there is virtually none. A few pence a day may be earned from the poverty-stricken natives by cobbling, working in the fields, building, tailoring. Some are lucky enough to secure employment in State concerns such as power plants, while, on Lipari—where there are cafés—it is on record that former professors have good jobs as waiters.

The unwritten law is that each shall help the other. The deportees form little "sympathetic" messes of four or five and whenever possible less fortunate ones are invited to join in. It is also a matter of honour that the Fascist hutments shall not be used. They are nearly all empty. The first thing a deportee does with his pay is to earmark a portion of it for rent, so that he may live out as an independent human being. Usually the "out" will consist of some attic or hovel; still, it is not a Government roof.

Without doubt, life is at its relative best on Lipari. Here are many hundreds of the better-noted, also more distinguished deportees, and they have been able to make something of the island. Many live in villas—such as Italy's chief Mason, Signor Torrigiani, and General Bencivengra, who was Diaz' chief of staff. Half the year there is good bathing. And there is shade. And cafés and shops and some species of social life. Plays are acted; there is a library; and quite a colony of children, perhaps 200, not a few of whom have been born locally. Besides teaching the children—who otherwise would have to enter the Fascist schools—the deportees themselves conduct all kinds of courses and classes, from modern languages to artisanship. Nevertheless, there is tremendous overcrowding and a very minimum of work; while the guard is severer than anywhere else owing to escapes having been effected. The only ones.

THE elaborate system to avoid escape from any of the Islands is worth mentioning. In point of fact, escape means considerably more than it does from an ordinary prison. It means that anyone who gets away will tell the hidden story of the Islands in foreign countries. Such fugitives will be the only ones capable of doing this, inasmuch as all who are pardoned and sent to their homes are never again let out of Italy. Therefore it behoves the authorities to put down the most thorough and fool-proof barrage on possible escape. Fast, small warships encircle most of the Islands all night long. Others lie hidden in creeks. Searchlights play continuously round the coast line. The little harbours are a blaze of light. In them, high-speed police motor-boats are ever ready to proceed at once to sea, while machine guns are mounted at vantage points and a full system of wireless inter-communication is maintained, for chasing purposes. The whole business of escape-prevention is organised and standardised down to the smallest detail. No excuses will be accepted. Night after night, all the year round, Fascism is on the alert. Whenever there has been an attempt at escape, the thumbscrew has been put on, figuratively. Once a young man sought to make the mainland in a canoe. He was dashed ashore almost inanimate and succoured by peasants. These received five years' imprisonment for violating the law, and now no peasant anywhere will touch a deportee. Which was the intention. But their attempt, also, was doomed to failure. The only success was that of Signor Francesco Nitti and his two companions, Rossi and Lusso, in the summer of 1929. A fourth deportee, Signor D——, was liberated early that year, his time being up. Before leaving he arranged a system of communicating with his three friends (*via* regular callers on Lipari). On the chosen night the trio crept from their lodgings and swam out to a sunken ridge upon which they knew they could stand up to their necks. Here they waited until a motor boat appeared out of the darkness, flashing an agreed signal. Then they zoomed away, pursued and fired upon. But to no purpose—that motor boat left them all behind, having a speed of thirty knots! While wireless talked and warships scoured the sea round Corsica, Nitti and his friends were slipping unperceived round to Tunis, where they landed. It has been the only successful attempt, and there probably will be no other, for the reason indicated early on: forthwith conditions were made much more harsh and stern on the Islands.

The deportees are entirely in the hands of their Fascist gaolers: usually tough customers specially detailed for the job. From time to time, when the spirit moves them, these all-powerful ones hold so-called "examinations of faith"—not the least trying feature of deportee life. Men are offered freedom if they will deny their faith and principles and embrace Fascism. The temptation is immense. As one returned explained to me:

"Here we are with our lives in pieces. As likely as not separated long since from our wives and families. These may even be in dire want back in Italy owing to our businesses or professional work having gone to rack and ruin. Our morale is at the lowest ebb. Many of us, from the dreadful monotony, are not far short of losing our reason—I have known splendid intellects go almost dithering, childish. And never, save in our miserable lodgings at night, can we *know* that we are alone. Stool-pigeons and *agents provocateurs* are all the time in our midst. The most unexpected *confinati*, whom we may have taken to our bosom, turn out to be only spies. Half the fell punishments that are visited upon us are the result of stool-pigeons telling what they have overheard. It is this dreadful, unceasing prying and preying upon us that unnerves the most after the monotony.

"Think, then, of our stress of mind, of our yearning for home and dear ones and to get free of the maddening stagnation and the bullying and hardship . . . and one word to our gaolers will serve to put us on the road! I am glad to say that very few succumb and that those who do depart are so ashamed as to be in tears. Their arms crossed, the others stare them straight in the eyes. And, when the boat has gone, turn sadly away. They have not faltered. But friends have."

It is Mussolini's belief that the Islands will cease to be, in their present rôle, in two or three decades; perhaps much sooner. He does not anticipate that growing Italy will opt for them. When the present colonies have slowly faded out in death, pardon, sentences served, the brief but poignant chapter of *Confino* should end.

End

# The Call *of the* Ve-ala

(*Continued from page* 33)

LONG before they reached the dancing ground of the village, before even the sun had topped the hills, they could hear, far off, the noise of drumming and singing. It gave them strength, as nothing else could have done, in their exhausted state. It told them that they must hurry yet a little more; they who had thought their last reserves were already called out. And they hurried. Townsend had had one year of the Great War, and Sims, the elder, had had three. They knew how to take cover, steal upon an enemy. Armed with their service rifles, they crept into the bush some few hundred yards above the dancing ground, and reconnoitred.

The sun was up now, and all the air as clear as silver glass. You could see for miles. It would rain to-day. There would be storm and thunder. But now, in the unnatural clearness, the dancing ground stood out plain as a cinema film. It was an oblong of beaten earth, situated outside the village; tall carved posts were set up at each corner, and there was a decorated staging at the end.

All over the ground, the figures of men were visible, coming and going in a wild, unceasing dance, not unsuggestive of the exercise known to Victorians as "kitchen Lancers." There was a heavy thrumming of drums; Sims and Townsend noticed, with the uneasiness born of special knowledge, that the beat kept growing faster and faster, the dance more violent. "Working 'emselves up," panted Sims, with half-recovered breath. "Not gingered enough—yet."

"Can you pick them off for certain, at this distance?" asked Townsend, in reply. "It's the last bit of cover."

"My oath! You going to get 'm first from cover and then rush?"

"If it's necessary. A long chance, but—"

"Well, better a man wink out that way than burn his blooming fever out in fever."

Now the dancers, without pausing, began to range themselves in two long lines. At this point, a strange diversion occurred. One of the men, active, broad-shouldered, deeply painted all over his naked body in red clay, suddenly faltered, missed his step, and began staring over his shoulder at something—apparently a procession—that was advancing through the bush. It seemed to cause him surprise; he dropped his carved dancing spear, stood for a moment immovable in the midst of the whirling figures, and then, with a strange, piercing cry, turned round and fled. "Is that part of it?" asked Sims.

"I reckon so," was Townsend's rather doubtful reply. "Haven't heard quite all the —my God, man, this is the Ve-ala now, and no mistake. Damn them!—I mean——"

"Let it go at that," Sims said quietly. "You and me will make it so, soon's you give the word."

They fell silent. Teeth set, they watched and waited. The time was near. A man had come dancing lightly on to the cleared ground. Upon his back he

(*Continued on page* 128)

Norwell's
OF PERTH

Two fine Spring models, shoes of superb workmanship and quality, carrying with them the Norwell guarantee of perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

32/6
POST FREE in United Kingdom. Foreign postage extra.

The "BULRUSH." A smart one-bar button shoe in the new rich shade of bulrush calf, with neat brogue effect. Serviceable walking soles, welted as on the hand-sewn principle, and shapely leather heel, 1⅞ in. high; in sizes and half sizes, 2 to 8.

The "BRIT-BAN" (No. 101). Ladies' super quality promenade or house shoe, in soft, silky glacé kid, black or brown; smart dressy buckle, full easy-fitting last, 1¼ in. leather heels, flexible soles, snug heel and ankle fitting. Sizes, 3 to 8. (Half Sizes).

30/-
POST FREE in United Kingdom. Foreign postage extra.

WHEN ORDERING
State size and send pencil outline of foot on paper. Your money will willingly be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied.
C.O.D. Send us your order and pay the postman on delivery.
SINGLE SAMPLE gladly sent on receipt of 6d. postage.

SEND FOR NORWELL'S CATALOGUE
You will find it useful and interesting. It is replete with guaranteed footwear for all occasions.
NORWELL - PERTH - SCOTLAND

TRUST THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOT

Shelley
THE FASHIONABLE CHINA
CHINA
Write for a Copy of the Silver Book with coloured illustrations to SHELLEY POTTERIES LTD., DEPT. "B," LONGTON, STAFFS.

Cointreau & Grape Fruit
a teaspoonful of this delicious Liqueur is all that Grape Fruit lacks
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE DELICIOUS WHITE LIQUEUR IN THE SQUARE AMBER BOTTLE

bore a strange and pitiful burden—a small, slight figure in a silken dress. He carried it pick-a-back, according to immemorial rule. You could see its two legs, small as a child's, hanging about the man's brown waist, and the white arms strained over his shoulders. The head wagged to and fro as he danced.

Townsend cursed no more. He took steady aim with his rifle.

"That man for me, as soon as he lets her go," he said.

"How d'you know—?"

"Shut it! He will. When I get him, you get as many more as you can before we reload, and then we'll charge."

The islands had known such charges, two against a hundred. Sims merely nodded.

THERE was a swell of drums, a burst of short canine howls from the dancers, and the last-but-one horror of the Ve-ala began. The man who carried Libbet seized her in his arms and flung her, with an amazing swing, right across the dancing ranks to another leaping fiend, who caught her and was about to throw her on to the next, when he was suddenly checked by the fall of the man beside him. The pick-a-back carrier had already fallen, unnoticed in the fury of the dance. The chief flung up his arms, spun round and round, and collapsed, his white plumes magically turning red as he fell. All through the ranks death began to dance, an invisible partner, and whom he touched went down.

The two white men reloaded and, side by side, charged upon the dancing ground. They knew that they took risks; that the savages of this island understood firearms, possibly owned a Tower musket or a Brown Bess or two, property of the village; and that if these outmoded weapons could not kill at long range, they might be deadly close at hand. But Sims and Townsend thought little of that. The dance was broken, the ranks had fallen apart, and the New Virginians, half furious, half dazed, had let the little bundle that was the heart of the Ve-ala ceremony, drop to the ground, while they ran aimlessly about, trying to locate the sharp-shooters.

"Come on," yelled Sims excitedly. "They haven't their guns."

He was wrong; the dancing chief had carried a musket, and his off-sider now picked it up and aimed at Townsend. A handful of miscellaneous hardware sang through the air, to bury itself in the posts of the staging. Sims clubbed the shooter on the head, immediately after, while Townsend picked up Libbet. She was alive.

The men, no longer hypnotised by the sway of the dance and the incessant drum thunder that had held them in a state of drugged insanity, awaked to the fact that they had been caught in a serious crime. They began to fly, followed by Sims's amazingly fluent shouts in New Virginian, warning them what they must expect from an outraged British Government, as soon as it got round to considering their case. In two minutes the dance ground was cleared; no one remained, save two white men, an insensible girl, and eight or ten dead and wounded natives.

"Leave 'm alone," said Sims. "They'll pick each other up . . . I'll carry her first spell. We can be down at the landing in a couple of hours."

IT was full morning now; the range of blue hills about the dancing ground was freaked with early gold, and exquisite chill scents came stealing from the forest. As always, the beauty and wonder of the place caught Townsend by the heart.

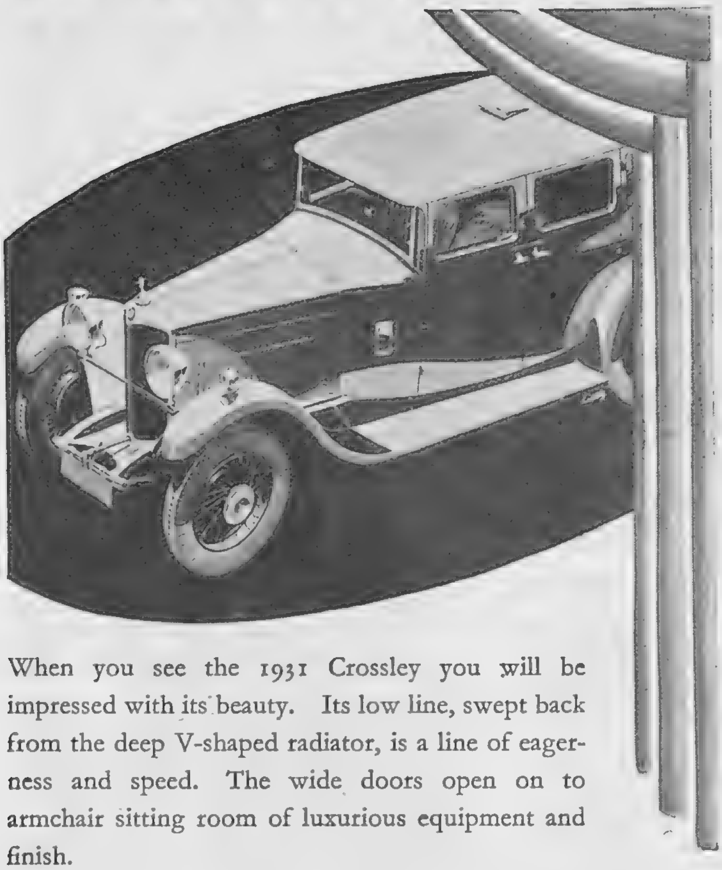
"The Shebas have something," he said, and paused. "The island is heaven, only—"

"Only for the hell of it," finished Sims. "By the right—quick URRCH!"

It was Townsend who carried the little victim of the Ve-ala on the homeward tramp through the forests. Sims didn't know how it came about. He would have liked well enough to have such

(Continued on page 130)

# YOU MUST SEE THE CROSSLEY FIRST!



When you see the 1931 Crossley you will be impressed with its beauty. Its low line, swept back from the deep V-shaped radiator, is a line of eagerness and speed. The wide doors open on to armchair sitting room of luxurious equipment and finish.

And when you drive the Crossley — whether it is the Silver Crossley or the more powerful Golden Crossley — you will drive it at speed, with more comfort than you have ever known. The reason is not only Crossley power, the secret is ease of control — Crossleys have perfected control! Crossley steering is light, but rigid as steel. The brake power is a marvel of sweetness and certainty. The acceleration is almost electric. Add to these tractive power of incredible smoothness and silence, springing that *makes* a road good, and you have the mechanical perfection of the 1931 Crossleys.

You have always wanted what Crossley gives. Get it now! Write to either of the addresses below for illustrated particulars and address of the nearest local agent, who will gladly arrange a trial run.

## CHOOSE NO CAR UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE

# CROSSLEY

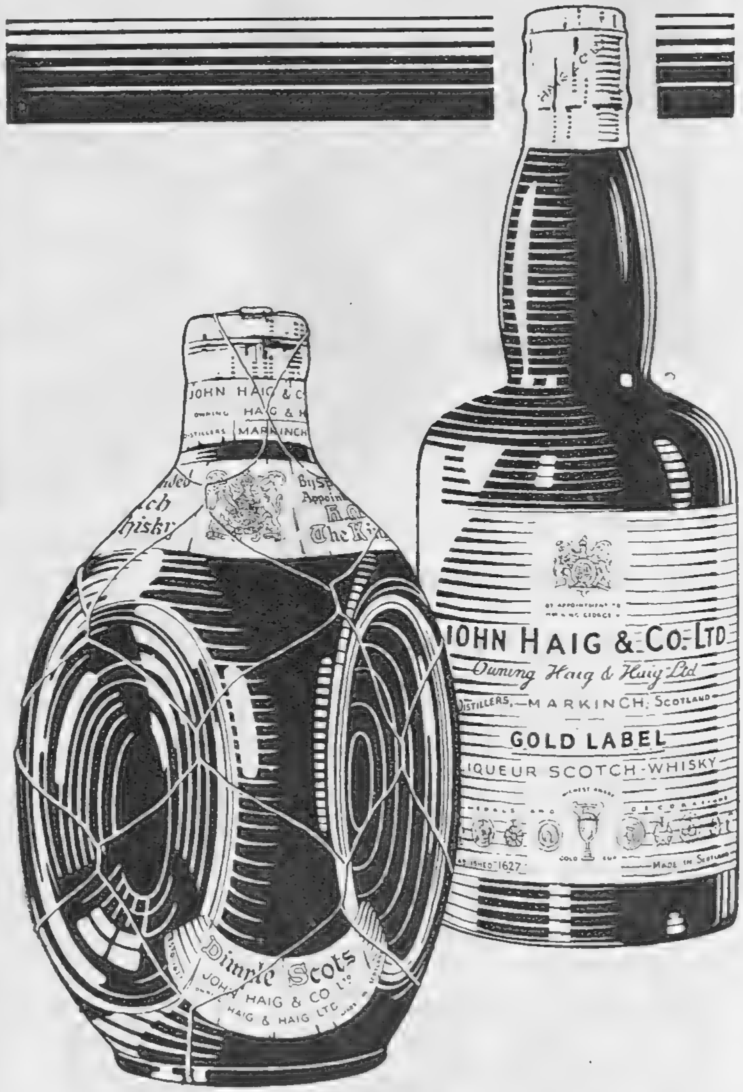
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **GOLDEN CROSSLEY** 20.9 six-cylinder Saloon de luxe | - - | £575 |
| **SILVER CROSSLEY** 15.7 six-cylinder Saloon de Luxe | - - | £495 |
| **SUPER** Six Limousine or Landaulette 20.9 six-cylinder | - - | £875 |

*Dunlop Tyres Standard.*

**CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.,** Gorton, Manchester. London Showrooms: Shrimpton Motors Ltd., 38-39 Berkeley St., W. London Service Depot: 50 Page St., London S.W.1

---

# *"Why be vague? Ask for Haig"*



# Haig

• • WHISKY

NO FINER WHISKY
GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Natural Color is the mode of the moment

"THE TATLER" SAYS:

"Women who court youth systematically are enthusiastic regarding the excellence of the Tangee preparations. The lipstick endows their lips with Nature's loveliest colour, while the creams and rouge suggest that Nature's brush has treated the cheeks in the kindest manner possible. *No one can detect any artifice in their beauty.*

Whatever your colouring—Tangee is for you. One of its thousand shades is yours! Apply Tangee and the colour changes to the one individual change you need!

Tangee ***Lipstick,*** 4/6. The same marvellous colour principle in ***Rouge Compact,*** 3/6. ***Crème Rouge,*** 4/6. ***Face Powder,*** blended to match the natural skin tones, 4/6. ***Night Cream;*** both cleanses and nourishes, 4/6. ***Day Cream,*** protects the skin, 4/6. ***Cosmetic,*** a new "mascara," will not smart, 4/6.

TANGEE
COSMETIC

**SEND 1/- for TANGEE BEAUTY SET**
**(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up."**

CALMON & NEATE, LTD. (Dept. 18.),
8 Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

*Name* ..........................................

*Address* ..........................................

a "bonzer little piece of goods" in his arms, but Townsend just took her and kept her, and that was all there was about it.

"Thank God, she's not harmed," he said. "Only insensible; she'll come round in no time. It's the third stage of the Ve-ala that I feared. The second——"

"What is the flaming thing, anyhow?"

Townsend's eye lightened. "Extremely interesting—if there was time to tell you. In brief, the victim, after being treated like a prince for some days, is suddenly seized and carried pick-a-back to the dancing ground. There the strongest men toss the child about from one to another, through the air, battering it from hand to hand, until it is insensible, or dazed. Then two ceremonial blows are given, one on each ear, and the head is cut off with a bamboo knife. Then——"

A small, self-possessed voice spoke from the crook of his elbow.

"I think I'd rather not hear any more just at present, thank you."

"Cripes, she's awake," commented Sims.

They were deep in the forest now, and Townsend called a halt. Libbet, shaken, pale, but mistress of her little self, found her feet, and shook her disordered dress into tidiness.

"I can walk, if you'll give me an arm," she told Townsend. "I suppose you think me a perfect idiot, don't you? Well, I can tell you they'd never have caught me out as they did, only——"

"Where's y' Browning pistol?" suddenly shouted Sims.

"That's what I was saying. They—they came up behind me—and you can't get the drop on anyone from behind, can you?"

Sims shouted. "You would have made a proper soldier," he declared. "Who let y' loose in the Shebas?"

"Who let me loose?" repeated Libbet. Her secret was trembling in the balance; shaken, excited, nerve all but gone, she could not maintain the reserve that was second nature to her ordinary self. "If—if you want to know," she broke forth, "it was Richard Severance let me loose—the man I was to have married. I came here to look for him—to see if he was still alive."

A sudden silence followed her words. Townsend and Sims seemed to be avoiding one another's eyes. In another moment, both had taken up hurried speech.

"You may be sure he's dead, Miss Yorke Every one remembers that story—now you speak of it."

"Why, girl, y' won't find him here; white men don't come to New Virginia, not frequent that is. Once in a way they've come lookin' for curios, carvin's and sun-and-moons, and the like, but they——"

Libbet turned on him swiftly. "What do you mean by a sun-and-moon charm?"

Sims cast an appealing glance at Townsend. The latter responded.

"Why, Miss Yorke, it's a pretty thing and valuable as a curio, but also very insignificant, and it means a call that no Sheba Islander can resist. They say—but that's heathen nonsense—that there's magic in it."

"What magic?" Libbet asked, looking away from him.

"A kind of hypnotism. But, to my mind, that's superfluous. The sun-and-moon charm is in the nature of a ticket to an entertainment; a pass that admits bearer only to all sorts of secret things. It also carries immunity from all attack for the space of a night and a day even in the case of enemies."

"Is it," asked Libbet, speaking deliberately, "a piece of carved shell, deep orange colour, representing a round sun standing upon a curved crescent moon?"

"Why, you've seen it, Miss Yorke," cried Sims. "You had the luck; now, I never seen one except the one that B.P. fireman had hangin' round his neck, the day the natives got him and took him up to the bush, and I reckon it done him no good, because we all supposed he was eat."

Libbet, who had been walking between the two men, caught at Townsend's arm. "Let me sit down," she said.

He supported her to the edge of the track, and placed her on a fallen log. Over her head, he sent a glance of warning to Sims. Libbet was breathing hard, as if she had but just reached the summit of a long and difficult hill.

"It was—not—a fireman," she said. "The day before the wedding I was with Richard, and saw something in his hand that he had taken out of a box. It was a crescent moon with a sun in the middle of it, all cut out of orange-coloured shell. And I said, 'What's that? Is it for me?' And he said, 'God forbid,' and threw it out of the window into the garden of the house he was staying in. He said, 'It's not for me, either—God willing,' And so—we said good-bye till the next day, and that night he wrote me a beautiful letter, but I think—I know—he must have gone out into the garden later and . . ." She paused, unable to continue.

Through the silence, a giant cricket could be heard, whirring woodenly among the trees. A sulphur cockatoo cried "Craa!" and fled.

Libbet spoke again. "The Burn Philp boat was due to sail that night—for the Shebas." Again she paused. "No one would look for him—in the stokehold." Then again, speaking monotonously, as one from whom all feeling had departed, "The call—the call—through that little bit of shell—magic wasn't needed. I understand."

"We've got," said Townsend briskly, in an ordinary voice, "we've got to fetch you back to the Mission House before you crack up altogether; you've been through the mischief of a time, and you mustn't trouble your mind about anything. Here, Sims, take her other arm, and we'll march her along; just so."

Over the little fair head of Libbet, as they walked, glances were exchanged; once, Townsend made a vigorous "No!" with his lips, and Sims nodded "I understand." They reached the shore; the launch was waiting.

Townsend made occasion to loiter behind for a moment. "Don't dare to tell her," he whispered. "Never."

"That's right," agreed Sims. "I'll never breathe a word about that big chap that hopped in and ran away, bein' white beneath his red clay paintin'."

"You saw it? I thought I was mistaken."

"Cripes, no, I saw it too, but I hadn't time to——"

"We might have shot him," Townsend broke in, a look of horror on his face.

"Ah, gwan; he'd ought to 'a been shot, anyhow."

Townsend was curiously pale; almost as if he had seen a ghost—the ghost of terrible things that might have been, that would not be—now. "In future," he began to say. "In future—my mission work—I shall abstain from all——"

Sims continued, oblivious. "We won't tell the blanky Guvment. There's only one thing to do, and you know what it is as well as——"

"I can't countenance—"

"Nobody ast you. I mean to send 'm a present; a white man's revolver, with a cartridge in it—one. He'll know what to do. There was other cases—I remember—"

"Hush!" Townsend warned. Libbet was coming back.

"How does one thank a man—two—who have saved one's life?" she said.

"Aw, go on," laughed Sims. "There isn't only one way that I know of."

"There, then," said Libbet, rising on tiptoe to offer him her cheek. But Sims caught her in his arms, and kissed her heartily on the lips.

"I reckon I'm paid," he told her, eyes sparkling.

Townsend, when she lifted her lips to his, bent slowly down and kissed her forehead.

"I think I'll wait—for mine," he said.

END.

NOTE: The Ve-ala is an actual ceremony, well known in certain parts of the Western Pacific. The sun-and-moon charm is also an actual object, considered to possess mystic powers, and holding "season-ticket" value.
—AUTHOR.

## Salute *to* War

(*Continued from page* 71)

example of my argument. I worked through the War, and am under no delusions as to what it meant to the individual, the family or to the country. Nor am I ignorant of, nor do I try to discount the acute economic and social problems and difficulties of post-war conditions. So personal to most of us, and looming up so overwhelmingly near, that the war generation will never see it in perspective. All we can do now is to catalogue facts.

Four years of war forced progress, experiment and enterprise at unprecedented speed. The first post-war years saw reforms and innovations which would have taken decades of peace-time to achieve. Science and engineering were marshalled to the support of troops. Aviation was developed practically. Aircraft aided the Army and Navy. The Air Ministry was established.

The signature of the Representatives of the Dominions, separately appended to the Peace Treaty in 1919, established a precedent for concession of Treaty Power to the Dominions. For the first time, the British Empire was recognised as a "Power" in the Peace Treaty.

Largely influenced by services rendered by Irish regiments, the Irish Free State was established in 1921, and granted Dominion Status. Improved status of women, and their subsequent enfranchisement in 1918, was a direct result of the war, in great part, recognition of their national services at home and in war areas.

THE foundation of the League of Nations as a clearing-house for international grievances in 1920 is in theory the supreme result of the World War. No war in History has been productive of such a tremendously significant public mental attitude towards the desirability of Peace, or concerted international effort to outlaw war. Unfortunately in practice, the League of Nations is a delusion. If it could be made into an instrument of advancement and progress for humanity and the world, the League would generously fulfil the ideal for which it stands. Instead of that, it is instrumental in endeavouring to cast the world into a solid mould, with fixed frontiers and national boundaries, which, if the League could have its way, would never again be changed. An impossible theory, and impracticable. Worse still, provocative of further strife and war. The world is not ready for a Millennium of Peace. We may be feeling the urge of the Will, but we know not yet the Way.

Revolution is but another expression of War. The French Revolution raised triumphant the standard of Liberty and Equality, which in the hands of the French people has been the inspiration of Democracy in Europe.

It has taken war in the form of Revolution to emancipate the millions of Indian Purdah women. Peace would not have done as much in a century. It has taken War and Revolution to make China nationally conscious, to transform Turkey into a modern nation, Italy into a Power, Germany into a united, virile, progressive people, in place of the stuffed-shirt of Militarism she was before the War. Russia has been thrust into the melting-pot, fed iron instead of ikons, forced into the habit of activity.

Who would care to predict that there will never be another War!

There must be suffering and war so long as Man learns only by painful experience, and humanity progresses towards freedom and enterprise only by violent disruption of the obsolete, decayed and obstructing.

Lasting peace is inseparable from, and subject to, freedom. The world has never been free. It is not free now. Our most earnest peace-mongers and reformers are more concerned with the curtailment of personal freedom, restriction of emigration of peoples, permanent demarcation and limitation of national boundaries than skilfully-shepherded liberties. The world still needs War as the Great Liberator.

END

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH
KIA-ORA LIMITED
KIA-ORA CRUSH
KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

Home-made Lemonade cannot be as good as 'KIA-ORA'

Lemons deteriorate with keeping. Most lemons are kept boxed for months before reaching you. Meanwhile the citric acid steadily decreases, together with a notable proportion of their flavour and vitamins. And these are the lemons you use for home-made lemonade.

Compare lemonade, made from such lemons, with 'Kia-Ora,' made from fresh fruit, gathered from our own trees in the sunny groves of Messina; crushed on the spot at the moment of tree-ripeness . . . . fresh Lemonade made from perfect fruit, saturated with sunshine when its vitamin content is at the highest.

PRICES REDUCED
Bottle (*Squash*) . } 1/11
Decanter (*Crush*) }
Full-half size . . . 1/-
(*Prices in Gt. Britain*)

*Clowes K19*

KIA-ORA Ltd., Blackfriars, S.E. 1

"Kotex is best"

Miss "D"★

THE YOUNGER SET

*"Horseriding in the Row this morning, visits to friends this afternoon and shopping, a party tonight, and dancing. I never seem to have a minute to spare, far less to worry, and really there is no need to worry, for Kotex has made it a thing of the past.*

*Kotex is such an improvement and comfort to me that I always recommend it to my friends as the greatest advancement in personal hygiene woman has known—Kotex is the best."*

THERE is really no need for anxiety during busy days. Kotex is the scientific improvement for the personal comfort of all women.

Built of layer upon layer of Cellucotton (five times as absorbent as cotton wool), Kotex retains its softness and is discarded as easily as tissue paper. A special process ensures thorough deodorizing. Millions of women realize the exclusive advantages of the Kotex Soluble Sanitary Pad.

In sealed boxes, REGULAR SIZE (12 pads), 2/-; trial boxes (6 pads), 1/-. Just ask for "a packet of Kotex."

KOTEX

GUARANTEES COMPLETE DEODORIZATION

Made in Canada

*★Miss D. was introduced to Kotex through "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." Your Draper or Chemist has a copy for you; or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Kotex Ltd., 78, Salusbury Road, N.W.6.*

MATERNITY FROCKS

Treasure Maternity Frocks for summer wear are so cool, smart and comfortable. Each model is fitted with a simple adjustment which the wearer can expand as required.

Model M.408.

*This model is in printed artificial silk or printed delaine. Pleated georgette is used for the frills at bodice and cuffs. In many pretty designs on light or dark backgrounds.*

3 GNS.

*Also in printed voiles,* 55/-.
*Plain crepe-de-Chine,* 4 Gns.
*Printed crepe-de-Chine,* 4½ Gns.

*Customers may order by post with confidence*

**THESE CATALOGUES ARE INVALUABLE TO MOTHERS & EXPECTANT MOTHERS**

*Choose those you require now.*

*Sent Free in Plain Envelopes.*

M—MATERNITY WEAR (Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.).
A—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT (Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites).
B—EVERYTHING BABY NEEDS (from 3 months to 3 years). (Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Clothes, Hats, etc.).
D—EVERYTHING CHILDREN NEED (from 3 to about 12 years).
P—BABY CARRIAGES (Pram Rugs, Sun Canopies, etc.).
X—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.

*Agents for Harringtons Squares.*

TREASURE COT
COMPANY, LIMITED
(Telephone: Gerrard 4951)
*Specialists in Everything for Mothers, Babies & Children*
**(Dept. S.V.17), 103, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.**
**Nearly opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's.**

*Flynn's*

# The "EVE" Golf Competitions

## Results of the APRIL Monthly Medal Competition

### CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch of Course. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. Chegwyn | La Moye | 80 | 16 | 64 | 73 | 9 Below |
| Miss Hern | Hankley Common | 80 | 13 | 67 | 73 | 6 „ |
| Miss D. Eastwood | Harrogate | 85 | 15 | 70 | 76 | 6 „ |
| Miss Enid Ratcliffe | West Cornwall | 78 | 8 | 70 | 75 | 5 „ |
| Mrs. W. Edlin | Dyke | 76 | 11 | 65 | 70 | 5 „ |
| Miss Mackenzie | West Middlesex | 88 | 17 | 71 | 76 | 5 „ |
| Mrs. Poyser | Sutton-on-Sea | 78 | 10 | 68 | 72 | 4 „ |
| Mrs. F. T. Johns | Highcliffe Castle | 77 | 12 | 65 | 69 | 4 „ |
| Mrs. Stronach | North Hants | 88 | 15 | 73 | 77 | 4 „ |
| Mrs. Kerslake | Worlebury | 83 | 16 | 67 | 71 | 4 „ |
| Mrs. E. Close | Ferndown | 76 | 3 | 73 | 76 | 3 „ |
| Mrs. A. Dean | West Lancashire | 84 | 13 | 71 | 74 | 3 „ |
| Mrs. Murphy | West Lancashire | 86 | 15 | 71 | 74 | 3 „ |
| Miss Lawrenson | Hillside | 86 | 16 | 70 | 73 | 3 „ |
| Mrs. Wilkinson | Northenden | 89 | 17 | 72 | 75 | 3 „ |
| Miss Goldsworth | Birkdale | 90 | 18 | 72 | 75 | 3 „ |
| Miss M. Gourlay | Camberley Heath | 72 | plus 1 | 73 | 75 | 2 „ |
| Mrs. Clement | Ringway | 75 | 1 | 74 | 76 | 2 „ |
| Mrs. M. Fadzean | Irvine | 88 | 13 | 75 | 77 | 2 „ |
| Mrs. W. Woodrow | Stockport | 87 | 13 | 74 | 76 | 2 „ |
| Miss Platt | Thonock | 83 | 15 | 68 | 70 | 2 „ |
| Miss Duncan | Timperley | 90 | 16 | 74 | 76 | 2 „ |
| Miss D. Pearson | Neville | 75 | 1 | 74 | 75 | 1 „ |
| Mrs. Griffiths | Ringway | 79 | 4 | 75 | 76 | 1 „ |
| Miss Dorman | North Hants | 84 | 8 | 76 | 77 | 1 „ |
| Mrs. Dicker | Gt. Yarmouth and Caister | 81 | 8 | 73 | 74 | 1 „ |
| Mrs. Pannikar | Ashton-under-Lyne | 79 | 9 | 70 | 71 | 1 „ |
| Miss Plummer | Hillside | 87 | 15 | 72 | 73 | 1 „ |
| Miss Bamber | Hesketh | 89 | 14 | 78 | 76 | 1 „ |
| Mrs. Bishop | Hockley | 90 | 16 | 74 | 75 | 1 „ |

### CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch of Course. | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. Greenshields | Longniddry | 88 | 19 | 69 | 80 | 11 Below |
| Mrs. V. O. Marsh | Tyneside | 98 | 34 | 64 | 75 | 11 „ |
| Miss Norah Wood | South Shields | 104 | 36 | 68 | 77 | 9 „ |
| Mrs. F. W. Smith | Notts | 90 | 21 | 69 | 77 | 8 „ |
| Miss Green | Walton Heath | 95 | 23 | 72 | 80 | 8 „ |
| Mrs. Hudson | East Devon | 93 | 24 | 69 | 77 | 8 „ |
| Miss Bennett | Chevin | 92 | 25 | 67 | 75 | 8 „ |
| Mrs. Thomas | Clacton-on-Sea | 95 | 28 | 67 | 75 | 8 „ |
| Miss N. Charlton | Bloxwich | 100 | 36 | 64 | 72 | 8 „ |
| Mrs. Kenny | Birkdale | 98 | 30 | 68 | 75 | 7 „ |
| Miss Mollet | La Moye | 102 | 36 | 66 | 73 | 7 „ |
| Miss Fraser | Betchworth Park | 88 | 19 | 69 | 75 | 6 „ |
| Miss Prechtel | Bromley and Bickley | 96 | 27 | 69 | 75 | 6 „ |
| Miss Stevens | Gorleston-on-Sea | 93 | 29 | 64 | 70 | 6 „ |
| Miss P. M. Armstrong | Hunstanton | 94 | 20 | 74 | 79 | 5 „ |
| Mrs. Benjamin | New Course Tollygunge (India) | 94 | 26 | 68 | 73 | 5 „ |
| Miss M. H. Doughty | Sutton Bridge | 95 | 28 | 67 | 72 | 5 „ |
| Miss L. Davenport | Frilford Heath | 103 | 35 | 70 | 75 | 5 „ |
| Miss Bushell | Rugby | 100 | 35 | 65 | 70 | 6 „ |
| Mrs. W. B. Smith | Chilwell Manor | 90 | 20 | 70 | 74 | 4 „ |
| Miss Hawkins | North Hants | 93 | 20 | 73 | 77 | 4 „ |
| Miss Kirby | Sutton-on-Sea | 89 | 21 | 68 | 72 | 4 „ |
| Mrs. Pearson | Swansea Bay | 96 | 26 | 70 | 74 | 4 „ |
| Miss E. S. Wood | Birkdale | 107 | 36 | 71 | 75 | 4 „ |
| Miss J. Kirby | Birkdale | 107 | 36 | 71 | 75 | 4 „ |
| Mrs. Edwards | Rushcliffe | 77 | 19 | 68 | 71 | 3 „ |
| Mrs. R. M. Bradley | New Course Tollygunge (India) | 94 | 24 | 70 | 73 | 3 „ |
| Mrs. C. Chambers | North Hants | 96 | 22 | 74 | 77 | 3 „ |
| Miss K. Mitchell | Dewsbury | 98 | 29 | 69 | 72 | 3 „ |
| Miss Lucas | Northenden | 104 | 32 | 72 | 75 | 3 „ |

## THE "EVE" CLUB COMPETITION.

### Leading results for April

| Club. | Membership. | No. of Cards. | Percentage. | Club. | Membership. | No. of Cards. | Percentage. | Club. | Membership. | No. of Cards. | Percentage. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ryde | 67 | 38 | 56·71 | Highcliffe Castle | 80 | 1 | 1·25 | Walmley | 120 | 1 | ·83 |
| Langholm | 68 | 36 | 53·08 | Gorleston-on-Sea | 87 | 1 | 1·15 | Ferndown | 127 | 1 | ·79 |
| Thonock | 80 | 27 | 33·75 | Gt. Yarmouth and Caister | 84 | 1 | 1·12 | Gosforth Park | 127 | 1 | ·79 |
| Cowes | 62 | 18 | 29·03 | Dyke | 90 | 1 | 1·11 | Chevin | 130 | 1 | ·77 |
| La Moye | 45 | 3 | 6·67 | West Middlesex | 90 | 1 | 1·11 | Tyneside | 130 | 1 | ·77 |
| Trentham | 100 | 4 | 4·00 | Wetherby | 90 | 1 | 1·11 | Chilwell Manor | 135 | 1 | ·74 |
| North Hants | 150 | 5 | 3·33 | Rugby | 92 | 1 | 1·08 | Hesketh | 140 | 1 | ·71 |
| Hockley | 80 | 2 | 2·50 | Bloxwich | 96 | 1 | 1·04 | South Shields | 149 | 1 | ·67 |
| Birkdale | 168 | 4 | 2·32 | Swansea Bay | 100 | 1 | 1·00 | Crosland Heath | 148 | 1 | ·67 |
| Camberley Heath | 140 | 3 | 2·14 | Harrogate | 207 | 2 | ·96 | West Lancashire | 386 | 2 | ·52 |
| Hillside, Ltd. | 100 | 2 | 2·00 | Huyton | 104 | 1 | ·96 | Frilford Heath | 200 | 1 | ·50 |
| Datchet | 60 | 1 | 1·67 | Timperley | 107 | 1 | ·93 | Sutton Coldfield | 40 | 2 | ·50 |
| Clacton-on-Sea | 70 | 1 | 1·43 | Nevill | 118 | 1 | ·85 | East Devon | 160 | 1 | ·15 |
| Ringway | 156 | 2 | 1·28 | Chislehurst | 119 | 1 | ·84 | Longniddry | 160 | 1 | ·15 |

### Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

|  | Percentage. |  | Percentage. |  | Percentage. |  | Percentage. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ryde | 40·47 | Thonock | 11·95 | Tamworth | 4·99 | Birkdale | 1·13 |
| Langholm | 38·59 | La Moye | 6·11 | North Hants | 1·67 | Bournemouth (Queen's Park) | 1·08 |
| Cowes | 22·18 | Trentham | 6·00 | Camberley Heath | 1·60 |  |  |

## SHOTS OF THE MONTH

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players who have holed in one.

Mrs. W. Edlin, 9th hole, Dyke.
Miss Phyllis Moore, 16th hole, Stratford-on-Avon.
Mrs. Telling, on a South Wales course.
Mrs. Ruby Hollist, 4th hole, Burnham Beeches.
Mrs. A. Hudleston, 7th hole, Murrayfield Ladies'.
Miss C. Roxby, 5th hole, South Moor.
Mrs. H. E. Dickinson, 10th hole, Willesley Park.
Miss D. M. Hicks, 17th hole, Highcliffe Castle.
Miss G. Baines, 7th hole, Childwall.
Mrs. N. Harrison, 10th hole, Hankley Common.

## The "Eve" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

**(8th Year) at GULLANE**
**(No. 1 Course)**
**JUNE 16 to 19, 1931.**

### HOTEL AND RAILWAY FACILITIES

The "Britannia and Eve" Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be The Marine Hotel, Gullane, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each for those sharing two-bedded rooms, 16s. 6d. per day for single rooms, inclusive of room, attendance, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and morning baths. Early morning tea and after-dinner coffee extra. One person occupying a double room extra. Bissett's Hotel, Gullane: 16s. a day or 5 guineas a week inclusive. Special cheap railway fares (a single fare and a third for the return journey) will be available from June 13 to June 29 or intermediately for parties of not less than four travelling together. Apply to the Passenger Traffic Superintendent, King's Cross (L.N.E.R.), London.

*All entries for* EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON JUNE

*Name* { *Mrs.* / *Miss* ..................................................

*Address* ..................................................

..................................................

*For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of*

.........................*of which I am a member.*

## Marlene Dietrich

*(Continued from page 45)*

who loses her poise and discards a rich husband (Adolphe Menjou, in a strictly honourable and quixotic rôle!) to follow a private in the Foreign Legion into the desert on her bare feet in company with a band of native women, Marlene Dietrich is not convincing. True, the story, which opens well, so goes to pieces towards the end that probably no actress in the world could do anything with the part.

BUT consider the woman. Marlene Dietrich has been described by interviewers as a "charming, simple and unaffected girl." She is quite clever enough to "put over" this or anything else she wanted to. But the whole is greater than the part she plays. She is an extremely intelligent actress of outstanding beauty and attraction, with the knowledge and experience to exploit her every asset. She is also a practical and frugal Teuton married to a business man and mother of a little girl of five.

She had her way to make in America and no doubt she accepted all the suggestions of her employers and her director. She is a hard worker and a conscientious artist. But now that she has come into her own doubtless her own dynamic personality will assert itself. Her next picture will be interesting. "Dishonoured," made before the European release of "Morocco," which will be shown here in a few months, may have been made with the idea of beating Garbo at her own game, but this recipe will be, *must* be, dropped in her subsequent pictures.

Marlene Dietrich is to return home to Germany after the completion of every two films. This is in order that she can see her little girl. The reason that she has not transported her to America is that she thinks it better for a child not to be dragged from country to country and subjected to changes of diet and climate.

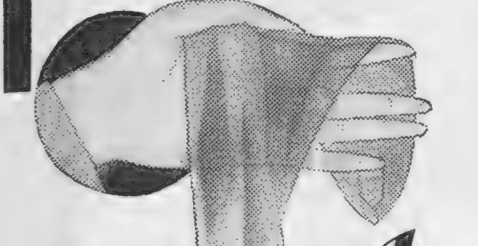
Herr Rudolf Sieber, Marlene's husband, has gone back to America with her this time; perhaps he is right. But somehow one does not imagine that the scandals about Marlene Dietrich—and Hollywood is positively parochial in its love of gossip—will be connected with affairs of the heart, in spite of her very evident sex appeal. She is devoted to her husband and child and, like most German women, is domesticated. The troubles are and are likely to continue to be caused by the rivalry and jealousy of other actresses, not about men but about work, and, perhaps, by Marlene's inherent candour.

Ruth Chatterton has been Paramount's first and foremost star since the inception of talking films. Her contract with them expires in October and she is going to Warner Bros. Ruth Chatterton was asked by the authorities to attend the première of "Morocco." She refused to do so and her absence inevitably caused comment, but the effect was much more like an advertisement for Dietrich than for Chatterton!

AMERICA is divided between admiration and resentment of Greta Garbo's "difference." Marlene is just as different, not only from the crowd but from Greta Garbo, and she is not likely to enjoy being reduced to a formula. If she gets the right pictures and is allowed to handle her parts in her own way she will be the greatest actress on the screen. She will make a fortune and she will keep it and then, probably, she will return to her native Germany, and Marlene Dietrich will disappear and in her place there will be Frau Rudolf Sieber, the wealthy wife of a successful business man and the mother of a charming and well-brought-up little girl——that is, unless something strange happens, and I think that Marlene is more likely to influence than to be influenced by Hollywood. She may go "the way of all flesh on the screen, but that lovely head is screwed on the right way with something like a self-locking device; she is what the French call *rangée* and her real power lies not so much in her beauty as in her brains.

END

*'I'm the best saleswoman for Aristoc. If they'd pay me commission for the people I've introduced to Aristoc silk stockings, I'd retire tomorrow. They do wear simply marvellously!'*



Aristoc

PURE SILK

*★ Finest, purest silk ★ full-fashioned; wide yet close-fitting tops ★ tapered-in, stepped-in toe; reinforced at toe joints ★ no chafing side seams, purest dyes, fast to washing ★ Aristoc stockings are made in Nottingham.*

**4/11 TO 12/6**

*If you like the fashionable dull finish ask for Aristoc No. 396*

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

*Sole Distributors to the Trade for the British Isles:* W. L. ARBER LTD., *Portland House*
*4, Great Portland St., Oxford Circus, London, W.1*

*Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890*

**For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.**

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

# The

¶ **No Age Limit**

¶ **Money Prizes**

*Snapped by Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910, and awarded an Hon. Mention in the April 1st Competition*

## Competition Results

### *Award of Prizes, March 18*

### Graduates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Landscape from Memory. Prize 10s. Awarded to May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523. Hon. Mention: Dolly Davies, G.C.S. 5700; G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465.

*Literature Competition.*—A Paper on Flying Women. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jessie Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291. Hon. Mention: Muriel Malvern, G.C.S. 5808; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573.

*Needlework Competition.*—A D'Oyley. Prize 10s. Awarded to Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Kathleen Bell, G.C.S. 5754.

### Members' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Book Jacket. Prize 10s. Divided between Paul Langfield, M.C.S. 3706, and Elizabeth Fletcher, M.C.S. 2756. Hon. Mention: G. E. M. Moss, M.C.S. 3079; N. Berners-Wilson, M.C.S. 3099; Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080.

*Literature Competition.*—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060. Hon. Mention: Avril Reynolds, M.C.S. 3202; Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162; Bridget Hill, M.C.S. 3056.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prize 10s. Awarded to G. Fraser-Hamilton, M.C.S. 3100. Hon. Mention: Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166; Nancy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3240.

### Associates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Something Taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Margaret James, A.C.S. 1442. Hon. Mention: James Walsh, A.C.S. 1439; Nora Whittaker, A.C.S. 1444.

*Literature Competition.*—A Letter to a Friend Concerning a Holiday. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189. Hon. Mention: Sheila Fraser, A.C.S. 1335: Joan Guillaume, A.C.S. 1436.

### Cardboard Model of a Farm

Prize 15s. Awarded to Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Hon. Mention: Charles F. C. Harris, A.C.S. 583.

### *Award of Prizes, April 1*

### Graduates' Circle

*Art Competition.* — Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ethel Try, G.C.S. 5608. Hon. Mention: Romola Erskine, G.C.S. 5774; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356.

*Literature Competition.*—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prize 10s. Awarded to Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783. Hon. Mention: Amy Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242.

### Members' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816 and Gwendolen E. M. Moss, M.C.S. 3079. Hon. Mention: Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189; John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065; V. Horn, M.C.S. 2803; Barbara Booth, M.C.S. 3215; Florence C. H. Woollcombe, M.C.S. 3110.

*Literature Competition.*—Compile a Crossword Puzzle. Prize 10s. Awarded to Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910. Hon. Mention: Sylvia A. Reed, M.C.S. 3087; Ann Hannay, M.C.S. 3082; C. K. Gorst, M.C.S. 3194.

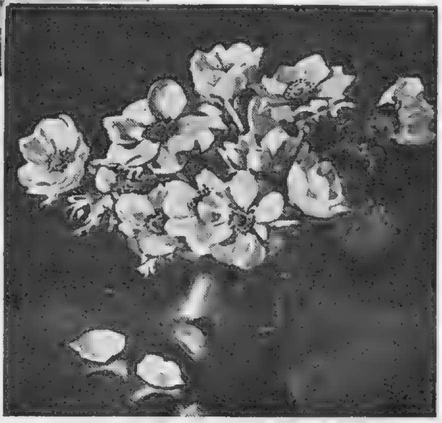
### Associates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A View from a Window. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189.

*Literature Competition.*—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Clare Ackroyd, A.C.S. 1190. Hon. Mention: Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275.

### Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s. Awarded to Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060. Second Prize, 5s. Awarded to Hetty Duckham, M.C.S. 3155. Hon. Mention: Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126; Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910; Peggy Adès, M.C.S. 2872.



*Kitty Earp's brilliant study of Anemones, which won her a share of the Members' Circle Art prize in the April 1st Competition*

## NEWS of the MONTH

I HAVE several children on my list waiting for someone to become their Fairy Godmother and shall be glad to hear from any Saloner who would like to act in this capacity. As most of you know, those of our members who assume this pleasant responsibility, are not obliged to do more than take a friendly interest in some other child less happily situated than themselves. To write to them from time to time, to send them a book, toys or sweets, and clothes that are no longer required, are some of the little services, among others, which we suggest may be given.

Saloners who desire to do more are of course at liberty to do so, and it is always pleasant to hear, as we often do, of some special service being rendered, or that a girl who began her Fairy Godmother's career in her Associate years, when she was, perhaps, not more than ten or twelve years old, has kept it up regularly although both she and her godchild are now grown up.

With so much distress about through prolonged unemployment this interest which the girl in fortunate circumstances —or boy, for that matter, for we have several boys also on our list—can offer to the less happily placed, is more than ever necessary. It has sometimes been said of our Cinderellas, by the way, when they make their rare appearances at the pantomime or on the station platform when they are off for a brief week by the sea, provided by our Cinderellas' Holiday Fund, that they do not look badly off enough to need these treats. In no case is it less safe to judge by appearances. Every effort is made on these occasions not to parade poverty, and frequently clothes are not only borrowed from and willingly lent by friends only a little better off, but when this source fails are even *hired*! Obviously when pride of that type is present you may be quite sure you are dealing with a case which has no intention of imposing on your generosity. It is of rags which one needs to be so wary!

* * *

SALONERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY
*Winsome Clemence, M.C.S. 3245, whose great interest is writing fiction*

PAGE 74 of this issue will be very interesting to our knitters. It is so often difficult to get away from the commonplace in these matters. This smart waistcoat, scarf and cap provide an excellent opportunity, and I speak knowingly, for I have seen the lovely original, in mimosa yellow wool bordered with brown and white.

* * *

ALEXANDRA Day, Wednesday, June 10th. Please remember! If you are able to come here to Inveresk House to sell for us on that day, and have not yet sent in your name, kindly let me have it at once. I have to send in the list to Miss May Beeman within the next day or two.

* * *

WILL all competitors note that only *one* item may be submitted for each competition, and where entries for two or three different ones are placed in the same envelope, each must be clearly marked with the date for which it is intended. This is most important.

* * *

YOU will all be very interested to hear that Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356, whose clever art entries have so often won prizes in our pages, is exhibiting at the Royal Academy this year. I should have put this important item of our news at the beginning had I known it in time, but it only arrived as we were going to press. It is among the sculpture exhibits and is a statuette group intended for bronze. For the benefit of those who cannot see it personally—we are such a far-flung crowd, there are Saloners in every quarter of the globe—I hope to reproduce it in these pages shortly.

# Children's Salon

## *and*

## *Competition Circles*

Conducted by "LEVANA"

### Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.*

## FUTURE COMPETITIONS

*June—July*

### Graduates' Circle (over 20)

*Art Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, June 15th. A Portrait Study. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

*Literature Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. "The Ideal Holiday." No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Sonnet entitled "Summer Days." No. III. Closing date, July 15th. A Short Story.

*Needlework Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. Something White. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Pincushion. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

### Members' Circle (over 15)

*Art Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. A Flower Study. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Design for a Poster Advertising a Seaside Resort. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

*Literature Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Dialogue between Two School Girls Concerning a Third. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. A Short Poem.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Anything White.

### Associates' Circle (under 15)

*Art Competitions.*—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. A Landscape Study. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Pencil Sketch of a Tree. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

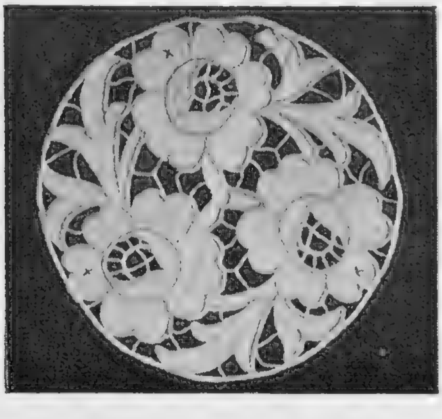
*Literature Competitions.*—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, June 15th. Imagine Yourself a Picnic Hostess, and Describe your plans for making a success. No. II. Closing date, July 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, July 15th. Describe how you would spend £2 given to you to buy books.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Anything Knitted.

### Open to All—Age taken specially into Account.

*Snapshot Competition.*

First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. A Landscape Study. Closing date, July 1st.



*A charming little d'oyley in cut-work by Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739, and awarded the March 18th Needlework prize*

*One of the cleverest entries Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356, has submitted recently. Her cardboard Model Farm was a model in every respect, beautifully painted and complete with every item*

## CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

*(March 18)*

**Heather Strudwick.**—Not a very convincing plot, but the writing very good as a whole. Some inexperience is shown, but that is inevitable for the present. Keep your pen busy working out all sorts of situations if you intend to write fiction.

**Paul Langfield.**—Technically very sound, and also quite interesting as design. The ship might show a little more natural projection with advantage, and the lower line of lettering is scarcely so explicit as it should be. Otherwise excellent.

**Elizabeth Fletcher.**—A little more colour could have been introduced without any loss of a valuable restraint, especially in view of the book's title, but the design is charmingly original. The name of the author should have appeared.

**Margaret James.**—A very clever colouring, admirably planned to suit the subject and interestingly carried out. I shall be interested to see your next entry. The little paper is lively and amusing without any affectation, if rather too unpretentious.

**Dora Malfatti.**—I can only deal with one entry for each competition, and am here judging "The Music Master." All your detail is well handled and is interesting, but this leisurely manner is not suited to the short story. It is better to choose a single dramatic episode for anything within four or five thousand words and under.

**Patricia Appleyard.**—With a rather different handling of the plot, this would make an excellent story. It requires, however, a very practised hand to do full justice to it. Keep it by you, and see how you can improve and develop it later on.

**Muriel Malvern.**—An excellent paper. The light, but interesting, touch, throughout, serves your point of view admirably.

**Sheila Fraser.**—A little short for a competition letter, but very well put and interesting into the bargain. Another time expatiate a little more.

**Bridget Hill.**—This is somewhat *à la* Hollywood, but is attractively written. My chief difficulty was to decipher, and I am not sure I always got it right. Compete again soon.

**Marion Richards.**—As this is presumably to a girl of your own age, it is rather stiff, especially for to-day, when a freer style of composition is permissible for all but the most formal occasions. Otherwise quite well done.

**Sheila MacLeod.**—The detail is very well and amusingly handled, but if some little "plot" had been worked in, as the beginning suggests will be the case, the interest would be much increased.

**Joan Guillaume.**—Rather more might have been made of the trip. This cuts everything a little short and leaves one with an appetite for more. Quite good as far as it goes, though.

**Norah Whittaker.**—Very delicate and charming, but a trifle too subdued. A little more colour on the background would have given some needed life. Still clever and erring in the right direction.

**Betty Robson.**—A very sound piece of design, but more suited to textile requirements than for a book jacket in the ordinary way. It is better to choose a title and work from that.

**H. J. S. Cameron.**—Excellent composition, but the treatment has suffered because the original was not in front of you. You have captured the chief features very well. Another time, after memorising these, look further for the relationship of details.

**Veronica Price Harris.**—Your sense of colour, always such a feature of your work, is rather astray here, and in addition is not quite so clear as usual. Try this sort of thing again, as it is a good chance to apply the knowledge you have gained in first-hand study from nature.

**Dorothy Guillaume.**—If this is intended for embroidery on linen, then the design should work out admirably. Very artistic and pleasing.

**Trixie Ford.**—Very well tackled. One of the best things you have submitted so far. The needlework entry is charming both in design and stitchery. I haven't a word of criticism to offer.

**Nancie Berners-Wilson.**—An excellent scheme. The author's name should have been included on the front page as well, and lettering in a stronger key would have improved matters. Still very good and satisfying, as a whole.

**Ursula A. C. Moss.**—Some exaggeration is permissible, but still the figure of Don Juan might have respected normal proportions without any sacrifice of originality in the striking design. The lettering is weak and is not helped by the white background.

**P. Hall.**—Graphically told, although its effectiveness is hindered by the difficulty encountered in the attempt to decipher the script. Try for a clearer handwriting. You will find it useful yourself if you try longer stuff and want to re-read easily.

**Peter Recaldin.**—If you had avoided pencil and had kept the whole thing in wash the result would have been much more effective. You have seized the spirit of the original remarkably well.

**Avril Reynolds.**—The quaint lettering is effective, but should be a little more explicit. The eccentric figure is a good illustration of the title, but could be placed more happily in relation to the rest of the scheme. The yarn is most amusing, and if the idea could be applied a little more effectively it would be exceedingly good. As it is, it just misses any particular mark.

**G. E. M. Moss.**—Delightfully suggested, and very economical from the producer's point of view. This method of holding a spade, however, would not dig very effectively. The child has no real grip.

**Diana Nichol.**—Cleverly handled, except for the much too white pavement and over-blue shadows. It is never easy to get a successful compromise between the decorative and the realistic. Safer to be frankly one or the other.

**Gwendoline Allen.**—One's interest is aroused by the opening, but the finish is somewhat disappointing. Try to get more interest into the plot; it is too thin as it is now, although charmingly written.

**Jessie Wilkes.**—A most amusing paper, quite rightly cheeky, and a great change from all the solemn stuff! I have thoroughly enjoyed your point of view.

**Olwen Lawton.**—The beginning leads one to expect something very good in the way of a plot; but the one which follows, although exciting in places, does not live up to the opening. I think you should work at it again.

**Gladys Cumpstey.**—This wanders away from the subject very interestingly. It is very acid, perhaps rightly so, although some allowance might have been made for a few thousands, among the millions, who are *different*. Very well put.

**Amy G. Haydon.**—Very pretty and dainty. Many thanks.

(*Continued on page* 136)

*"Outward Bound," snapped by Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126. Awarded an Hon. Mention in the April 1st Competition*

THE HEALTH OF YOUR CHILD

is surely more to you than anything else! Have you noticed how many children dislike milk? If Caffein-free H.A.G COFFEE is added to the milk, however, the children will love it."

H.A.G. Coffee is a beverage which does not harm even the tender organism of a child. You really ought to make a trial with Caffein-free H.A.G. Coffee. Many Doctors say: "Caffein-free H.A.G. Coffee is a blessing to humanity." Sold in 1/6 Tins packed under vacuum.

SEND 1½d. FOR A LIBERAL SAMPLE TO

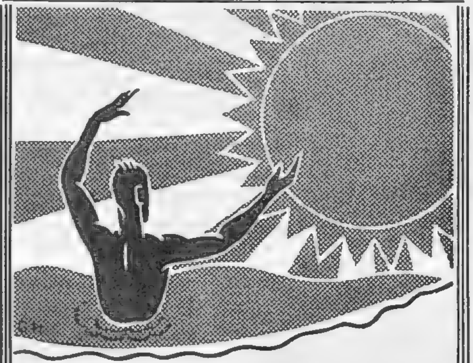
H.A.G. COFFEE

40, Theobald's Rd., London, W.C.1.

Name..........................................

Address.......................................

B. & E. 5



GOLDEN SUNSHINE

....six miles of golden sands....the warm, sparkling sea, all call you to Bournemouth and your ideal holiday. You will find a new zest in the out-of-doors, a new delight in holiday-making at Bournemouth, England's loveliest seaside resort.

*Write to-day for the new illustrated Guide and Hotel Register, free from the Town Clerk, Room 76a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.*

BOURNEMOUTH

The Centre of Health & Sunshine

BRITISH FILMS.

LADIES able to drive car, play golf, salmon fishing, *mountaineering*, can take part in film production of *National Importance*. Previous film experience unnecessary. Suitable wardrobe essential. Reply with photo, personal details, to Box No. 46, c/o "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.

# The Children's SALON

*Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.*

**Helen Mary Lillie.**—Not at all a bad little story; very brightly written and full of promise. I am glad to see you breaking away for once in a while from the historical scene. The one should help the other.

**Joyce Bidder.**—Most perfect in every detail, and delightful as a whole. How many hours you must have given to it! I hope the photograph will do it some justice, but I fear only a little. Most truly have you earned the prize!

**Kathleen Bell.**—Exquisite stitchery, but perhaps a little too much colour for the size of the article. Something simpler in scheme is less difficult to live up to!

**Honor Fielding.**—Excellently done. I know the care required to get so successful a result, and congratulate you accordingly.

**James Walsh.**—As a colouring this is extremely well balanced and pleasant to the eye, but its purpose makes some reconsideration necessary. Too many shades are introduced into the gown, which is supposed to be a fashion, not fancy dress. The little letter is clearly expressed, but rather short.

**Audrey Tresidder-Wills.**—Melodrama must justify itself. The earlier half is quite cleverly done, but much more expert handling is necessary to "get away" with this finish. Pay more attention to the scaffolding of your plots. . . . The weak drawing of the wrist spoils an otherwise charming design, although if the diagonal ran the other way, an even better result would be obtained. The "body" of the hand is small in every way for the rest.

**Rena Recaldin.**—A charming letter, a little involved in actual composition, but still so sincere and effective that this is easily forgiven. By giving it this colouring the exotic lady and her surroundings go rather further than the intentions of the original artist. The scheme is clever, but not very pleasing.

*Olive Welford, G.C.S. 5839.*
*A new member of the Children's Salon photographed in the charming dress worn at a recent pageant*

**Margaret Smith.**—Mist generally flattens sky and softly silhouettes middle-distance features, adding enormously to aerial perspective by rapid modification of colour and effect. These points are not given in your memory sketch, though it has largeness of design and some power.

**Helen Fawcett.**—A fairylike suggestion of tender spring sunshine, but the nearer foliage and blossom lacks verisimilitude. Beyond the foreground, all very dainty, and though not very actual, pleasing.

**Maud Higgins.**—Your effect of bluebells is very true, though the rather harsh green of the foliage is not spring-like, and the pink blossom too like pierced lights. Well composed, but a bit lacking in softness and depth of colour of woodland.

**G. Christabel Richens.**—A very dramatic bit of winter effect, attractive by its vigour and daring, though a bit lacking in nuances—the tree tops, the subtle variation of snow tones, and the colour of the snow cloud—still, extremely suggestive and full of power.

**May W. Harrison.**—A really remarkable memory sketch, full of light, air, and tender gradation as well as striking actuality. The immediate foreground is least satisfactory, and the tree shadows take too much space. A daring subject, full of real knowledge.

**Dolly Davies.**—Strong and true tonality, and of a pleasing broad simplicity. The effect is not absolutely consistent throughout, but there is so much that is admirable, that the neglected foreground hardly matters.

**Betty Weir.**—Well designed, though the lettering is rather poor. The cloud forms are not very useful, and the nearer guide looks far from comfortable. Colour scheme good and simple, and the idea, on the whole, very well suggested. The story is prettily told, but more might have been made of the interesting development at the end.

**Bobbie Webber.**—Quite a good scheme, which would be even better without the green note. The perspective lacks horizon, and the arrangement of panel, title and author might be better disposed in rather smaller space.

**John Waterhouse.**—There is enough in your sketch to show what you aimed at, but your powers are not yet equal to your ideas. Help yourself by reference to a mirror when puzzled, and draw as much as possible from Nature. In this way you will learn the figures' possibilities.

**Nancy Guillaume.**—Very neat and dainty. I hope you will compete as often as possible. I am anxious to encourage needlework entries in the Members' Circle; but, unfortunately, most people have to work so hard at school, there isn't much time left for needlework these days.

**Mabel Sanders.**—A rather finer cotton would greatly help the effect of work of this type. Only a very intricate pattern makes the coarser work effective. Otherwise beautifully done.

**Dahlia Anson.**—Interesting, if rather curious, composition. The foreground shadows need further reference to Nature, and the structure of the tree is indicated too forcibly by line instead of mass. The little tree is much better. It is useful to take a memory sketch to the spot in a similar time of day and light, and note the points missed.

**Gwen Sweeting.**—A charming drawing—one of the best pieces of work you have submitted, but much better lettering is an essential. Although in commerce this is often supplied by a specialist, it is worth while to become acquainted with the best styles.

**Pamela Searight.**—Head and background are nicely designed, but placed so much to the left give a rather too odd effect. If this position is maintained, then it would be better to bring the lettering rather more to the right to give interest and balance.

**Gwendoline Bertelsman.**—Far too much is attempted in the space at your command, so that important details are scarcely mentioned at all. Keep to episodes which can be mastered in a small space. This is very promising; in some ways the best thing you have sent in.

### (April 1)

**Betty Robson.**—The design itself has plenty of merit, but sophisticated fashions of this type require very expert technique to carry them off with success. Mastery of facts must precede acceptable and witty distortion of them.

**Kathleen Whittaker.**—Charming in colour and feeling, but halting between two methods, i.e., neither a stained pencil drawing nor a water-colour. Decide the exact effect at which you are aiming, and you will avoid an uncertain compromise.

**Nancie Berners-Wilson.**—Very vigorous and pleasing. The eye is far too small, and the neck rather thick; but the "colour" masses are admirably drawn and suggested. Study proportion carefully.

**Barbara Bootle.**—A very promising suggestion, admirably handled throughout. The faults are rather a poor stance, and the unnecessary exaggeration in the length of the legs.

**Ursula A. C. Moss.**—My feeling is that the fairy circle should have been far more transparently treated, so that its character was at once apparent. Some charming colour and considerable skill as a bit of picture making is exhibited, but details are too harshly presented.

**Mary A. Jones.**—Painstaking, without loss of artistry; in fact, Nature's charm is excellently suggested. Don't let woolliness of texture creep into your pencil studies, unless the subject demands it.

**Florence C. H. Woolcombe.**—A lot of excellent work, and considerable feeling for colour is shown, but at the cost of spontaneity in the case of the figure, particularly in the treatment of the dress. Still, charming work, full of promise.

**Nora Reed.**—A paper with a smooth surface is essential for work of this type; otherwise a broken line is almost inevitable. Both sketches are artistic, but a better knowledge of the natural figure would assist you with the exaggerations of this sort of drawing. Clever work for your age.

**Gwendoline Bertelsman.**—In compiling crossword puzzles to-day something more than dictionary accuracy should be aimed at. Clues should be as entertaining as possible. Yours are rather too straightforward and not always sufficiently apt.

**Charles K. Gorst.**—On the whole well put together and very accurate, but the merit of the clues varies a good deal. Several are quite interesting; others fall well below you at your best.

**Hetty Duckham.**—No solution seems to have been included in your envelope; so, of course, I cannot judge the puzzle itself. It looks interesting.

**Sheila Apted.**—I was delighted to see something from you again. This is a great improvement on your last; you are getting along well. A smoother effect of chalk for the blue sky would have been nearer Nature's effect. The tone of the rest is charming.

**Joan Wyatt.**—This new angle of vision is interestingly done. The rhythm is a bit halting; but, as a whole, a promising entry. Send in regularly if you can.

**Sybil Stallibrass.**—Exquisite in style and design, and charmingly neat and dainty. Perhaps it would have been better to have kept all four corners alike in treatment.

**May W. Harrison.**—Very sound observation and substance excellently suggested. A little heavy in treatment and accents too much the same throughout; but still very good.

(*Continued on page* 138)

*The Children's Salon*
COUPON

*The Children's Salon*
COUPON

FOR MORE than a HUNDRED YEARS

**HAMPTONS'** BRITISH & FOREIGN **CARPETS**

have secured to their customers value that has never been surpassed.

*For example:* HAMPTONS' EXTRA FINE Grade

**INDIAN CARPETS**

These are closely woven with a fine quality deep pile and are confidently recommended to withstand the hardest wear and give every satisfaction. As it is only by personal inspection that the superiority of these carpets over other grades can be realised, Hamptons strongly recommend prospective Purchasers to view the selection now on sale in their showrooms. The stock comprises a great variety of the most recent productions, all of which exemplify exceptionally pleasing colour effects. The range of sizes is very extensive, those quoted below being typical examples only.

*A typical example of the designs.*

| ft. | in. | | ft. | in. | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | 2 | × | 6 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 6 |
| 8 | 10 | × | 6 | 11 | 6 | 9 | 6 |
| 9 | 1 | × | 6 | 3 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| 9 | 1 | × | 7 | 4 | 7 | 1 | 6 |
| 9 | 6 | × | 9 | 1 | 9 | 3 | 0 |
| 9 | 9 | × | 6 | 11 | 7 | 3 | 0 |
| 10 | 2 | × | 7 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 0 |
| 10 | 2 | × | 10 | 2 | 10 | 19 | 0 |
| 10 | 3 | × | 9 | 2 | 9 | 19 | 6 |
| 10 | 10 | × | 9 | 3 | 10 | 12 | 0 |
| 11 | 2 | × | 9 | 2 | 10 | 16 | 6 |
| 11 | 3 | × | 8 | 5 | 10 | 1 | 0 |
| 11 | 4 | × | 8 | 1 | 9 | 14 | 0 |
| 12 | 1 | × | 9 | 1 | 11 | 12 | 6 |
| 12 | 2 | × | 8 | 0 | 10 | 6 | 6 |
| 12 | 2 | × | 10 | 1 | 13 | 0 | 0 |
| 12 | 4 | × | 12 | 1 | 15 | 15 | 6 |
| 13 | 2 | × | 11 | 3 | 15 | 13 | 0 |
| 13 | 7 | × | 10 | 0 | 14 | 7 | 6 |
| 14 | 0 | × | 9 | 3 | 13 | 14 | 0 |
| 14 | 11 | × | 12 | 0 | 18 | 18 | 6 |
| 15 | 4 | × | 10 | 3 | 16 | 12 | 6 |
| 15 | 7 | × | 12 | 4 | 20 | 6 | 0 |
| 16 | 2 | × | 13 | 3 | 22 | 13 | 0 |
| 16 | 3 | × | 11 | 3 | 19 | 6 | 6 |
| 16 | 5 | × | 12 | 2 | 21 | 2 | 6 |
| 20 | 3 | × | 12 | 0 | 25 | 13 | 0 |

For illustrations, in colour, of the latest productions and BEST VALUES in HOME FURNISHINGS see HAMPTONS' new book C.505 "SPRING 1931" sent free.

Works and all Factories:
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.8

Telegraphic Address:
"HAMITIC, LONDON"

**HAMPTONS**
Decorators Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.1
'Phone: GERRARD 0030

*Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain*

**Amongst the many leading manufacturers who specifically approve the use of Shell Lubricating Oil in their cars are the following:**

- **Austin**
- **Armstrong-Siddeley**
- **Bentley**
- **Ford**
- **Hillman**
- **Humber**
- **M.G.**
- **Morris**
- **Sunbeam**
- **Talbot**
- **Vauxhall**

***Be up-to-date***

**SHELLUBRICATE**

He's making headway . . . now!

and the reason is simply that the 'Allenburys' Foods so closely resemble the natural milk. When breast feeding fails or is inadequate, do not hesitate: give 'Allenburys.'

Recommended for nearly half a century by the Medical Profession.

'Allenburys'

The Progressive System of Infant Feeding

INFANT FEEDING AND MANAGEMENT

MOTHERS! SEND FOR FREE BOOK

COUPON
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.,
37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.
Mrs.......................................
..........................................
will be pleased to receive, free of charge, a copy of the 'Allenburys' book, 'Infant Feeding and Management,' and a ¼-lb. sample of Food.
Her Baby's Age is..........................
B & E

## *Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.*

**Margaret Smith.**—Fine action and good clear colour. The make-up of an Eastern dancer, however, is usually less pink, and the feet in their entirety are, of course, essential. Only one entry may be submitted for each separate competition. The design for the coat is extremely effective, but actual stitchery should be neater. Very many thanks.

**Veronica Price-Harris.**—Main facts excellently seized and proportion and perspective very good. Endeavour to keep horizontal and vertical lines a bit steadier. Very satisfactory work.

**Joan Marshlain.**—Your cavalier has lost some of the gaiety of the famous original; but this is a praiseworthy attempt to pull off a very difficult thing.

**Dahlia Anson.**—The mouth of your head is admirably put in, and there are other excellent bits, though the whole effect is rather flat with the plane of the nose omitted. Look for the colour of light, and be sure of the progression of tonality. Excellent, though indefinite in effect.

**Ethel L. Try.**—If you had kept the white for direct and the sanguine for reflected light, your clever chalk head would be still better. Some sound, vivid drawing, and a sense of style.

**Joyce Bidder.**—Amusing invention and excellent technique, but confused in pattern, the subject to some extent excuses this, but more cobwebs and no clouds might give better line.

**Mollie Dawe.**—The pen line gives a cut-out look to your group, emphasised by their nearness to the picture line. Brown ink and colour throughout gives a good effect. Good in drawing colour and character, but an undetermined horizon.

**Romola Erskine.**—A delightful bit of tone and colour, broad and effective in handling. The black-greys and strong touches need warming and both arms look a little short to elbows; but really admirable work, full of power.

**Betty Weir.**—Excellent drawing and character in both sketches, but a common weakness in relation to backgrounds. Children's heads against sky, and flower-sellers against first-floor windows need accounting for by perspective. . . . There are rather too many abbreviations in the cross-word puzzle.

**Margaret Watson.**—Beautifully clear and accurate. I appreciate all the care you have taken. People have become so clever these days, it is better to state the clues in a more round-about manner, which makes the solution the more amusing into the bargain.

**Avril Reynolds.**—Your Neo-primitive horse and man sketch is funny, but it exhibits some uncertainty of the forms and construction played with. Be sure of facts before making fun of them.

**John Waterhouse.**—Quite a good memory sketch, with some suggestion of competing lights; but needing many careful notes made on the spot to achieve actuality of effect. Welcome ambition and some effective bits.

**Kitty Earp.**—A vivid, full effect; if anything, a bit oversharp in edge and internal construction, giving a slightly papery texture to bloom and foliage. Remarkably clean and direct work, with a tendency to over-emphasis.

**Gwendolen E. M. Moss.**—A very nice colour scheme, tender and full. The oversharp table edge hurts the atmosphere and some sharp accents in flower and foliage would give finish.

**Jean C. H. Crawford.**—Very pleasant in style and colouring, although the stitch is rather large for the size of the work. Still, this may be necessary, as I recognise.

**M. Joyce Lambert.**—With further polishing there are great possibilities here of evolving an interesting and unusual poem. It is a bit rough in places. See what you can do to it a little later on when you can come freshly to it.

**Trixie Ford.**—This pochette is very pretty, and the needlework very neat, but the mounting leaves much to be desired. Use a ruler throughout for all measurements and cuttings. . . . The end of the fourth verse needs reconsideration. The repetition at the end is quite happy; perhaps, though, the poem would be improved if it were shorter by a verse.

**Jennifer Skinner.**—Charming in feeling, not quite happy technically, and in places the too hackneyed phrase crops up. There is evidence that you can easily improve these occasional lapses.

**Olive Dockree.**—A praiseworthy attempt to strike out for yourself. It is not uniformly successful; "burst," for instance, is used when "broken" is really the correct word; still, it shows distinct promise.

**Clare Ackroyd.**—Very well worth while keeping and turning to again later on. It is in need of some polishing, in the second verse particularly, but as a whole it is most interesting and has considerable charm.

**Amy Haydon.**—A very dainty bit of colouring and prettily stitched throughout. So many thanks.

**Doris Seth-Smith.**—Very pretty; the second verse not quite so good as the first, and in the latter it would be as well to avoid the use of "call" twice; "voice" would be better in the first line, or "song." Or if "call" is retained in the first line, "sang" might fall in the last.

**G. M. Cumpstey.**—I like the method, but it doesn't quite come off all through. Verse two needs some alteration, especially the last line. That's an interesting third verse, although here, too, improvement is possible.

**Aziz A. Bhatty.**—Many of the lines are charming and the sincerity displayed almost succeeds in achieving the effect aimed at. The last verse is the best. Try to send in regularly. Criticisms are only given in our pages, not through the post.

**Alison Ackroyd.**—It is better to get as far as possible from the dictionary's definition and to evolve an explanation of a word along your own lines. This is not nearly so difficult as you may think, and adds to the interest both of the compiler and the solver.

**Heather Strudwick.**—Most excellent, worth a bigger prize! I congratulate you heartily, and think everyone will enjoy having a shot at it.

**Rena Recaldin.**—Essentials very well grasped and recorded. Examination of some good pencil work should help you greatly. With further study you ought to do remarkably well.

**Patricia Appleyard.**—Not at all a bad effort. The clues are of the right type, even if a little involved. This is the type of puzzle I wanted.

**Aileen Southwell-Piper.**—Very accurately done, but clues a bit too literally expressed. It adds to the fun if the hints are not too straightforward, though it is essential they should be considered very apt when the word is discovered.

**Winifred K. Mitchell.**—Fourteen across is a little misleading. The others are all correct in a straightforward manner, and the puzzle well planned.

**Sylvia A. Reed.**—Clever clues and well put together in every respect. A very good entry.

**Elizabeth Fletcher.**—The missing second "l" in 28 across just prevents a good attempt from scoring. This might be an old spelling, but if that were so the clue should give a warning.

**Ann Hannay.**—An ingenious idea not at all badly worked out. I could not discover the last down clue (21). I hope this wasn't just stupidity on my part. If this is a first-hand sketch it is in many ways a remarkable bit of work; if a copy, it still has virtues, but not so many. The tree masses are a bit smudgy, largely owing to colour being over-mixed.

**Florence Cook.**—The animal (39) is mink. Spelt the other way, the meaning is quite different. Otherwise quite well done, although the clues might be a little more subtly expressed.

**Olwen Lawton.**—As the solution is not given, I cannot judge this. One or two made the mistake of not including this essential! The sketch is well composed, but details are painted without any consideration for their relationship to each other, and unless the title is meant literally, instead of metaphorically, this method produces a false effect.

**Barbara J. Heaver.**—The sun is usually regarded as masculine; it is the moon which is feminine! The second verse is charming—much the best of the three.

**Audrey Tresidder-Wills.**—As a whole these sketches are so interesting and lively it is a great pity that you have allowed the difficulty of drawing hands to overcome you. A determined study of these by themselves in all sorts of positions would rapidly give you sufficient mastery to help you out in such work. The puzzle has some interesting points, but one or two are a bit inaccurate, as, for instance, 15 across.

**Mabel Sanders.**—Very neat and dainty in every respect. I always think cross-stitch is better in the traditional colours; but this is, of course, quite pretty as it is.

**Ursula Scott-Morris.**—A very pleasant little poem; you are making great progress. The weakest line is the last, but considering the number of verses, the interest is well sustained.

**V. Horn.**—Charmingly truthful colour and pleasantly handled, but projection is very poor. Faulty perspective is one of the reasons for this state of affairs, but the suggestion on the whole is very clever, and the sky really lovely.

**Joan Guillaume.**—If you can bring the second verse to the level of the first, this will be a very pretty little poem. The last two lines in particular need reconsideration.

**Muriel M. Malvern.**—I made the correction for which you asked. I think "doting" is a word to avoid if you can, and the run of the last verse doesn't seem quite right. The first and fourth are much the best.

**Christabel Richens.**—The eye cavity looks very small. It looks as though in going for individual characteristics, and in searching for modelling, that you have lost some truth in the big effect. Some attractive work, but a bit too hard and carved.

**Annie M. Waters.**—The endeavour to carry the one rhyme right through is an interesting technical exercise. It doesn't quite come off at the end, where it is obvious you have grown a little tired. You may be able to prove this later.

**Pamela Searight.**—A very jolly and clever little sketch, although this energetic animal looks a bit as if he were poised in mid-air. Just the merest hint of the level and of surroundings would obviate this.

**Mary L. C. Roberts.**—Full of unusual charm and most interesting. Perhaps a little too abbreviated in effect, but still very good.

**Stella Bull.**—The first verses are the best. It is essential that the last shall keep to the form of the others, and the final line must rhyme with the second in the last verse. Was this a slip, I wonder?

### Enrolment Form

*Please enrol me as a*
*Graduate*
*Member*
*Associate*
*of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
*(Strike out words which do not apply.)*

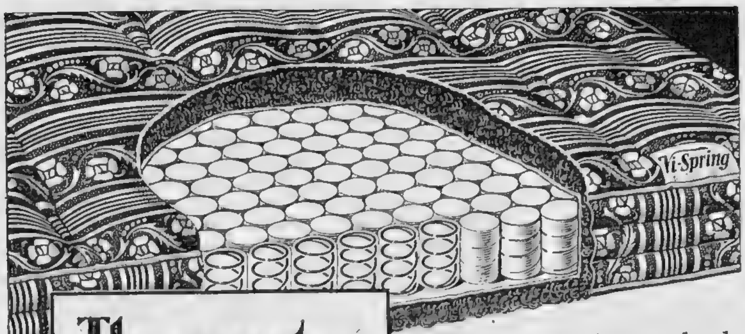
*Full name*

*Address*

... .... ........ ......

*Age, if under 20.....*

*Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.*



## The most luxurious thing ever made to sleep upon

As soon as you lay your head upon the pillow and stretch your tired frame upon a "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress, you feel composed for a restful night, for the "Vi-Spring" is the most luxurious thing ever made to sleep upon. Hundreds of soft, resilient springs yield to every movement of the body, and produce a sense of luxurious comfort that quickly entices sound, healthful sleep. Such comfort can only be obtained on a mattress bearing the registered name "Vi-Spring." Look for the label when purchasing.

## Vi-Spring Mattress

"The Best for Rest"

*All reliable house furnishers stock and recommend the "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress.*

*Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue fully describing the "Vi-Spring," sent post free on request.*

**Vi-Spring Products Ltd.** 97, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road,
Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

---

Irritable? Nervous? Excited? Head aching?—you can find almost instantaneous relief in Genasprin, the pure and therefore *safe* brand of aspirin. Just drop two tablets into a little water and swallow it down. Your nerves will be soothed in a moment and any pain you have will be relieved. Besides, Genasprin leaves no bad after-effects whatever.

MATHESON LANG, *the famous actor writes: "I have had occasion to take Genasprin for Neuralgia and acute nervous headaches, with the most remarkable results, and no trace whatever of any after-effects."*

"I HAVE DERIVED MUCH BENEFIT from Genasprin Tablets" *writes Mrs. Burnham, "during middle age for Headaches, Nerve Pains and Loss of Sleep."*

# GENASPRIN

**The SAFE Brand of Aspirin**

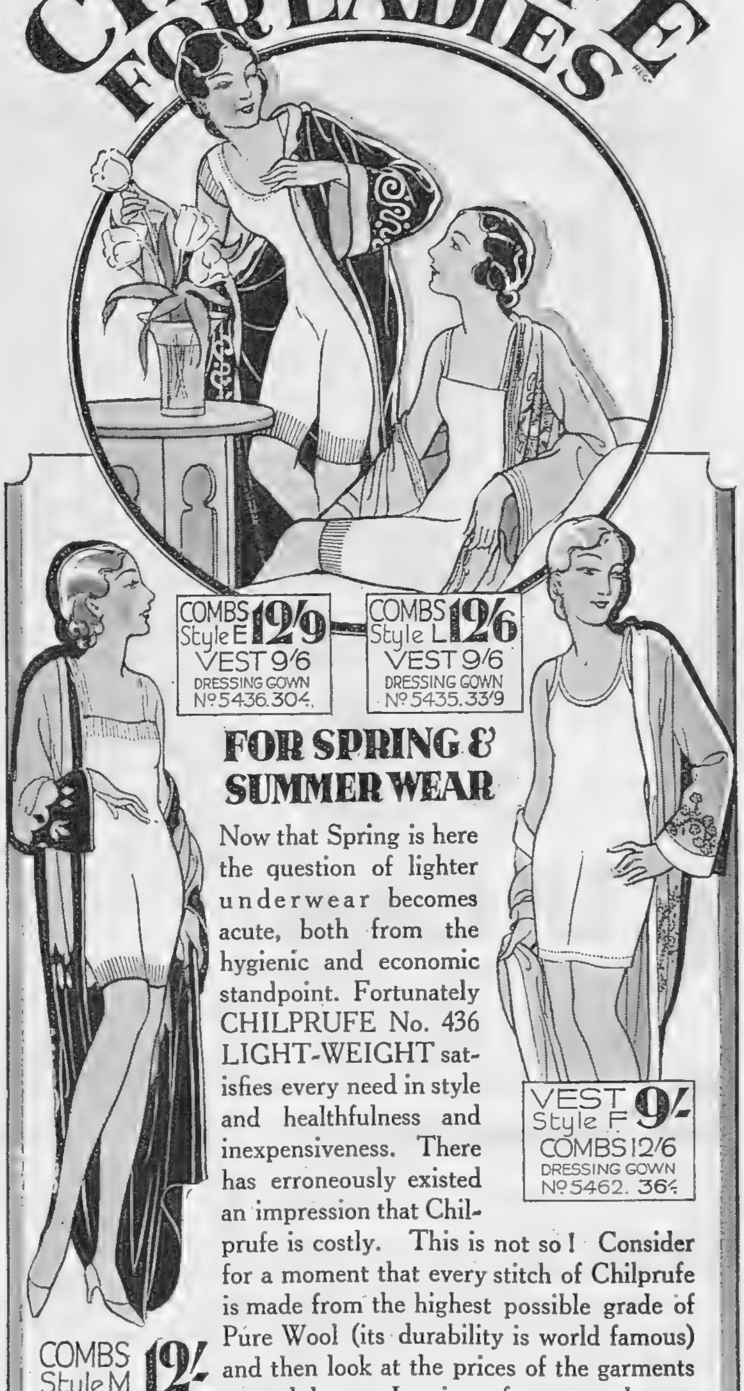
*Brings Quick and Certain Relief in*

- SLEEPLESSNESS
- RHEUMATISM
- FEVERISHNESS
- INFLUENZA
- NERVINESS
- HEADACHE
- COLDS & CHILLS
- NEURALGIA
- TOOTHACHE
- WOMEN'S PAINS

*Bottle of 35 PURE Tablets 2/- From all Chemists*

---

# CHILPRUFE FOR LADIES



COMBS Style E 12/9
VEST 9/6
DRESSING GOWN Nº5436. 30/-

COMBS Style L 12/6
VEST 9/6
DRESSING GOWN Nº5435. 33/9

## FOR SPRING & SUMMER WEAR

Now that Spring is here the question of lighter underwear becomes acute, both from the hygienic and economic standpoint. Fortunately CHILPRUFE No. 436 LIGHT-WEIGHT satisfies every need in style and healthfulness and inexpensiveness. There has erroneously existed an impression that Chilprufe is costly. This is not so! Consider for a moment that every stitch of Chilprufe is made from the highest possible grade of Pure Wool (its durability is world famous) and then look at the prices of the garments quoted here. In view of our treacherous seasons it is not fair to yourself to choose anything but Chilprufe.

VEST Style F 9/-
COMBS 12/6
DRESSING GOWN Nº5462. 36/-

COMBS Style M 12/-
VEST 8/9
DRESSING GOWN Nº5463. 33/-

## LUXURY CHILPRUFE

This super light-weight Pure Wool fabric has established itself as the most hygienic underclothing for hot weather wear: offering protection in unsuspected moments of rapid cooling and yet aligning itself to the most dainty of summer wear.

Ask your Draper or write direct for a copy of the

## ILLUS. PRICE LIST

*If unable to obtain Chilprufe, write, addressed to the firm, for name of the nearest agent*

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.
(John A. Bolton, Proprietor), LEICESTER.

*Freedom*...
THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH . . .

Have you ever wondered at them, envied them their secret . . . these women who fling themselves light-heartedly into the whirl of Life . . . dance, golf, play tennis, go anywhere, wear anything, even the sheerest of gowns, without fear of embarrassment?

*You* can know their freedom . . . *you* can get the same pleasure from life as they do . . . by using SU-CAN, the *softest,* safest, most comfortable of all *soluble* hygiene.

*SU-CAN is made by Britain's finest surgical dressing Manufacturers. The patent loops—a special SU-CAN feature—prevents all possibility of slipping, while the Waterproof backing means double protection for your clothes. That is why you can wear SU-CAN towels twice as long.*

Your personal pride demands this perfect hygiene. Because they are so easy to dispose of, SU-CAN is absolutely indispensable when on holiday or travelling.

*Prices, in cartons of 12, 11d., 1/2, 1/6 and 2/-, also at 1/- (Unlooped).*

**SU-CAN**
SOLUBLE TOWELS

PLEASE WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE TOWEL TO MISS V.S. HAYNES, 168 OLD STREET, LONDON . . . E.C.1

**HAIRS** *Superfluous Hair*

*Not a Depilatory*

*Not Electrolysis*

**Can you look your best with a growth of Hair? Or feel your best? CONSULT HELEN LAWRENCE.**

My method is perfect, it is painless, harmless, and permanent in its effect. At first Treatment, all hairs are removed—a definite cure started. If you cannot call I will send you the Home Treatment, with instructions and advice.

| | |
|---|---|
| Home Treatment | 12/6 |
| Post and Packing for abroad extra | 2/6 |
| Sample Treatment | 2/- |
| Personal Treatment at Kensington | 10/6 |

*Hours* 10—5. *Saturdays* 10—1.
Telephone: *Western* 4518.

***Helen Lawrence***
81, EARLS COURT RD.
Kensington, LONDON, W.8

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

**RED, WHITE & BLUE**

For BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

# The Traditional Handicrafts of England

(*Continued from page 52*)

his skill has been found in the making of decorative iron-work, such as gates, fire-dogs, lanterns, fire-screens, chest hinges, door furniture, etc. Examples of this craft, in which many traditional designs are used, are to be found all over the country, particularly in Kent, Hampshire, Somerset and Gloucestershire. Pewter dishes, mugs and bowls, hammered copper and decorative brass of all descriptions in both old and new designs may be obtained from Newport and Saffron Walden in Essex, Keswick, Westmorland, and Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.

WORCESTER and its surrounding district has long been the centre of glove-making, and is famed for its beautiful workmanship and the excellence of its skins. In Malvern the leather industry carries on the tradition of leather tanning, and everything that can be made in leather is produced, from imitation flower buttonholes to suède coats of incredible softness. Particularly excellent are the hand-made gloves, for which are used the skins of Indian goat and domestic sheep. Well-cut gloves made of beautifully soft skins are also to be found at Bearstead, Paxton and Dunchurch, Netley Marsh, and at Maidstone.

Melton Mowbray, the Mecca of hunting folk, is noted for the excellence of its hunting kit, whether tailoring or saddlery.

Although the local potter has largely lost his trade to Staffordshire, and of potters who can throw on the wheel comparatively few are left, the demand for hand-thrown pottery is actually on the increase. There are also a number of small potteries to-day which are producing work of outstanding merit, among which should be mentioned the stone and slip-ware of Cornwall, the Sibley Potteries at Wareham in Dorset and the Ashstead Potteries.

Whatever the vagaries of fashion, great interest will always be taken in hand-made furniture, and Broadway, Worcestershire, one of the Cotswolds' most picturesque villages, is one of several centres in which a great revival of this handicraft has taken place. Here is to be found hand-turned furniture in oak, walnut or yew; stools with bog oak spindles and interlaced hide seats, desks in oak and bookcases of English cherry. Many attractive pieces of garden furniture are made in the construction of which no nails are used.

The old-fashioned beehive chair with its oak frame and rush seat, which until recently was little known outside the Highlands, has an old-world charm of its own. Very few makers of these chairs are left, but a fine old craftsman at Kirkwall, Orkney, still turns out some splendid examples.

CHAIRS in ladder-back and other traditional cottage designs, seated with rush, are obtainable at Priors Marston, Rugby, and useful garden screens and hurdles come from Fernden, near Guildford, from Gloucestershire and from Kent.

A craft which requires extraordinary skill in which to achieve even moderate success is the art of wooden bowl turning. This industry flourished in England until the reign of Elizabeth, which brought with it the innovation of pewter vessels. Until then all plates, dishes and vessels were made of wood, and these wooden trenchers, drinking cups and bowls were called "treen," and were generally made of elm. Nowadays it is practically a lost art, though at The Turnery, Henllan, Cardiganshire, and at Chesham, Buckinghamshire, bowls of this description are still being produced.

*Further information as to where the handicrafts mentioned above may be obtained, and full particulars of their prices, will be sent to interested readers on receipt of a postcard. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2*

# Portrait of an Actor

(*Continued from page 69*)

you feel," McDermott cut in. "I have done quite a little casting in my time. It's really my fault. I appealed to Mr. Katz—because I need a job . . ."

At once the other was apologetic.

"Of course, it's an honour to have you, Mr. McDermott. Forgive me. I've been terribly rude. But—oh—the most annoying thing has happened. Haven't told S. K. yet. Afraid he'll have a fit. You see—I'm almost through with the casting of the new play. All the sets designed. All the costumes finished and most of the scenery. Ready to shoot next week. And"—throwing up his arms in despair—"last night that damned jackass of a Rodney Grotton, who's our star, gets tanked and breaks his leg! And here I am high and dry—with the finest production ever attempted—months of work gone to blazes—months of thought—my reputation at stake . . . and—oh, it's enough to drive an archangel to drink!"

He slumped into his chair near the desk. He flung his arms across its unyielding surface abasing his curly head. He sobbed.

The sob was, perhaps, a trifle too studied, too melodramatic. Yet McDermott felt sorry for the man. Then, the very next second, he was utterly taken aback when McComber jumped up, rushed over to him, implanted a moist and fervent kiss upon his left cheek and exclaimed sonorously:

"Blessed be the pink-eared Prophet!"

"But——" stammered the other, "what has happened . . . . ?"

"You have happened. You yourself. Coming to my office like an answer to my prayers—the only man able to replace that boiled owl of a Rodney Grotton . . ."

He opened the door.

"Miss Blomquist!" he called.

His private secretary appeared.

"Publicity item!" he went on breathlessly. "Rodney Grotton dangerously ill! With what? Nervous breakdown! His part will be played by the most famous actor of the century! Lionel McDermott! Look up stuff about McDermott! Pile it on thick! Persuaded latter to come out of retirement! For sake of old friendship with Sol Katz! Princely salary! Two thousand a week! O.K., McDermott? McDermott will repeat former stage triumph on screen! Jump to it, Miss Blomquist! Make it hot and snappy!"

She left; and McDermott asked:

"Mind telling me what the play is?"

"'Cyrano de Bergerac.' You'll be a wow in it. Chiefly in the death scene. Realistic I want it—yet with beauty. Rehearsal to-morrow morning at nine. Ah"—wringing the actor's hand—"blessed be the pink-eared Prophet!"

Cyrano—thought McDermott, as he walked down the street—and the death scene in Cyrano in which, almost, years ago, he had failed, as often, almost, he had failed in similar scenes—because, always, he had been afraid of death, had never been able to study it as he had studied life.

And now . . . ?

He must try it again. Must play death for the sake of life; Loretta's life.

He reached the house.

"Your wife is so excited," the nurse said to him. "She wants to know . . ."

"I'll tell her."

He did; and, once more, she gave her girlish little giggle.

"Remember," she asked, "what the

Globe critic wrote about you when you played Cyrano at the Amsterdam? I know it by heart. 'I wish,'" she quoted teasingly, "'that Lionel McDermott would cut out the sob stuff when giving up the ghost.' Well—this time you *will* cut out the sob stuff, won't you?"

"Yes, dear." He looked at her anxiously; saw her white and haggard. "Feeling a little better?"

"Perfectly bully. Stop worrying. You've work ahead of you—and you must rest. And—Lionel . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"In the olden days I used to watch you rehearse—helped you occasionally with suggestions, didn't I?"

"You helped me lots."

"Now I'm flat on my back. Can't go to rehearsals. But I'd like to help you again. So, every day, you must tell me how you're getting on—so that we can talk things over. . . ."

"I'll do that," he promised.

He kept his promise; and, from the first, he had pleasant things to report. For he did not find the talkie medium, the camera and microphone, to differ vitally from the regular stage technique; he was successful from the outset; and soon the great studio building buzzed with excitement as the production got under way.

"Say—this McDermott guy knows a thing or two."

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world!"

"Sure-fire box-office!"

"You bet! He'll knock 'em for a row of Peruvian cuspidors!"

Slangy praise. But well-meant—and well-earned.

Indeed—and even the hard-boiled, cynical stage hands admitted it—there was glamour in the man's every gesture and intonation. There was beauty. There was high romance. There was, straight through, honest realism.

And, truthfully, sitting by Loretta's bedside in the evening, he told her:

"I am myself again. I have not lost the art of illusion. I still know how to make them laugh and cry."

"Of course you do. But—don't forget—when you come to that last scene—that death scene—no sob stuff, Lionel . . ."

"Yes, yes," he interrupted hurriedly. "I'll do my best."

Thus, steadily, he drove toward perfection—and achieved it.

For—though this happened months later—when the picture was finally released, Garth Burns, America's leading screen critic, voiced the opinions of the other critics as well as of the thousands who nightly thronged to see the show, when he wrote in the "Gazette":

> "I used to think acting an ephemeral art, through its very nature. The actor dies. With him dies his voice, his gesture, his magnetism. Last night I realized that I have been mistaken. Lionel McDermott will die. But, somehow, the flow of his genius will continue. Go and see him in Cyrano. You will not be able to forget him. He will forever remain in your consciousness—chiefly his death scene: the beauty of it, the strength, the pity and the amazing, breath-taking realism. Incidentally—and let all lovers of true art rejoice—Colossal Features has signed Mr. McDermott for five years. His next picture will be 'Don Quixote.' But, to return to Cyrano, the whole thing is a triumph. A great deal of the credit is due to the director, Mr. McComber, as well as to . . . ."

But this came later.

At the time when they rehearsed the last scene, the death scene, though everybody else in the enormous, barn-like studio was satisfied, there were two who were not: Jim McComber and Lionel McDermott himself.

The former drew the actor aside. He was obviously embarrassed.

"Lionel—" he began—"I hate like hell to . . ."

"No use beating

(*Continued on page* 142)

COURTAULDS FABRICS

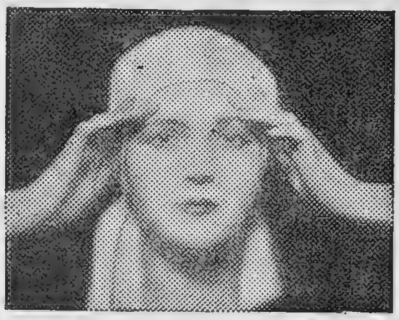
LADIES should look for the Courtauld House Mark when buying dress and lingerie fabrics. It is a guarantee of quality and satisfactory service.
Every kind of design and weave for smart dresses and frocks that you can imagine or desire is offered you in the range of Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics. Gaiety, modernity, distinction and simple charm—*all* types are included. See the newest patterns to-day.

Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics

**If any difficulty in obtaining, write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 7), 16, St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.**

KESTOS GIVES BEAUTY
GAIN & RETAIN THE KESTOS FIGURE
KESTOS
KLIN

THE KESTOS BRASSIÈRE
3/11 to 22/6
From all stores and outfitters.
Catalogue on request: Kestos Ltd. (Dept. B.E.), Maddox House, Regent St., W. (Wholesale only)



Try this famous Beauty Pack.

YOUR first Clasmic Pack will be a thrilling experience never to be forgotten. For Clasmic Pack, developed by 13 years of research and improvement in the famous Boncilla Laboratories, is the quickest way known to a lovely complexion.

You smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After thirty minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, fatigue lines utterly removed, colour in the cheeks no rouge can bring; crows' feet, blackheads, pimples gone; enlarged pores closed; a smoother, softer, more lovely skin.

Secure Boncilla Clasmic Pack, exactly the same as used in the most famous Beauty Salons of Europe and America, from your chemist, hairdresser or store ***in tubes or jars from 1/3.*** The cost per treatment is a few pence—money refunded if you are not delighted.

**BONCILLA** CLASMIC PACK

*Wholesale Distributors:—J. C. GAMBLES & CO., Ltd., (Dept. B.E.3.), 211-215, Blackfriars Rd., LONDON, S.E.1*

round the bush. I was rotten in that last scene. . . ."

"No. Not rotten. But something seemed to be missing. Something—oh—how can I express it . . . ?"

"I'll express it for you, Jim. Reality was missing. Honesty. And—courage. . . ."

"Then—you know . . . ?"

"Who better than I? And"—dully—"I wonder if I have the ability to . . ."

"Don't be a silly fool, Lionel! Why—by the pink-eared Prophet!—you are the noblest Roman of them all. We'll keep on rehearsing that scene. We won't shoot it until you are absolutely satisfied in your own mind. Feel like having another go at it now . . . ?"

"As you wish."

McDermott shrugged his shoulders. He told himself that he would never be able to master his fear of death; that, always, because of this fear, the sentimental, unreal sob note would creep into his voice, his acting. . . .

He went up on the set.

"All ready, Jim!"

And then, just as he was about to begin, an office boy ran in.

"Mr. McDermott!" he cried excitedly. "You are wanted—at home—at once. The nurse telephoned . . ."

"Oh—Blessed Mary!"

He hurried to the house.

In the hall Dr. Walker mumbled medical half-truths; finally, compelled by the actor's chilly grey eyes, spoke the whole truth:

"I'm terribly sorry. But I'm afraid your wife won't live out the night."

He went in. He sat down by Loretta's bedside, her wasted hands in his.

Outside, Hollywood clamoured. Evening dropped in the lee of the sinking sun. Tired clouds went drifting past. The windows of the houses across the road flashed lemon and gold.

He bent over. He looked at her very closely. A great pity—pity for her, for himself—stole upon his soul with a freezing touch.

"Loretta!"

She heard. She rallied a little.

"Yes, darling . . . ?"

"Loretta—dear, dear Loretta. . . ."

She smiled.

"I love your voice," she whispered. "It is—oh—deep, deep—like the tolling of bells in some ancient cathedral. It was your voice I fell in love with—first. . . ."

Her own voice splintered, broke into a hacking cough.

"You must not talk—" he begged her—"must not tire yourself. . . ."

"I shan't tire myself—after to-night—ever again . . . ." Dim her accents—he thought—blurred, as if wiped over by the hand of Fate. . . .

"Lionel!"

"Yes . . . ?"

"You rehearsed that last scene to-day, didn't you? The death scene. . . . ?"

"I did."

"How did it go?"

"All right, I guess."

"No—no sob stuff. . . . ?"

"Well . . ."

Her giggle then. Her girlish little giggle.

"Oh—Lionel—as a liar you're a complete wash-out! You were bad, weren't you—and you sobbed. . . . ?"

"Yes."

"I'm ashamed of you. You—you mustn't fail in that death scene . . . the whole play stands or falls by it. . . ."

"But—what can I do. . . . ?"

"You must—learn!"

She was silent; continued in a voice like the faint ebbing of a tide:

"Lionel—you have always been a realist, haven't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Because, always, you studied the living model. So why not study—the dying . . . ?"

"No!" he cried; and his face was ravaged. "No, no, no, no, no!"

Her wasted hands gripped his with amazing strength.

"Why not?" she insisted. "You are an artist—and I am an artist—and we promised each other, years ago, that the theatre must come first. We kept this promise in the past . . . so why not to-day? I helped you in the past . . . so why not to-day? Ah—" with a strange, high triumph—"I have helped you—helped you more than those other women. In life I helped you . . . I shall help you in death. Watch me, Lionel . . . watch me—and do not be afraid! That is the secret which you must learn—not to fear death. For death can be beautiful—when life has been beautiful—as our life has been, dear—yours and mine. . . ."

Silence.

He looked at his wife.

"Death *can* be beautiful," he thought.

She had closed her eyes. Her accents were very thin and faint:

"I wish—oh—I wish I could help you . . ."

He stared at her; studied her white features intensely.

"You *are* helping me, dear," he whispered. "Oh—God forgive me—you *are* helping me. . . ."

Then he broke down. He cried, with queer, cracked, high-pitched sobs, as old men cry. He did not hear the door opening, the doctor and the nurse coming in; did hear, a few minutes later, the former saying, in a voice that was almost awed:

"Why, Miss O'Reilly, the crisis—she has passed it. It's—oh—a miracle—incredible. . ."

Miss O'Reilly was by way of being Irish and devout.

"I fail to see," she commented severely, "why a miracle is incredible."

Then full comprehension dawned upon Lionel McDermott. He looked at Loretta. A faint flush had come into her cheeks. She was asleep; was breathing quite easily.

He rushed to the door.

"Look here," demanded the doctor—"where are you going . . . ?"

"To the studio."

"But—if your wife wakes up—and asks for you . . ."

"Tell her that I have gone back to rehearse that last scene. Tell her that I have learned. Tell her that I shall succeed. She will understand. . . ."

END

*Let "RANEE" read your character from your* Handwriting

**"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.**

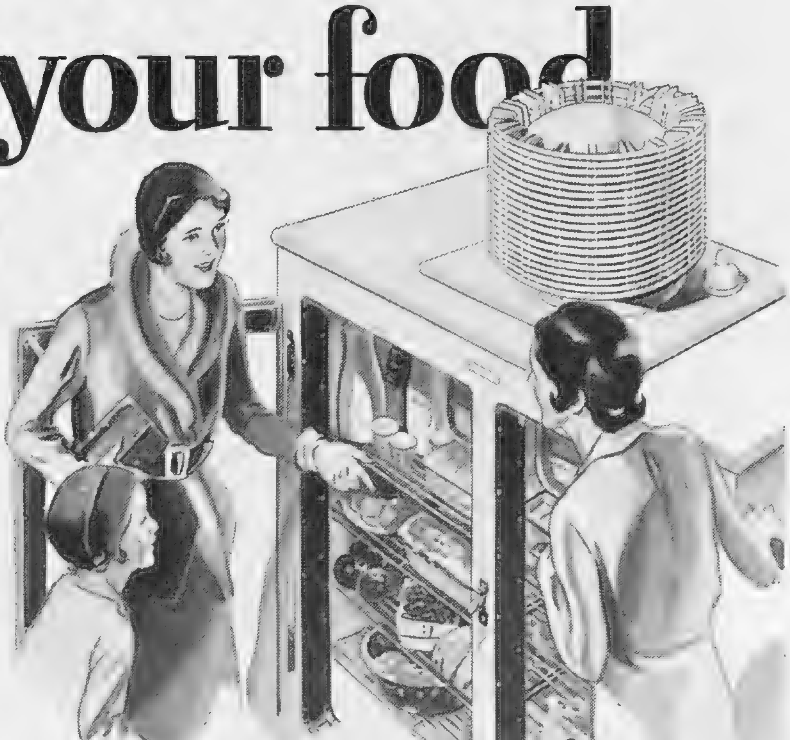
**The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.**

**All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.**

**Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.***

**In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.**

# Preserve your food *each day* of the year



SCIENCE has proved that food, in order to be perfectly preserved from the growth of bacteria, must be kept always at a temperature below 50° F. The sturdy and tireless B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator will do this for you as no other method of food storage can.

Through warm and sultry summer days and nights . . . the dampness and cold of autumn and bleak winter . . . mild spring . . . *never* can you be *sure* of how your food will " keep " in larder or cold cupboard.

Always there is that necessity for continual care and planning until Simplified Electric Refrigeration enters your home.

### *Tireless — Always Ready*

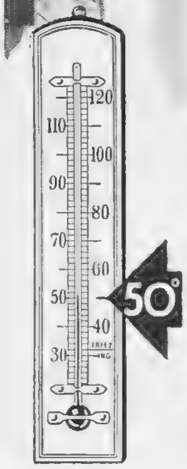
Simplified Electric Refrigeration is B.T.H. Electric Refrigeration. Self-contained and silent . . . efficient and reliable . . . sanitary and spacious . . . this perfect servant carries on unceasingly its work of maintaining automatically a constant temperature well below 50° F. Day and night . . . year in and year out . . . it performs its work of preserving your food . . . tireless . . . always ready . . . and so trouble-free *it does not even need oiling.*

### *"Years Ahead"*

B.T.H. Electric Refrigeration is simple and economical. " Years Ahead " in design, construction and operation, its advantages are unique. Menu planning and entertaining are made easy . . . shopping worries are lightened . . . food is perfectly preserved with a considerable saving in time and money.

Crisp and appetising salads . . . frozen desserts and dainty sweets from the compact chilling chamber . . . and all the time a plentiful supply of crystal-clear ice cubes for the many purposes for which ice is required.

There is an authorised dealer near you. He will give you full particulars about a gleaming white B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator. There is a model to suit your exact needs. Address a post card to **International Refrigerator Co., Ltd., 169, Regent Street, London, W.1,** and a brochure will be sent you describing the full line of the Refrigerators with a three-year guarantee and a lifetime of trouble-free service.



*The temperature in the B.T.H. Refrigerator is kept always below 50° F., the bacteria danger point, to ensure that your food will be perfectly preserved and your health safeguarded.*

## ALL-STEEL B T-H ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

# Maison-Nicol

*World-Renowned for Transformations of Exclusive Quality*
*Specialists in Permanent Waving*

*The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Guineas. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Guineas.*

*Shingled Headdress from 20 Guineas.*

*Please write for 1931 Catalogue, or a Selection of Postiches can be sent on approval.*

*Our Instalment Plan of payment is available if preferred.*

## ENJOY THE POSSESSION OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A "Nicol" Transformation will prove a delightful means of ending your hair difficulties. Made from the finest quality of natural wavy hair on a foundation of woven hair-lace of exceeding lightness. Distinctive in design. A "Nicol" Creation gives a sense of security from observation, because of its absolute naturalness.

Permanent Waving of distinction and charm ensured by the Maison Nicol perfected process. No *electrical heaters* are employed, and hair of the most delicate shades—even white hair—can be waved and curled without discoloration or discomfort. The process is executed from START to FINISH by a SKILLED OPERATOR. *Whole head from £4 : 14 : 6.*

170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

TELEPHONES REGENT 6358 & 6359.

THIS BUSINESS IS NOW OPEN UNTIL 6.30 P.M.

TELEGRAMS: POSTICHEUR, LONDON.

# A *very* Charming *London* Flat

(*Continued from page 57*)

mantelpiece, over which hangs a remarkable picture of Dieppe Harbour by the late Christopher Wood.

THE dining-room has taken inspiration from the Middle Ages in spite of the up-to-date "fruit pattern" curtains and chair seats in several tones of brown and apricot. The owner has been scolded for mixing the centuries, but I am inclined to feel that she has "got away with it." Wrought-iron light fixtures have been adapted for electricity and the shades carefully tinted to agree with the rest. A fine monk's table holds a pair of Italian silver-gilt candlesticks from the seventeenth century. It looks most fascinating when laid with a Wedgwood dessert service the colour of fleece. Each of the strange old chairs differs slightly from its neighbour in shape and size, while a wonderful bit of linenfold panelling above the severe little sideboard is dated 1662. Old horseshoes adorn the grate instead of fire-dogs (now obsolete in the face of electricity), and a service bell is hidden under the table like a mouse-trap! A Spanish mirror with a brocade frame, an agreeable flower picture and a quaintly carved chest combine with the neutral carpet to round off the harmonies of this small but dignified dining-room.

In her bedroom the owner has allowed her feminine *flair* for gadgets to have full play. The vast cupboard of polished sycamore is lined with cedar, against which no moth can prevail. There are ivory door and drawer knobs, glass hat and shoe shelves, and hanging room for the longest fashionable dresses. As a setting for the creamy sycamore furniture, mignonette walls were a happy choice. A useful arrangement of triple mirrors and a strip light characterise the dressing table. It has a pouffe covered in mole plush instead of the usual chair. Both bedspread and chair covers are peach taffeta. The former is trimmed with bands of green velvet ribbon arranged in a giant square.

One of Barbara Marsh's peaceful flower pictures is reflected in a round wall mirror, while dark olive green curtains and frosted glass light fixtures contribute to the very feminine *mise-en-scène*. One of those modern bedside tables, built like a child's pile of bricks, has neat drawers fitted into the upper portion. This was done at Miss Reitlinger's request, as she felt that no woman has had enough room for all her goods and chattels since the world began, and she intended to be the fortunate exception! The low half-moon table is useful for a breakfast tray as it pulls up against the side of the bed, and its plate glass top prevents hot plates from doing damage.

Nearly all of us like to collect something, from moths to Ming, and Miss Reitlinger is no exception. Since she was a tiny child she has been on the look-out for miniature dolls, figures, animals and china of "midget" size. The fruits of her search are housed in several little cupboards, hung at eye-level along the passages.

Of course there are many useful cupboards built into the walls. The linen cupboard has a pretty gingham curtain inside the door to give added freshness, and the glass and china cupboard is so arranged that you can stand inside and reach every shelf without an effort. In the attractive square kitchen strong shades of blue and yellow have been ably contrasted and extra cupboards built below the sink. Instead of the refrigerator being exposed to the steam of the cooking it is concealed in a cupboard of its own. A set of aluminium saucepans and a row of bright tins make decorative ornaments placed on high shelves, while the blue American cloth curtains are as businesslike as the shining white dresser and enamel-topped table. Beyond is the cook's room, a study in *café au lait* walls, with furniture painted to match, and bright chintz covers. The other maid's room has two wide windows and shows the same attention to colour touches.

BATHROOMS are coming in for a great deal of attention in up-to-date decoration. This one is small and extremely simple. White paint, white tiles, scarlet American cloth curtains and a scarlet two-inch line painted round the walls above the bath, make it decidedly gay. There are plate glass shelves for bottles, and the cork topped chest is chair and dirty linen basket combined. A rubber tray for sponges prevents the bath from getting scratched, and the towel rail is another glass fixture. The bathroom echoes the spirit of efficiency breathed by the whole flat, and by its owner who, unlike most young women of to-day, keeps careful lists of linen and china inside each cupboard, in true *Hausfrau* fashion, but does not forget how to make her home as ornamental as it is orderly.

END

*On a London Roof*

*BERKELEY COURT in Baker Street is proud of its roof garden, whose many plants keep the gardener busy (left), and where Lady (Hamilton) Grant, the actress (right), is seen having tea.*

*Berkeley Court, which cost a million pounds to build, is an imposing addition to London's most luxurious and up-to-date blocks of flats. The rents range from £375 to £850, and there are 128 flats in the building*

FURNITURE
POLISH
SHELL

ONE DROP DOES IT!

Because of its mineral base and its liquid form, it cleans and polishes wonderfully quickly.

SHELL FURNITURE POLISH

★ Try also
SHELL
FLOOR POLISH

The quick polishing pair

Shell Mex, Ltd. (Tech. Products Dept.), 31, Great St. Helens, London, E.C.3. Tel. Avenue 7253

M.C. 244

Reveals Secret of Personal Influence

**Simple Method that Anyone Can use to Develop the Powers of Personal Magnetism, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and to correct Undesirable Habits through the wonder-science of Suggestion. 80-page Book Fully Describing this Unique Method and a Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation FREE to all who write at once.**

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: *The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.* The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

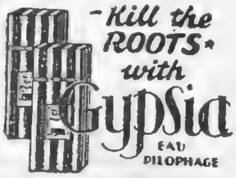
In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles's book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: "PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 537), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium. If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
ONE WAY ONLY

GYPSIA succeeds where other methods fail. Do not confuse Gypsia with the numerous treatments which merely temporarily remove superfluous hair. Gypsia does more. It consists of two distinct liquids, No. 1, removing the hair, No. 2, killing the roots, thus preventing further



growth. If desired, treatment and advice can be given by Madame Sueur herself by appointment. Commence with this wonderful home treatment at once. The complete treatment costs only **24/6** (Colonies or abroad add 2/6 extra for postage), and will be forwarded by return of post upon receipt of remittance. State whether required for face or body. Cross cheques and P.O.'s. Order direct from **MADAME SUEUR**, Dept. M, 35, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Tel. Regent 2108

# *Our* Literary Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

*These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex,* who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

*All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2*

## RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

## HUNDRED AND EIGHTH SERIES.

*Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post June 16th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse of four lines describing a dog fight.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—JUNE 16

## HUNDRED AND NINTH SERIES

*Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post June 30th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best rhymed dissertation on any topical subject.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—JUNE 30

## *Results of 102nd Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

*Awarded to Sheila Moore.*

Hon. mention:—M. Morris, A. D. Reynolds, Gordon H. Morris, Dorothy G. Wright, G. M. Hudson, M. Oxenford, Stephanie Stockley, "Wraith," K. Gandy, "N. M. B.," B. Porter, Lettie Cole, Gertrude Pitt, J. A. Walker, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verses in denunciation of the East Wind.

*Awarded to "Pom."*

Hon. mention:—J. A. O. Walker, Blanche Jones, E. R. Addey, A. Reynolds, B. Paul, Evelyn Heaver, M. Priestley Redmayne, "E. E.," "J. A. B.," May Belben, Trixie Ford, Irene Doxford.

The winning entry:

West Wind's gentle, South Wind's mellow;
North, a jovial, blustering fellow;
But how I hate you, cold East wind!
Rushing on us from behind!
Robber, thief and vile despoiler!
Enemy of ev'ry toiler!
Coward, making cruel strife
With the little things of life.
Nipping buds of tiny flowers
Waiting for the April showers!
Killing little fledgeling birds!
Wretch! would these my rhyming words
Could convey my direst hate!
But what use to execrate?
Man and beast alike are cowed
When East Wind is roaring loud!
Yet I win the fight this morn
Though you laugh my words to scorn.
Though my pen makes no impression,
Still you must make this confession
I can stay at home and write
While you stop outside and bite!

"POM."

## *Results of 103rd Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

*Awarded to Ruth Dobson.*

Hon. mention:—Wrenne Jarman, M. A. Jacob, D. Gathorne Binney, Nancy Pollok, Trixie Ford, "J. A. B.," Elsa Brabaut Parker, F. A. Edinborough, A. F. Simpson, "André Liege," H. Broadberry Seaman, Ena D. Reynolds, "Hannah May," H. M. Hancock, May W. Harrison, "N. M. B.," Annie M. Waters, M. Elton Young, "S. C. S.," M. Priestley Redmayne, E. R. Addey, "E. E.," Lettie Cole, H. M. Westrop, B. Porter, G. M. Hudson, May Belben, H. J. Bound.

The winning entry:

COMPENSATION.

When my mind was grey and sad,
Dull and overcast,
And my thoughts, all thinly clad,
Shivered in the blast,
Then upon a thousand hills
Leapt the flame of daffodils.

When my heart was cold and bare
As the winter moon,
And my dreams, as thin as air,
Perished at their noon,
Purer than a flowering tree
Thy love blossomed over me.

When my soul, a helpless barque,
Struck the wave of doom,
And its crew, adrift and stark,
Battled in the gloom,
Then there flashed across my sea
Birds of Immortality.

RUTH DOBSON.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best list of twelve poems for an anthology of verse written during the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century

*Awarded to K. Gandy.*

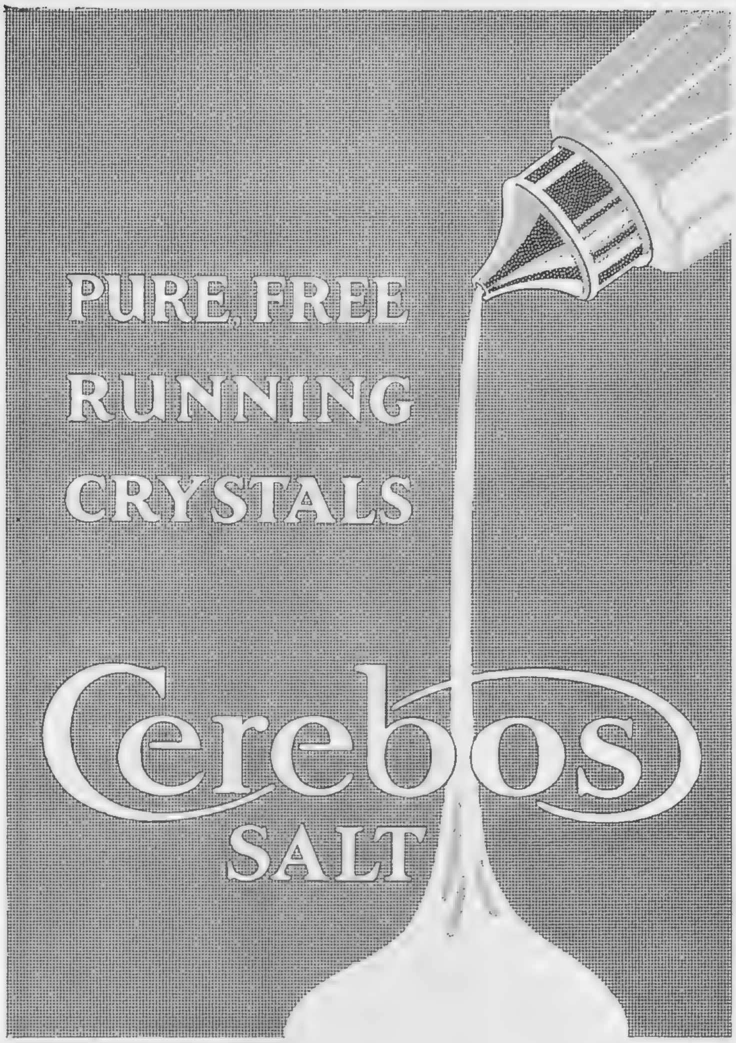
Hon. Mention:—E. R. Addey, "Una," May Belben, A. Bate, A. D. Reynolds, H. M. Harman, "G. G."

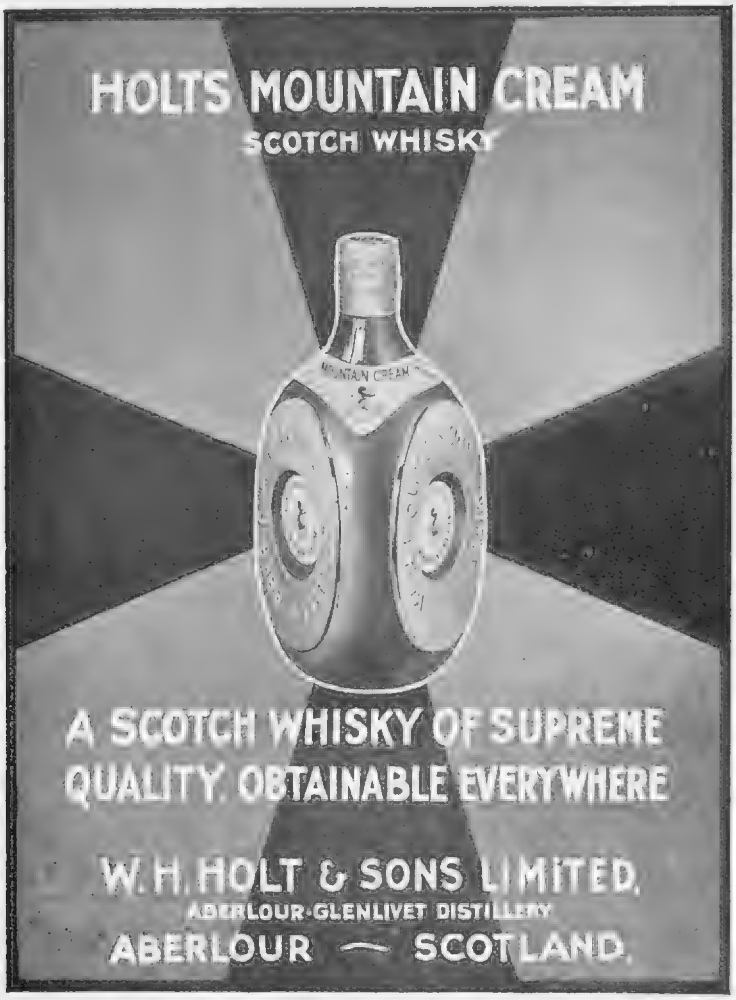
The winning entry:

1. Swinburne: "A Forsaken Garden."
2. Meredith: "The Lark Ascending."
3. Christina Rossetti: "Passing Away."
4. W. E. Henley: "Deep in My Gathering Garden."
5. T. E. Brown: "The Lily Pool."
6. T. E. Brown: "Vespers."
7. Coventry Patmore: "The Year."
8. R. L. Stevenson: "It is the Season Now to Go."
9. William Watson: "The Saint and the Satyr."
10. John Davidson: "Spring Song."
11. Oscar Wilde: "O Singer of Persephone."
12. Austin Dobson: "On a Nankin Plate."

¶ *Next Month—Special Contributors*

May Edginton Gilbert Frankau
Hannen Swaffer Barbara Hedworth Ferdinand Tuohy
Elinor Mordaunt Agatha Christie


PURE, FREE
RUNNING
CRYSTALS
Cerebos
SALT


HOLTS MOUNTAIN CREAM
SCOTCH WHISKY
MOUNTAIN CREAM
A SCOTCH WHISKY OF SUPREME
QUALITY. OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE
W. H. HOLT & SONS LIMITED,
ABERLOUR-GLENLIVET DISTILLERY
ABERLOUR — SCOTLAND.

# How—and where—
# to choose a good hat

You will enjoy buying a hat at Austin Reed's. Not only because you will like Austin Reed hats, but because you will like the Austin Reed Hat Shop. You have only to visit it once to realise that it is a place which is entirely devoted to the theory and practice of hatting. Spacious . . . well lighted . . . well mirrored . . . equipped with the most modern appliances★ . . . it presents in the most helpful manner possible a particularly wide choice in good hats . . . and good hats only. The staff are practical hatters who can give you expert assistance in choosing the hat which suits and fits you. While if you have always supposed that the cost of the best sort of hats is prohibitive, the prices in this shop will pleasantly surprise you. For in order to give outstanding value, we have concentrated on three main prices for hard and soft felt hats.

★ *For example . . . The "Conformateur" takes a map of your head and gives us a permanent record of your exact fitting. Another machine brushes and cleans your hat free of charge.*

***15/- 20/- 25/-***

**AUSTIN REED'S**
of REGENT STREET

TWELVE CITY AND WEST END SHOPS

*Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Belfast.*

S2231 AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

**IRELAND** *puts her best foot foremost*

Ireland is a land of peace and beauty, where the factories are creameries and the staple industries the making of butter or the encouragement of eggs ● Ireland was made for tourists ● You leave the noise and struggle behind and dip into the peace of a pastoral land ● Cross on the night boat from Holyhead and make your way in the best of trains south-westward to Kenmare, Parknasilla or Glengariff, or westward to Connemara and Mayo ● In all these places you can find hotels up to the best European standards, in all these places you will find beauty and peace and a people that have not their equal for wit and hospitable charm ● Ireland welcomes the tourist and puts her best foot foremost to earn his goodwill ● Read the programme of Irish excursions closely and find the one that will make this year's holiday memorable.

**SUMMER EXCURSIONS.** *This year Holiday Return Tickets with generous concessions far in advance of anything previously offered are available for your holiday. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" from any L M S Station or Town Office, or direct from Divisional Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, N.W.1; New Street Station, Birmingham; Hunt's Bank, Manchester; or Central Station, Glasgow.*

Tourist Tickets—May to October. Cheap Week-end Tickets throughout the year.

There are five comfortable routes by L M S: Holyhead and Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire); Heysham and Belfast; Stranraer and Larne; Liverpool and Belfast (B.S.S.); Liverpool and Dublin (B. & I.)

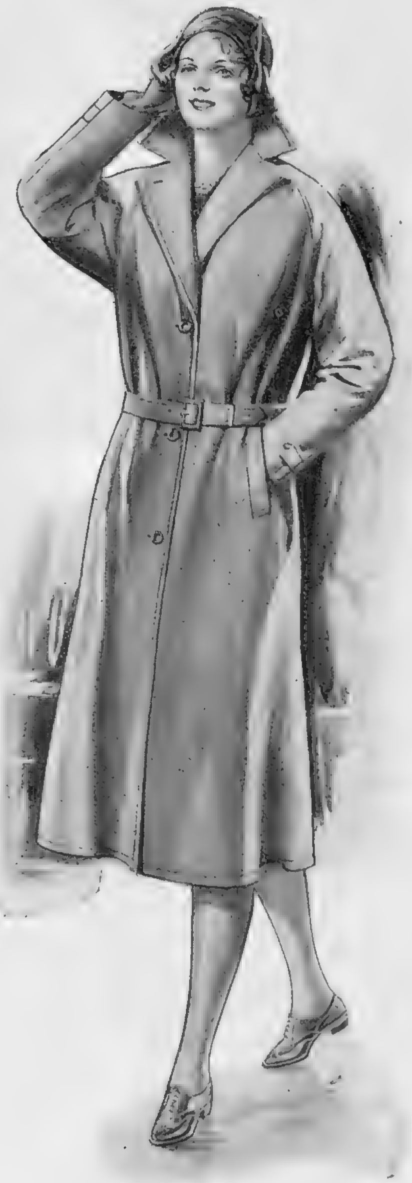
**L M S**

***Stay at LMS Hotels***

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

*Durward's*

RAINCOATS



THE "BOGNOR"

*THE raincoat of to-day has a number of obligations to fulfil. It must not only be weatherproof, but must look attractive and be light in weight as well. Here is a coat that will not fail to come up to expectations. It is made of Egyptian Cotton Gabardine, has a Raglan sleeve, encircling belt and very practical storm collar.*

*Ready-to-wear or made to measure.*

**4** Gns.

*Patterns sent post free on application.*

**KENNETH DURWARD Ltd.**
**37 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1**

# Read by a good light...

*Fit*

**ROYAL**

# EDISWAN

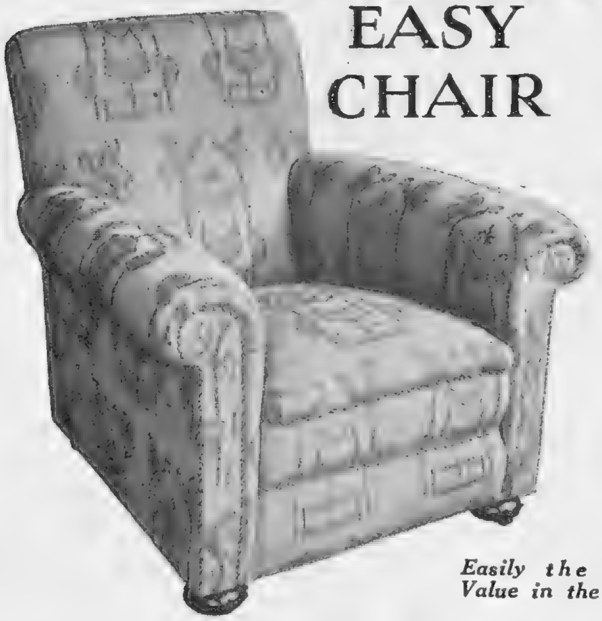
**LAMPS**

The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd., 123/5 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4

L.84

---

# GORRINGES "Hobart" EASY CHAIR



*Easily the Finest Value in the Country.*

You are invited to inspect this Chair, which we consider the best value in England, and you may select your own cover of Tapestry, Cretonne, Repp or Jaspe or, if unable to call, a range of samples would be willingly sent. Large and of Luxurious comfort, this chair is stuffed completely with hair, using best coppered springs on well seasoned birch frame. Easy running on brass castors. Height of chair 32". Width 33". Depth 33".

**£4-19-6**

*Delivered Free London Area or carriage paid England and Wales.*

*Call and choose your own covering or write for patterns*

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

*Frederick Gorringe Ltd.*

*Telephone: Victoria 8600*

---

# Make a room look mysterious

Those who care for subtle and mysterious effects in decoration make liberal use of black. Employed in the correct proportion with lively colours to set it off, Black enamel is a splendid decorative finish. It stimulates the curiosity while quieting the nerves, it can give a hint of the oriental or a touch of the unearthly—and it need never be oppressive.

Decorators use Black Velure Enamel for all kinds of interior and exterior work. It is made in glossy and egg-shell finish.

Plan your next Decorative Colour Scheme with the aid of the Velure Colour Harmony Chart. Send 6d. in stamps for this fascinating invention.

## with Black *Velure* ENAMEL

C. CHANCELLOR & CO. LTD.

Proprietors: Jenson & Nicholson, Ltd.

GOSWELL WORKS, STRATFORD, E.15

# East Coast Types

**CLACTON-ON-SEA**
*(Essex)*

Well equipped and progressive seaside resort, plentiful entertainment; a sea wall 1¼ miles long. One of the healthiest bathing centres on the East Coast.

**FELIXSTOWE**
*(Suffolk)*

Tennis, golf, bathing, boating and fishing do not exhaust the attractions of Felixstowe. The town is well planned with many promenades and cliff gardens. The Felix is the most noted hotel in East Anglia.

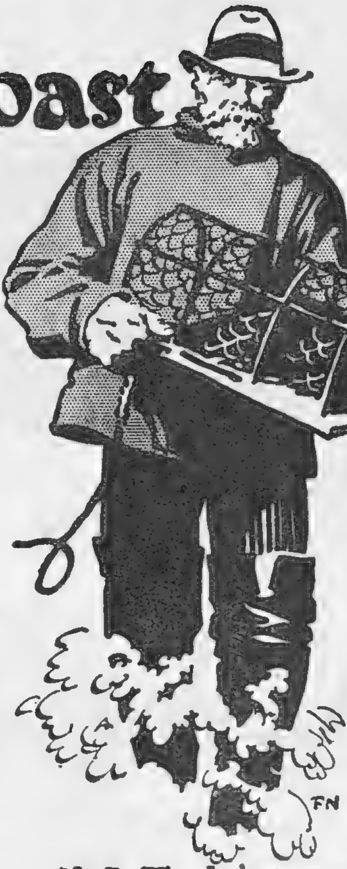
**LOWESTOFT**
*(Suffolk)*

one of the most popular seaside places in England: a great fishing port. It combines the ancient and picturesque with the modern, and its promenades, gardens, piers, concerts and sands, recommend it to tens of thousands. Oulton Broad is quite near.

**YARMOUTH**

has everything for which people visit the East Coast. It is the principal fishing port of Norfolk and has a sea front over three miles long. The old streets have singular charm and repay a visit with camera or sketch book.

Free Book **"Eastern Counties"** from L N E R Stations, Offices and Agencies, or from Passenger Manager, L N E R, Liverpool Street Stn., E.C.2; York, or Waverley Stn., Edinburgh, or Traffic Supt., L N E R, Aberdeen.



No.3 The Lobsterman

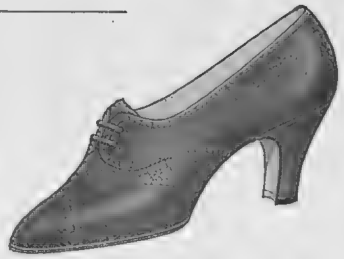
**TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY L·N·E·R**
**TO THE DRIER SIDE**

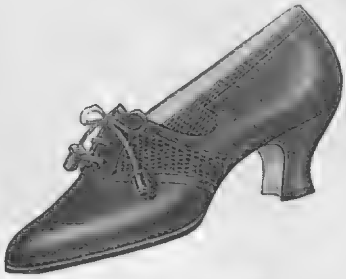
# Thierry

Telephone:
Regent 1246.
Kensington 6079.

*the recognised leader of shoe fashions.*

*Smart tie shoe of calf, with inset of velvet pigskin to tone. Stocked in brown, black, blue or green. Price* 22/6
*(post free in U.K.)*





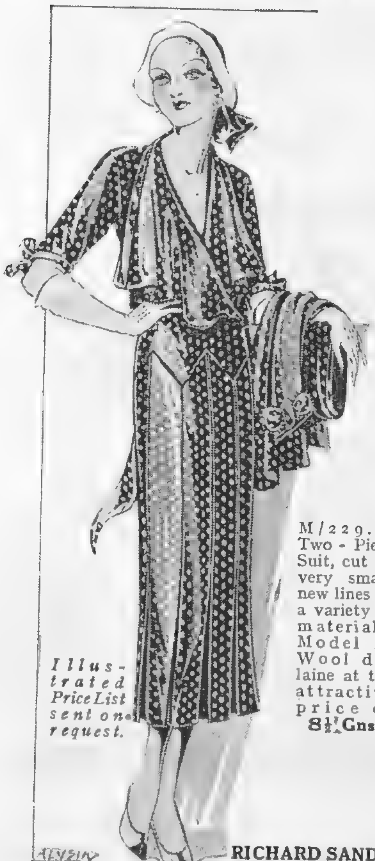
*This model in black, brown or navy calf, with lizard inset to match. (Note the comfortable medium Louis heel.) Price* 37/6
*(post free in U.K.)*

# Thierry

70, Regent Street, London, W.1 *(A few doors from Piccadilly Circus)*
And
47, SUSSEX PLACE, S.W.7 *(One minute from South Kensington Station).*

*Also at 5, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.*

# Sands' Maternity WEAR



*Illustrated Price List sent on request.*

M/229.—Two-Piece Suit, cut on very smart new lines in a variety of materials. Model in Wool delaine at the attractive price of **8½ Gns.**

**RICHARD SANDS & CO.,**
**187a, 188a, Sloane St., London, W.1**

# Royal Acta
REGD

## Charm & Grace

Thousands of women definitely obtain *charm* and *grace* by wearing the ROYAL ACTA SUPERB SLENDERBELT. It is a perfectly adjustable garment and does actually reduce hips, thighs, and abdomen.

Its lightness and comfort appeal alike to the *Athletic Girl* and the *Matron.*

To realise that youthful poise of figure desired by all women you must wear a ROYAL ACTA SUPERB SLENDERBELT.

***ENTIRELY BRITISH!***

***Obtainable from your usual retailer. When ordering by post state size of waist required.***

***Ask for Model W24C.***

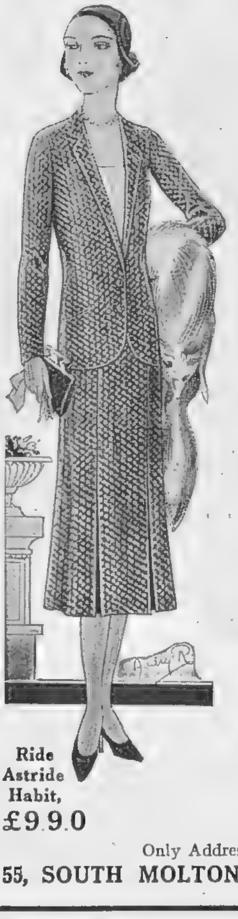
FLESH PINK - - **45/9**

***Write for Illustrated Brochure B.E. of this and other models from***

**THE ACTA CORSET CO. LTD.**
**8, Well Street, London, E.C.1.**

# SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543



**Specialité**

**£6.6.0**
**Costume**

Ladies who wish to economise should call and have a Smee Costume. The largest selection of patterns suitable for all occasions.

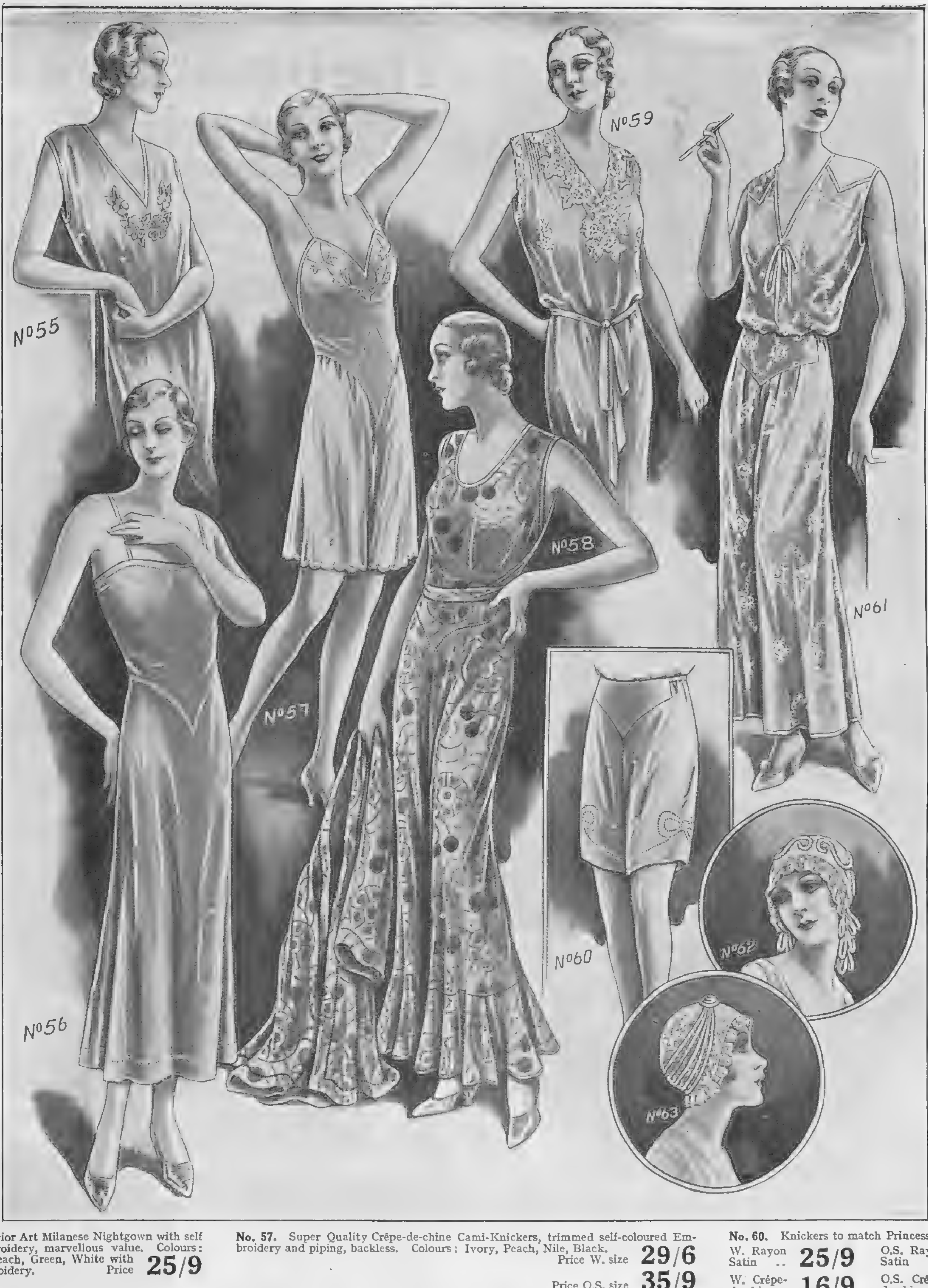
*Remember* each garment is cut and fitted personally by Mr. Smee.

**Special Notice for June.**
**10% reduction on all Orders.**

If not able to call send for my self-measurement form with patterns. Same personal attention.

**Ride Astride Habit,**
**£9.9.0**

Only Address—
**55, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1.**



**No. 55.** Superior Art Milanese Nightgown with self coloured Embroidery, marvellous value. Colours: Blue, Pink, Peach, Green, White with coloured Embroidery. Price **25/9**

**No. 56.** Princess Slip to wear under Summer Dresses in long length, nicely shaped, buttoned at side, in Rayon Satin or Crêpe-de-chine. Colours: Peach, Ivory, Beige, Black, or any colour to special order.

W. Rayon Satin .. **29/6** O.S. Rayon Satin .. **31/9**
W. Crêpe-de-chine .. **29/6** O.S. Crêpe-de-chine .. **31/9**

**No. 57.** Super Quality Crêpe-de-chine Cami-Knickers, trimmed self-coloured Embroidery and piping, backless. Colours: Ivory, Peach, Nile, Black.
Price W. size **29/6**
Price O.S. size **35/9**

**No. 58.** Three-Piece Pyjama Suit in Floral Ray-de-chine in brilliant colourings. Price **55/9**

**No. 59.** Dainty Nightgown in Crêpe-de-chine, trimmed Needlerun Lace. Colours: Ivory, Peach Green, Blue, Pink, Mauve. Price **39/6**

**No. 60.** Knickers to match Princess Slip.

W. Rayon Satin .. **25/9** O.S. Rayon Satin .. **29/6**
W. Crêpe-de-chine .. **16/9** O.S. Crêpe-de-chine .. **18/9**

**No. 61.** Excellent Value in Broché Crêpe-de-chine sleeping Pyjamas. Colours: Peach, Pink, Green. Price **42/9**

**No. 62.** Dainty Boudoir Cap of tucked Net and lace insertion. Trimmed any coloured Ribbon. Price **14/9**

**No 63.** Lace Cap trimmed Net frill and coloured Satin pipings to tone. Price **9/11**

# Woollands

**KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1**

*Woolland Bros., Ltd.*

*Knightsbridge, S.W.1*

# SKIN BEAUTY MATTERS MOST

EVERY day your skin joins issue with the elements—takes some harm from sun or wind or rain. Neglect means faded cheeks and sallow skin—the signs of age arrived before their time. Your safeguard is Larola. Like a charm this cool, refreshing lotion restores the bloom of youth in a few moments....hands and arms are white once more and silky smooth....youthful radiance returns to lovely cheeks. Use Larola and start each day assured of grace and beauty.

**1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.**

THE PERFECT FINISH TO THE LAROLA COMPLEXION.
LAROLA ROSE BLOOM, Sifter box with puff, 1/- and 2/6 per box.
LAROLA FACE POWDER. Exquisite and non-clogging 2/6 per box.

*From all Chemists and Stores or post free in U.K. direct.*

SUMMER'S HEAT
WINTER'S COLD
Larola
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

BEETHAM'S
**Larola**

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

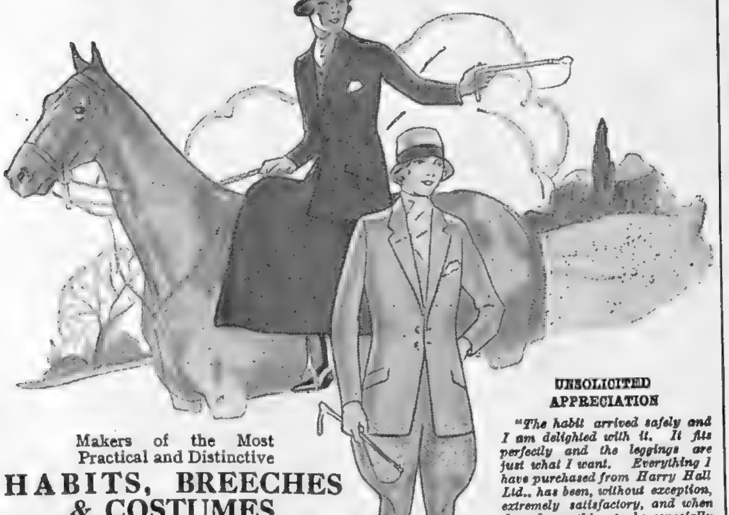
---

*Highest Awards:*
*12 Gold Medals*

*Established over*
*35 years*

# HARRY HALL

Governing Director, HARRY HALL
*"THE" Riding Habit, Breeches & Costume Specialists*



Makers of the Most Practical and Distinctive

## HABITS, BREECHES & COSTUMES

| | |
|---|---|
| RIDE-ASTRIDE COAT & BREECHES | £10 10s. |
| SIDE SADDLE HABIT - - | £12 12s. 0d. |
| RIDING BREECHES - - | £2 2s. 0d. |
| JODHPURES - - - - | £2 10s. 0d. |

All riding Accessories, including Riding Hats, Boots, Shirts, Gloves, etc.

*Special Quotations for Juveniles.*

Town and Country Costumes and Coats from £6 6s. 0d.

"HALLZONE" CLOTHES are distinctively Tailored from Finest Quality Materials, are of irreproachable Cut, Fit and Style, and of unequalled Value.

UNSOLICITED
APPRECIATION

*"The habit arrived safely and I am delighted with it. It fits perfectly and the leggings are just what I want. Everything I have purchased from Harry Hall Ltd., has been, without exception, extremely satisfactory, and when I need something to be especially well made I know where to go for it."*

*Miss E.M.C*

**Patterns and Simple Self-Measurement Form—Post Free.**

**VISITORS to LONDON CAN ORDER and FIT SAME DAY or leave Record Measures.**

LADIES' SALON **181, OXFORD ST., W.1** *(Near Oxford Circus Tube)*

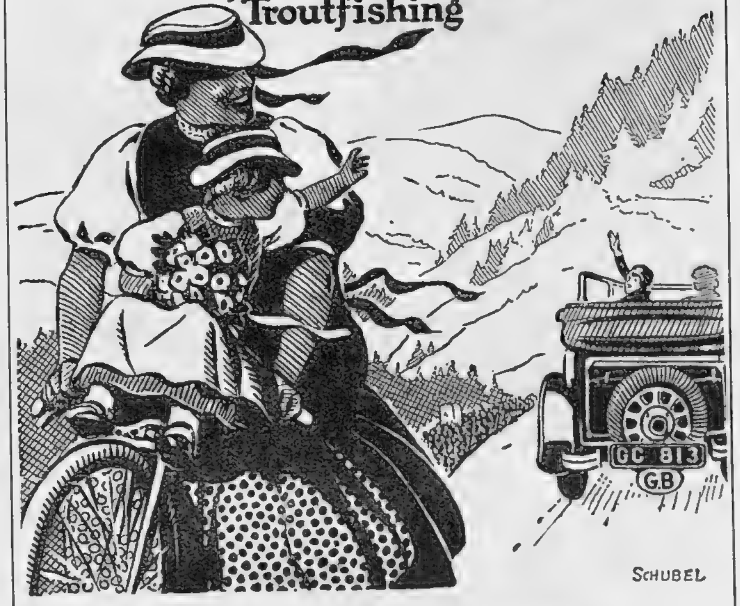
Gentlemen's Departments (For CIVIL, SPORTING and HUNTING WEAR) 181, OXFORD ST., W.1
149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Overcoats and Suits from 6 Gns Dinner Suits from 8 Gns. Plus 4 Suits from 6 Gns.

---

# The Black Forest Revisited

## Spas & Health resorts
## Golf-Tennis-Motoring
## Troutfishing



**Information and illustrated Prospectus from all Travel Agencies, the German Railways Information Bureau, 19 Regent Street, London, or the Black Forest Hotel Proprietors' Assn., Furtwangen, Germany.**

---

*At BADEN-BADEN (Black Forest) High Society prefers the beautifully situated*

**"BELLEVUE."**

EVERY COMFORT. BAR. BRIDGE TEAS. OWN ORCHESTRA. DANCING. INDOOR MIDGET GOLF.
Reasonable Rates. *Opposite the Hotel:* TENNIS COURTS, SWIMMING and SUN BATHS.
*Manager: A. Kleeblatt.* *PROSPECTUS.* *Proprietor: R. Saur.*

---

**Lt.-Col. Richardson's**
Pedigree
AIREDALES. (For House protection).

WIRE FOX
CAIRNS
SEALYHAMS.
SCOTCH
WEST HIGHLAND
COCKERS, black also red.
} For Companions or Exhibition.

Largest selection on view daily:—Clock House, Byfleet, Surrey, or seen London. Export all parts.

*Telephone: Byfleet 274.*

---

DOG MIXTURE
In Bottles from 2/6

**BENBOWS**

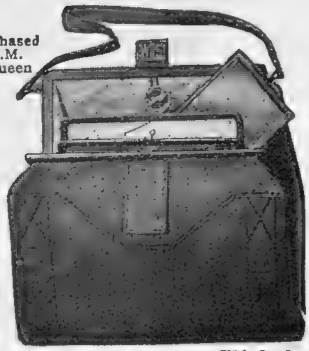
THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP

2, BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE
LONDON, E.C.1

---

# Lovelier than ever

As purchased by H.M. The Queen



**RUGBY** Smart new bag with the "Shillacraft" "Identaklip" frame. This British manufactured frame has a catch made so that Initials can be inter-changed. A "Shillacraft" patent. The bag is made in best quality Morocco, tastefully decorated with fancy stitching, lined best quality art silk, centre division taken to the bottom, centre frame leather covered and divided. Fitted large mirror. Size 9½ × 8 ins.

HANDBAGS OF DISTINCTION
**Shillacraft**
FOR THOSE WHO LOVE NICE THINGS

Stocked everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send you name of nearest stockist of "SHILLACRAFT" bags. Write: W. SHILLAKER & CO., Ltd., 8-10 Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1

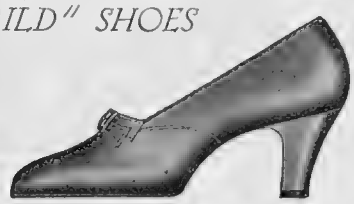
RUGBY 21/-

*This Seal is your Guarantee*

BRITISH Shillacraft MANUFACTURE

HANAN SHOES

*THE NEW HANAN "ASTRILD" SHOES*



¶ *In Dark Brown Kid lightly piped with Beige Kid; or in Dull Black Kid with Grey Kid piping.* 49/6

Here is another smart Hanan model from the "Astrild" range, which Hanan are now displaying in their London Showrooms, at prices as reasonable as 45/=

"Quality—
like Character—
endures"

New York
LONDON
and Paris

HANAN
SHOES
328 Oxford St: 203 Regent St.

HANAN SHOES

GREY HAIR

As Nature coloured your hair, so Inecto will recolour it. This perfect process quickly banishes greyness in one application, bringing a colour unaffected by Permanent or Marcel Waving, constant shampooing and exposure to sea air.

Pleasantly completed in half an hour at the Inecto Salons or at any hairdresser specialising in Inecto recolouration, the treatment is explained in a booklet which will be sent gladly upon request.

INECTO NEW DAYLIGHT SALONS: 32 DOVER STREET, W.1
*Telephone: Regent 7541*

**The finest Hair Fixative for 25 years**

Anzora is the ORIGINAL British Hair Fixative. It is made for both dry and greasy scalps because it is impossible to meet the needs of both in one fixative. ANZORA Cream is for greasy scalps, ANZORA Viola for dry scalps. Always be sure your Hair Fixative is ANZORA. Ask for it by name and refuse all imitations. There is nothing "just as good."

*Sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.*

**ANZORA**
MASTERS THE HAIR

*ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., LONDON, N.W.6.*

**Throat dry and sore?**

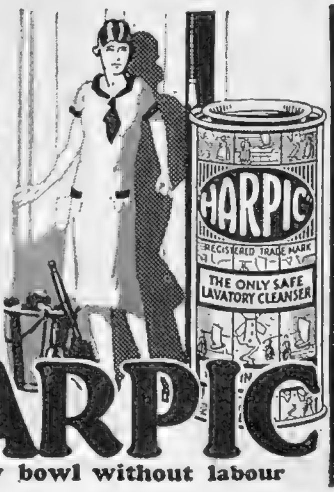
The power of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles to soothe and refresh the throat wins for them the recommendation of all who try them. Throat comfort acquires a new meaning, once you have experienced the effect of an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille. Specially made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants—they are delicious.

**Allenburys**
*Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

**What ridiculous drudgery**

Weary work with mops, brushes and dangerous acids won't clean the stained bowl half so thoroughly as Harpic does alone and unaided in a couple of minutes.
Harpic cleans the porcelain by powerful chemical action that makes work unnecessary. Just try a tin to-day, sprinkle a little in the bowl, leave awhile, then flush all stains away.


HARPIC
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
THE ONLY SAFE LAVATORY CLEANSER

In three sizes. 6d. 1/- and (with sprinkler top) 1/9

**HARPIC**

**Cleans the lavatory bowl without labour**

The Smartest RIDING KIT

Distinctively cut in the most fashionable style, and affording perfect ease and comfort in the saddle, ready for immediate use.

Astride Habits - - - 7-10 gns.
Side Saddle Habits - 7-13 gns.
Riding Boots, Breeches, Saddlery, etc.

**MOSS BROS & Co LTD**
NAVAL MILITARY, R.A.F. & GENERAL OUTFITTERS
OF COVENT GARDEN
CORNER OF KING ST. AND BEDFORD ST., W.C.2

'Phones: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines.)
Wires: Parsee, Rand, London.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
**Goddard's Plate Powder**
Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-

**NAIL-BITING CURED**
Free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable health-endangering habit. Send stamp for free particulars, posted under plain cover.
Filtex Treatment (B.E.), 11, Hanway Place, London, W.1

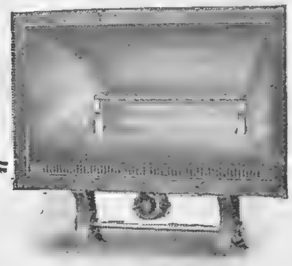
DINING IN RADIANT COMFORT

The clean, glowing warmth of a Ferranti Electric Fire is illustrated.

All the best features of the best coal fire that ever was are equalled by clean and trouble-free electricity.

*The* **Ferranti** ELECTRIC FIRE

**Prices from 55/-**
*Write for illustrated booklet F.E.*
FERRANTI LTD., Hollinwood, Lancs.
London Office:
BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, W.C.2

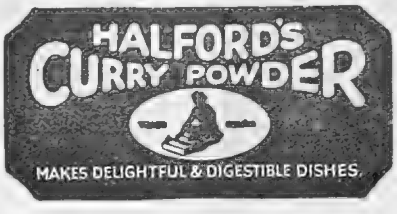


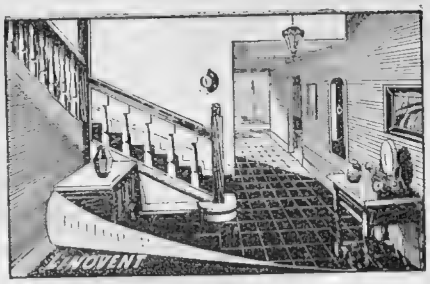
F.F.42a.

**Mrs. SHACKLETON**

has a great demand for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on.

ONLY ADDRESS
122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
*Tel.:* 0707 *Kingston. Banker's reference.*





**Prevents noise**

LINOVENT, the perfect underlay, gives a rich, soft, silent tread to all floor-coverings.
It deadens the noise of children romping about.
It is waterproof, dustproof and hygienic.
There are no boardmarks on your linoleum when Linovent is underneath.
Put Linovent under your existing floorcoverings NOW and enjoy the amazing difference.
Supplied by all Furnishing Houses, Stores, etc.

* SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE AND YOU WILL SEE WHY LINOVENT IS THE PERFECT UNDERLAY.

ENGERT & ROLFE, LTD. (Dept. 3)
Poplar, London, E.14.

PER $10\frac{1}{2}$D. SQ. YD.

UNDER·THE·LINO·PUT
**LINOVENT**
NAME STAMPED EVERY YARD

M.C 92

**CORNS**

**SAFE INSTANT RELIEF**
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads remove corns scientifically—by removing the *cause*—shoe-pressure and friction. Soothing, healing, medicated, wafer-thin and waterproof, easily applied, adhere firmly. Sizes for Hard Corns, Soft Corns-between-the-toes, Callouses (Hard Skin) and Bunions. Per pkt. **1/3d.**

Call or write for free sample and copy of 56-page illustrated Booklet on "Care of the Feet"—Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.
(Depots and Agents throughout the Country.)

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief.

*First thing every morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief.*

***Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-***

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V. 49

HOTELS.

**ST. CAST (near Dinard)**
**Motor-bus Service meeting boat at Dinard.**
**HOTEL ROYAL BELLEVUE**
**On the Beach. Modern Comfort.**
125 Rooms—50 Baths—18-hole Golf—Tennis. Terms: June, July and September from **9s.** August from **12s.**

**LE TOUQUET—HOTEL BRISTOL**
**(British)**
Near Sea. Lift 100 Rooms, 50 Bathrooms. No Taxes. Greatly reduced inclusive rates.

**ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES**
**THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTELE.**

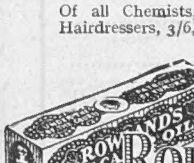
ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR
OIL

**Beautiful Women**

since the days of George III.—actually 138 years ago—have protected their crowning glory—their beautiful hair—by dressing it with Rowland's Macassar Oil.

Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6.

Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.



**Rowland's Macassar Oil**

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Ave.,
London, E.C.1

**SCOTLAND**
**for scenery, history & romance**

**A CITY OF MEMORIES**

There is no city in the scurrying modern world more redolent of the stately gaieties and grim dramas of gone days than Edinburgh. It is dignified by its learning and beautified by the undying romance of its past. Hither come the travellers of the civilised globe, and not one, surely, that does not leave it strangely impressed. The Castle and the "Royal Mile" which leads up to it from Holyrood on the plain below dominate the City. Princes Street is a vista of loveliness at whatever hour of the day the stranger wanders in it.

**THE CAPITAL OF GOLF**

Edinburgh has been described, inter alia, as "the capital of golf." It is not surprising, for from a base in Edinburgh one can play on thirty-eight different courses without an effort of travel, most of them first-class, some of them supreme, returning nightly to the North British Station Hotel and pursuing the subtle craft again next morning.
Imagine four men, a merry quartette, the sun shining, the larks in the air, the adventure of a new course daily (and such a course!), and return to the bridge-playing sitting room at night; the sense of increasing fitness.

ST. ANDREWS NORTH BERWICK GULLANE

**FREE BOOK "SCOTLAND"**
from L N E R Stations, Offices and Agencies or from Passenger Manager, L N E R, Liverpool Street Stn., E.C.2; York; or Waverley Stn., Edinburgh; or Traffic Supt., L N E R, Aberdeen

**KING'S CROSS for SCOTLAND**

**KEEP A YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE**

***It is much simpler to look young than one imagines***

THE Parisiennes have for many years had the secret of eternal youth, but they kept it to themselves. Now, however, it is common property that **DR. DYS'S SACHETS** do the deed. With the aid of certain **CREAMS, POWDERS** and **'MAGIC' WATERS** that Darsy provides from Dr. Dys's recipes there is now no reason to look a day older at **50 THAN AT 20.** To the uninitiated, this may seem exaggerated, but those who have taken the habit of washing night and morning with these sachets know there is nothing to equal them. The **CREME DE BEAUTE** and the **CREME IDEALE** are the accessories that make a woman charming—delighted with herself—which is all-important. Send for price list and brochure **"PLUS QUE BELLE."** To be obtained from **Harrods, Marshall & Snelgrove's,** and all **Leading Hairdressers** and Stores, or from the London Agent—

**R. SERVENTI**
**23-25, MADDOX STREET, W.**

# Index to Advertisers

## JUNE, 1931

Page

A

Abdulla Cigarettes .. .. 10
Acta Corset Co., Ltd. .. .. 150
Allenbury's Food .. .. 138
Allenbury's Pastilles .. .. 153
Anzora .. .. .. .. 153
Arden, Elizabeth .. .. 119
Aristoc Silk Stockings .. .. 133
Austin Motor Co., Ltd. .. .. 99
Austin Reed's of Regent St. .. 147

B

Benbows .. .. .. .. 152
Bird's Custard .. .. Cover iv
Black Forest .. .. .. 152
Boncilla .. .. .. .. 142
Bournemouth .. .. .. 136
Bratt, Colbran & Co. and the Heaped Fire Co., Ltd. Cover iii
Breves' Lalique Galleries .. 119
British Films .. .. .. 136

C

Cancer Hospital, The .. .. 112
Cat's Head Paints, Enamels and Stains (Pinchin & Johnson) .. 122
Cerebos Salt .. .. .. 147
Chancellor, C., & Co., Ltd. (Velure) .. .. .. 149
Chilprufe Mftg. Co., The .. 139
Cointreau .. .. .. .. 128
Corot .. .. .. .. 1
Courtaulds' Fabrics .. .. 141
Crossley .. .. .. .. 129
Cyclax .. .. .. .. 107

D

Debenham & Freebody .. .. 9
Dolcis Shoes .. .. .. 90
Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. .. 89
Durward, Kenneth, Ltd. .. 148

E

Eat More Fish .. .. .. 94
Eau de Cologne, No. 4711 .. 97
Ediswan Lamps .. .. .. 149

F

Ferranti .. .. .. .. 154
Filtex Treatment .. .. .. 154
Ford Cars .. .. .. 100
Forhan's .. .. .. .. 110

Page

G

Genasprin .. .. .. 139
Goddard's Plate Powder .. 154
Gorringe's .. .. .. 149
Gypsia .. .. .. .. 146

H

H.A.G. Coffee .. .. .. 136
Haig Whisky .. .. .. 129
Halford's .. .. .. 154
Hamleys .. 6
Hamptons .. 137
Hanan Shoes .. 153
Harpic .. 153
Harry Hall .. 152
Heinz .. 2, 103
Hillman Motor Car .. .. 108
Holt, W. H., & Sons, Ltd. .. 147
Hood Speed Shoes (C. W. Randall, & Co., Ltd.) 104
Hotels:
  "Bellevue," Baden Baden .. 152
  Hotel Royal Bellevue, St. Cast .. 155
  Hotel Bristol, Le Touquet .. 155
  Hotel de Londres, Antwerp .. 155

I

Icilma .. .. .. .. 8
Inecto .. .. .. .. 153
International Refrigerator Co. .. 143

J

Jackdaw Stockings .. .. 6

Page

K

Kestos .. .. .. .. 142
Kia-ora Lemon Squash .. .. 131
Kotex .. .. .. .. 132

L

La Baule .. .. .. .. 8
Larola .. .. .. .. 152
Lawrence, Helen .. .. 140
Leathercraft .. 115
Linovent .. 154
L.M.S. Ry. .. 148
L.N.E. Ry. 150, 155

M

Maison Nicol .. 144
Mappin & Webb, Ltd. .. 92
Marshall & Snelgrove .. 7
Milton .. .. 112
Morley Silk Stockings .. 114
Morris Minor S.V. .. 121
Moss Bros. & Co., Ltd. .. .. 154

N

Norwell's of Perth .. 128

O

Ovaltine .. .. .. .. 95
Ovaltine Rusks .. .. .. 102

Page

P

Peek Frean (Vita-Weat) .. 111
Pinchin & Johnson (Cat's Head Enamels and Stains) .. 122
Player's .. .. .. 118
Psychology Foundation .. 146

R

Randall, C. W., & Co., Ltd. (Hood Speed Shoes) .. .. 104
Red, White and Blue .. .. 140
Ribana, Ltd. .. .. .. 93
Richardson, Lt.-Col. .. .. 152
Riley (Coventry) Ltd. .. .. 123
Rowland's Macassar Oil .. 155

S

Sanderson, Wm., & Son, Ltd. .. 122
Sands, Richard .. .. .. 150
Scholl's, Dr., Zino Pads .. .. 154
Schweppes Ginger Ale .. .. 126
Serventi, R. .. .. .. 155
Shackleton, Mrs. .. .. 154
Shell Lubricating Oil .. .. 137
Shell Mex, Ltd. (Tech. Products Dept.) .. .. .. .. 145
Shelley China .. .. .. 128
Shillacraft .. .. .. .. 152
Smee's .. .. .. .. 150
Spain .. .. .. .. 4
Su-Can .. .. .. .. 140
Sweden .. .. .. .. 120
Switzerland .. .. Cover ii

T

Tangee .. .. .. .. 130
Thierry .. .. .. .. 150
Treasure Cot Co., Ltd. .. .. 132

U

Underwood .. .. .. 5

V

Vapex .. .. .. .. 155
Velure (C. Chancellor & Co., Ltd.) .. .. .. 149
Vi-Spring Mattress .. .. 139
Vita-Weat (Peek Frean) .. 111

W

Walpoles .. .. .. .. 105
Wincarnis Old English Wine Jelly .. .. .. .. 125
Woollands .. .. .. .. 151

Y

Yardley .. .. .. .. 113

Z

Zambrene, Ltd. .. .. .. 96

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to:—

The Advertisement Manager,
Britannia & Eve,
Inveresk House,
Strand, W.C.2.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

### Britannia & Eve

| Published Monthly at 1/- | Three Months | Six Months | Twelve Months |
|---|---|---|---|
| Inland & Abroad | 4/8 | 9/3 | 18/6 |
| Canada | 3/6 | 7/- | 14/- |

### ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
Inveresk House,
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2.

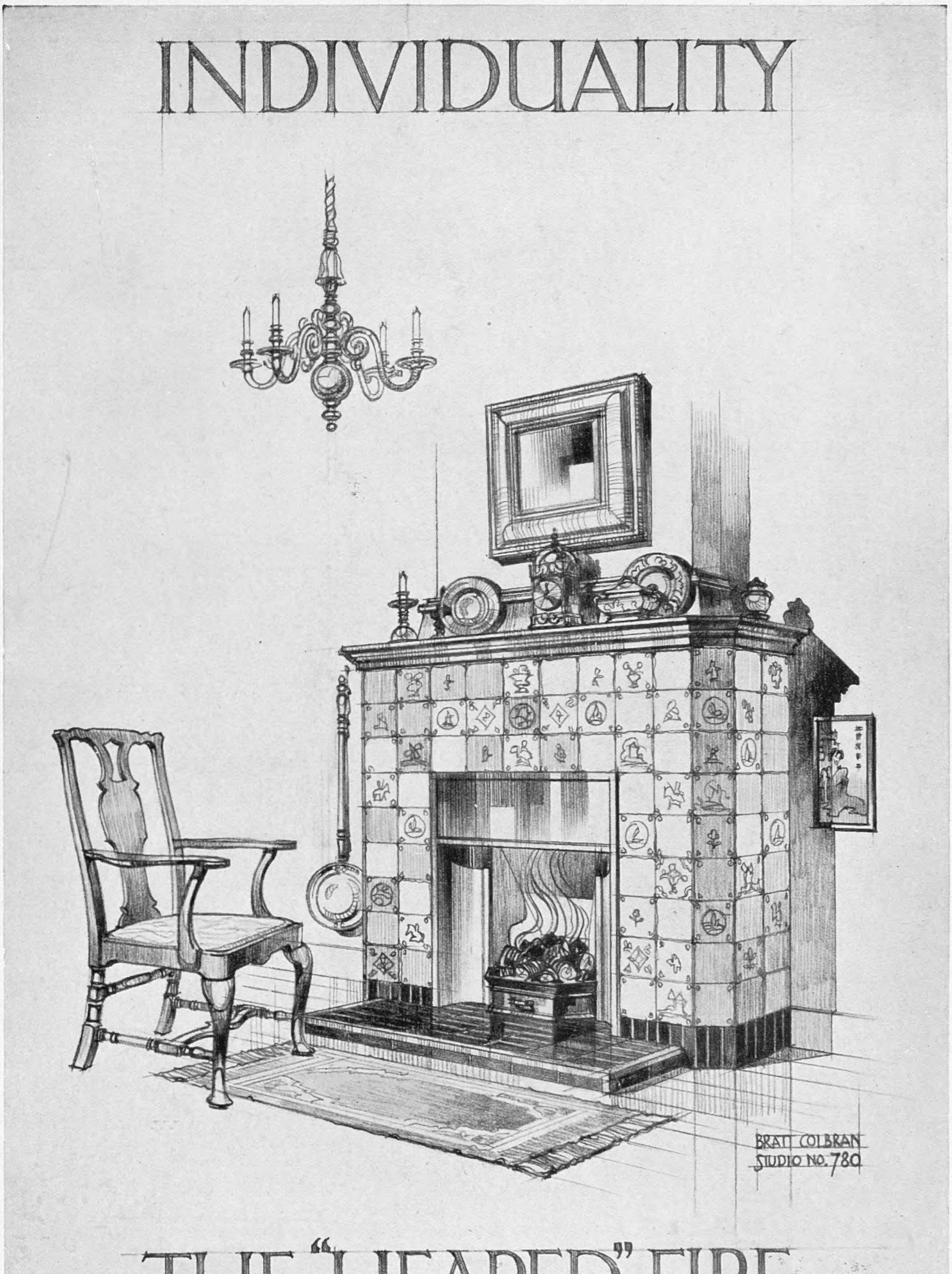
Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for...........months commencing with the...........issue, for which I enclose.................

Name ..................................

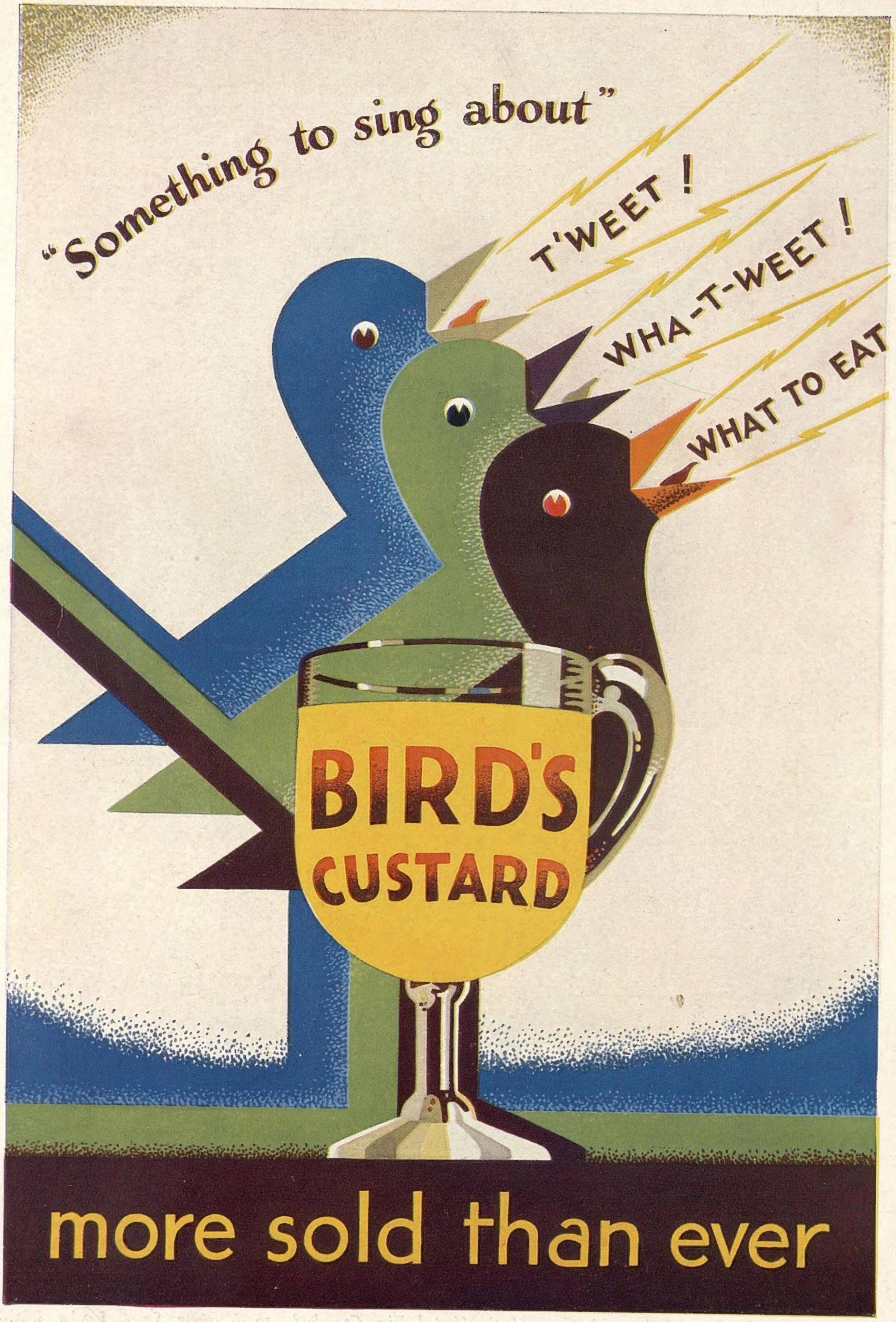
Address ..............................

Date.................................1931

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P. L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad, 18s. 6d. per annum; 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co.. Ltd.


INDIVIDUALITY
BRATT COLBRAN
STUDIO NO. 780
THE "HEAPED" FIRE

*An announcement by Bratt Colbran & Co., and the Heaped Fire Co., Ltd.,* 10 *Mortimer Street, London, W.*1.


"Something to sing about"
T'WEET !
WHA-T-WEET !
WHAT TO EAT
BIRD'S
CUSTARD
more sold than ever